

Program**Side I**

ASTURIAS (with guitar)

1982 (Max)

JARAMA SONG (with concertina)

Recently on TV (Mary)

February, 1937 (Max)

SONG OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL (with chorus)

The First Transport Regiment (Max)

MAÑANA SONG (with chorus)

My Truck and I (Max)

with SI ME QUIERES ESCRIBIR (with piano)

San Pedro de Cardena (Max)

AL TOCAR DIANA (with piano)

Prison Life (Max)

WHERE IS THE HOUSE? (unaccompanied)

YA NO ME VENGAS (with piano)

TÚ QUE BRILLAS (duet with piano)

Side II

PESCADOR (with guitar)

LAS CAMPANAS (with guitar)

DESDE CÁDIZ (with guitar)

with HEBREW CHANT (unaccompanied)

QUÉ SERÁ (with concertina)

UN INGLÉS (with concertina)

STARDUST (unaccompanied)

EL PASTOR Y EL LECHUGUINO (with chorus)

Frank Ryan (Max)

CONNOLLY COLUMN SONG (unaccompanied)

Christmas, 1938 (Mary)

EVENING CHIMES (with chorus)

War's End and Prison Release (Max)

Raisins and Almonds (Mary)

ROZHINKES MIT MANDLEN (duet: Max and Nancy)

**Principle written portions by
MAX & MARY PARKER; & CARL GEISER,
Prison Historical Committee Veterans
of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.**

**Musical accompaniments by:
TOM BARR, guitar. CLARK BRANSON,
concertina. NANCY CARTER, piano.**

**Choral assistance by:
CLARK BRANSON, JOHN CARTER,
NANCY CARTER.**

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AL TOCAR DIANA

"At break of dawn"

Descriptive notes are inside pocket.

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5435

AL TOCAR DIANA "At break of dawn"

FOLKWAYS FH 5435

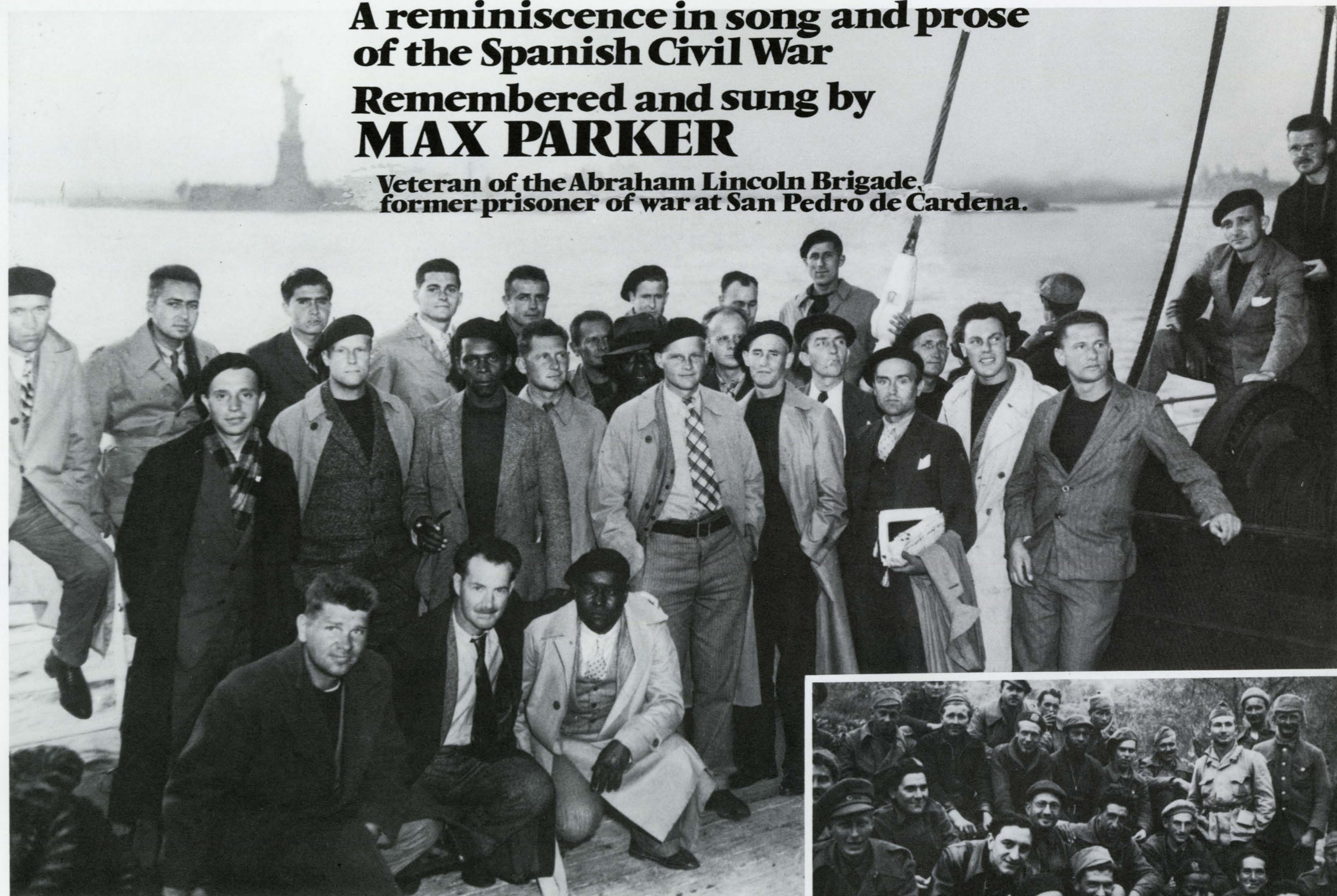
AL TOCAR DIANA

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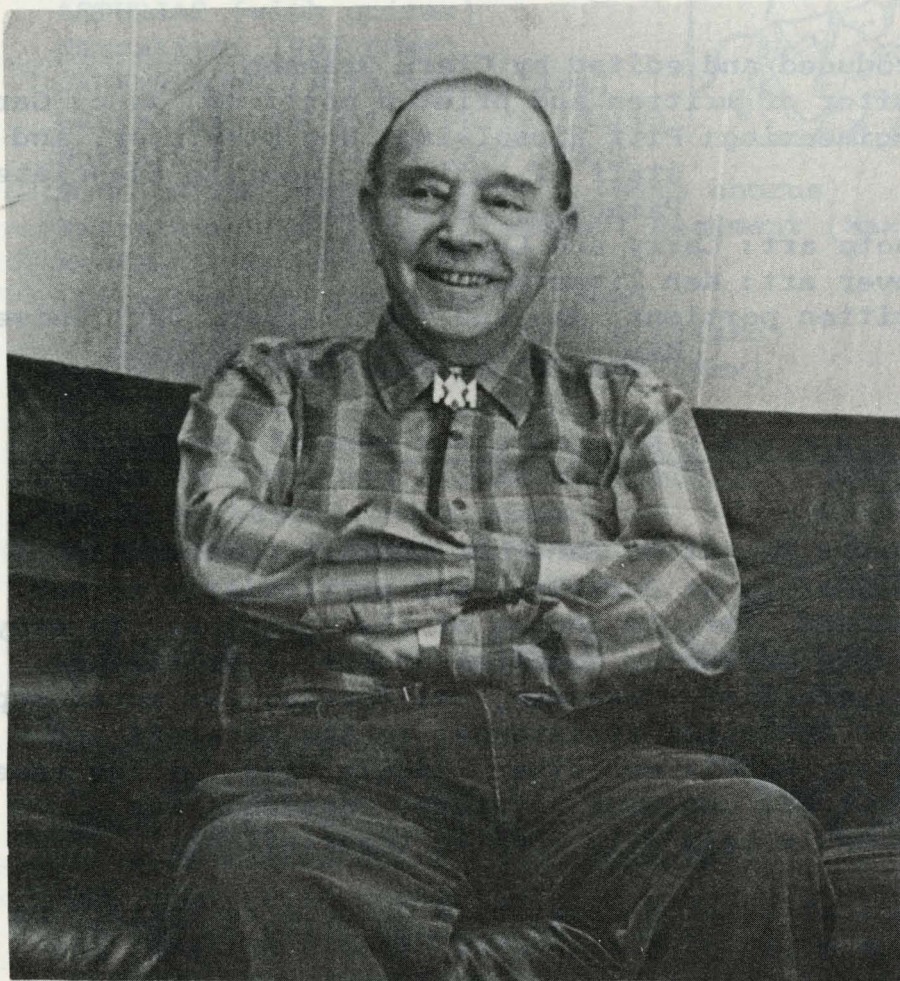
SONGS FROM A FRANCO PRISON

**A reminiscence in song and prose
of the Spanish Civil War
Remembered and sung by
MAX PARKER**

**Veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade,
former prisoner of war at San Pedro de Cardena.**



AL TOCAR DIANA
**Songs in Spanish, English,
Russian, Hebrew, and Yiddish**



Al Tocar Diana / "At Break of Dawn"

Songs From a Franco Prison

Remembered and Sung by Max Parker

Prose Passages by Max and Mary Parker

(Cover photo: Max is 1st on the left, 2nd row.)

C R E D I T S

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Pasadena, California

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Nancy Carter and Clark Branson

A C K N O W L E D G M E N T S

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Dedicated, of course, to a democratic Spain. To "our guys" of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, and other International Brigade veterans; and to modern prisoners, living and perished.

Dedicated to Willie and Sarah -- may they and all the other two- and three-year-olds everywhere grow up in a world of peace and plenty.

P R O G R A M

Side 1



ASTURIAS (with guitar)
Narrative: 1982 (Max)
JARAMA SONG (with concertina)
Narrative: Recently on TV (Mary)
Narrative: February 1937 (Max)
SONG OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL (with chorus)
Narrative: The First Transport Regiment (Max)
MAÑANA SONG (with chorus)
Narrative: My truck and I (Max)
with SI ME QUIERES ESCRIBIR (piano)
Narrative: San Pedro de Cardena (Max)
AL TOCAR DIANA (with piano)
Narrative: Prison life (Max)
WHERE IS THE HOUSE (unaccompanied)
YA NO ME VENGAS (with piano)
TÚ QUE BRILLAS (duet with piano)

P R O G R A M

Side 2



PESCADOR (with guitar)
LAS CAMPANAS (with guitar)
DESDE CÁDIZ (with guitar)
with Hebrew chant (unaccompanied)
QUÉ SERÁ (with concertina)
UN INGLÉS (with concertina)
STARDUST (unaccompanied)
EL PASTOR Y EL LECHEGUINO (with chorus)
Narrative: Frank Ryan (Max)
CONNOLLY COLUMN SONG (unaccompanied)
Narrative: Christmas 1938 (Mary)
EVENING CHIMES (with chorus)
Narrative: War's end and prison
release (Max)
Narrative: Raisins and Almonds (Mary)
ROZHINKES MIT MANDLEN (duet)

Assisting Max...

Instrumental accompaniments: Tom Barr (guitar), Clark Branson (concertina), Nancy Carter (piano). Choral assistance by Clark, Nancy, and John Carter. The readings are by Max and Mary Parker.

TOM BARR. A Southern Californian, Tom has been active as a guitarist and singer around the Los Angeles area for years. One of the founding residents of the Fret House scene in Covina, he moonlights as a probation officer.

CLARK BRANSON. Clark studied social sciences and folklore at U.C.L.A. and makes his home in Pasadena, California. A long-time folksong enthusiast, he has performed widely in America and England and previously produced LEAVE HER JOHNNIE, LEAVE HER; THE STORIES AND SHANTIES OF HJALMAR RUTZEBECK (Folkways FSS 38550).

JOHN CARTER. A recent high school graduate, John has been active in drama, music, bicycling and journalism. Recently named to represent his high school in the American Field Service/Americans Abroad Program, he is studying in France. With his mother, Nancy Carter, and on his own, he has traveled extensively in the United States, and plans, one day, to win the Tour de France.

NANCY CARTER. Writer, editor, singer and craftsperson, Nancy was born in New England, but prefers the American Southwest. She has worked in radio, publishing, advertising, freelance journalism, public education, and, at present, banking. She has published poetry, magazine and newspaper articles, short fiction and essays, and is working on a novel. She was educated in Jamestown, New York, and Colorado Springs, Colorado, and in the 1960s sang with a folk group, Genesis, the less well-known of the two groups with that name.



INTRODUCTION By Carl Geiser

WHEN MY GENERATION was young, in the 1930s, we didn't face the possible extinction of mankind because there was no atomic bomb. Instead we were suffering from a worldwide economic crisis, and faced a different danger. In a number of European countries, the wealthy and powerful had resorted to Fascist dictatorships which through the use of terror kept the rest of the people in their place. There was even some suggesting we should do the same here.

When the wealthy and powerful in Spain, backed by Hitler and Mussolini, undertook to forcibly overthrow the democratic government in Spain, my generation had a unique problem. Should we go to the aid of the people of Spain to stop Fascism there? Thirty-three hundred Americans, most of us in our early 20s and a few barely 18, inspired by the way the people of Spain were defending their Republican government, decided: "I must go to help them."

And from all corners of our country, from Boothbay, Maine, to Sequatchie, Tennessee, to Lone Wolf, Oklahoma, to Cucamonga, California, we went to Spain to join the Abraham Lincoln Battalion to fight in the International Brigades for democracy and against Fascism.

We, and the people of Spain were defeated. Fifteen hundred young Americans lie buried in Spanish earth. Two hundred were captured, of which about 80 were shot without even bothering to record their names. Six months later World War II began.

SINGING was an important part of our life in Spain. We sang while we marched in our training camp. We sang as we marched toward the battlefield. When hungry and exhausted from fighting all day and marching all night, we sang to revive our bodies to drive ourselves still further.

When overwhelming forces drove us back, when all appeared hopeless, we sang as we rallied to do the impossible. We even sang when we faced the firing squad.

And in this album are some of the songs we sang during our imprisonment by Franco at San Pedro de Cardena, together with 550 young volunteers from 31 other countries. Some are Spanish folk songs and others express the ideals for which we were fighting. Some express our loneliness and others our love for our sweethearts and families awaiting at home.

Then there are the humorous songs, for humor was an ingredient essential to our survival and our resistance to Fascist indoctrination whether administered verbally or with a club.

These songs could be sung only illegally in the prison, and only when the Fascist sergeants and officers were out of earshot. But on two occasions we sang them legally and loudly. The first time was Christmas Eve 1938. We had invited the camp commander, a major, to be our guest at a Christmas Eve concert. The Major accepted, and showed up with 30 of his officers and the soldiers, including the most hated sergeant nicknamed Tanky. Tanky was hated for his habit of standing at the entrance to our quarters with his club and sending every sixth or seventh prisoner and his tin plate sprawling over the cobblestones as we dashed out into the courtyard for our meals.

We seated our guests on sacks of straw in the front rows of our "concert hall", actually a long, dimly-lit room with stone walls, heated only by our bodies. The room served as our living and sleeping quarters. The first part of our concert consisted of small choruses from each of the main nationalities singing their favorite songs in their native language. Our jailers were surprised and amazed by their variety and quality.

CARL GEISER

The only American prisoner above a lieutenant to

If the first part amazed them, the second part astounded our jailers. It was the rendition of Evening Bells by an International Choir of 80 voices, a cappella, under the direction of Rudi Kampf, a graduate of the Heidelberg Conservatory of Music. The astonishing quality of the voices, the perfect coordination and timing of the groups of voices, the unwavering clarity of the tenor solo, made us forget our hunger, the rags we wore, the cold from the windows with bars but no glass, our fleas, lice, and scurvey, our condition as prisoners. And the men in the choir? It was as if each, rebelling against the dehumanization of life in the concentration camp, was pouring out his soul in a conscious act of beauty and harmony with his fellow man, for his fellow man.

When the song ended, the entire audience rose to its feet, clapping vigorously and shouting "Ole! Ole!" The distinction between prisoner and jailer was lost in the wild applause. And to our great pleasure, Tanky stood at our door for a few weeks without swinging his club.

THE SECOND TIME we sang legally was on New Year's Eve, when we put on a "Command" performance so the Major could have some of his friends hear our concert.

Most of the young men who were with me at San Pedro are dead now. Fortunately, one of those still living, Max Parker, still sings our songs marvellously, and in this album, supported by musical friends, brings to life again some songs of our youth and preserving for future generations many of the songs which comforted and inspired us in the prison camp.

We pass these songs on to the youth of today humbly. For we know you face a future much much more perilous than

the one we faced. For today, not only the welfare, but even the future existence of humankind is at stake. And it is still the young men and women who risk torture and death that freedom, and humankind, may live. Witness Chile, Cuba, El Salvador, Nicaragua.

We are delighted to see that for today's battle you are creating your own songs, using today's form and beat, with words pertinent to today's situation, songs that will serve to inspire the young people to rise up together to say with such a roar: "NO MORE WAR!" that your generation will see, not the end of life, but the beginning of a better life for all. Let us all sing! Together!



Max

Tom Barr

MAX PARKER INTERVIEW BY Nancy Carter

CARL GEISER

The only American prisoner above a lieutenant to escape execution in the Spanish Civil War, Carl Geiser began his personal efforts against Fascism while still a college student. He completed four years of a five-year Cooperative Electrical Engineering Program at Fenn College, Cleveland, Ohio. Forced out by the Depression in 1933, he moved to New York to serve as Youth Secretary of the American League Against War and Fascism.

He climbed the Pyrenees into Spain in May 1937 and later became an ammunition carrier for a machine gun crew. He was made Battalion Commissar of the Lincoln-Washington Battalion by September of that year.

Wounded at Fuentes del Ebro, he prepared a Commissar's School at the American base in Tarazona during his convalescence. After narrowly escaping execution twice, he spent 11 months at San Pedro de Cardena, where he was disguised as an ordinary soldier.

Carl began work as a drill press operator in an instrument plant in New York in October 1939, was quickly promoted into research and was granted several patents. He became a test engineer for electronic aircraft instruments, wrote reports and procedures. He earned his bachelor of science degree in psychology from Columbia University's School of General Studies, graduating cum laude, in 1963, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

He is currently researching and writing a book on San Pedro and the role of the Lincoln vets.

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MAX PARKER INTERVIEW By Nancy Carter

MAX PARKER was descended from Jews who immigrated from Lithuania about 1904. Like others who simplified their family names - or had them simplified through "official" choice or error - theirs changed from Parkelchick to Parker as they settled in Manhattan's Lower East Side.

It was an area of ethnic neighborhoods, spaces involving a few square blocks or many, depending on the size and cohesiveness of the population. In Max's "Jewish section", the families were aware very early of threats to personal and civil rights from Adolf Hitler. Max and his brothers were active in the Educational Alliance of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, where sports and drama and other cultural experiences were developed, among them the opportunity to become informed about political movements.

It was a period of rapid change. Industrialization had effected private lives, made and broken fortunes, presented opportunities. It was often in the hands of the monied, very much in America as in other parts of the world, to clear the path for free enterprise, or build a wall against it. People traveled more, the media of newspaper journalism, radio, and film expanded in both scope and immediacy, and immigrant populations began to learn to exercise the freedoms they came to find. Trade unions, social service organizations, groups with separate cultural intentions, all addressed the qualities of manipulation, individual control they saw in the political arena. Americans of that time, both the ones with generations of citizenship behind them and the newer arrivals, found the Fascist thrust in Europe to be a very real threat.

"I got my first taste of Hitlerism in my own neighborhood," Max recalls. "And in other neighborhoods too. And there were clashes between neighborhoods." Sometimes those who felt a traditional enmity from "the old country" toward those of another group would stir the old pot and forget that they were in a new land with a new set of ideals guiding the government. No one argues that human attitudes

change quickly, that old wounds are instantly healed, or that good and idealistic intentions always become the reality, but the energy that it takes to feel strongly about an unforgotten issue, one that is only partly submerged in a new "life", can rise to attention very quickly. The people brought their feelings to the streets.

"My first huge anti-Nazi demonstration was at the height of the Depression," says Max. "It was organized to go down Broadway to South Ferry where the German Embassy was located.

"As a matter of fact, I sold ice cream to the marchers. I was a young businessman, but I knew what those people were doing in 1933. My own political awareness was developing fast."

Max's parents were divided on the issue of his new interest. "My father was supportive," he says, "but my mother was apprehensive. My brothers just kind of went along with the idea. I know my mother was concerned for my safety, but of course she still remembered what it had been like to express political views, especially if they were critical of someone in power, in Europe."

RECALLING the years of 1933 - 1935, Max spoke about the Hitler supporters, the Bund, parading openly in the streets of New York. "The area called 'Yorkville' was a hot spot. There were outbreaks of violence in the Italian neighborhoods.

"Seward Park, located near the neighborhoods where the Nazi movement had lots of support, was a meeting place - for purely social purposes, and just plain rest - for elderly Jewish men. They were attacked by bands of Mussolini supporters.

MAX PARKER INTERVIEW By Nancy Carter
MAX PARKER was descended from Jews who immigrated from
"To counteract some of these things, I got involved with the formation of the Anti-Nazi Youth, mostly fellows from my own neighborhood. We didn't have any trouble finding out about the persecution of Jews in all parts of the world. The news was full of incidents, including in Northern Germany. By 1936, I was well indoctrinated in what Nazism was trying to do."

"A good friend told me about the volunteers who were going to Spain to try to help. His name was Aaron Harris, who left in December 1936. He lost an eye in the Battle of Jarama."

"I left New York in February of 1937, going first to Paris and then traveling through France to cross the Pyrenees."

THINKING, in response to this interviewer's questions, about what made him decide to fight, to go to Spain to take up what others might say was not his battle, Max turned to his family life again. Who could be more sensitive to persecution, the injury of minds as well as bodies, than a family who had been through it? Max's mother was deeply involved in Orthodox Judaism. It's a religion that urges respect for the problems of others. Max and his two brothers (there were originally five brothers in all; two died when they were in their teens, one of pneumonia and one of heart disease) were sought after as singers in the synagogue of the city during high holidays, a source of revenue for the family, but an experience that would also mark young minds. They had no formal musical training, but the standards were high, as they are today. Fineness in singing, then, was one of Max's early beacons.

And the subject matter no doubt touched home too - the reminders to human hearts to seek quality, to be reverent

and just in dealings with others, to know one's responsibilities to others and to oneself, and not to forget that we can lose what we fail to guard.

Max had liked school, but he was forced to drop out at 15 to work. "Part-time," he points out, "because it was hard to find full-time work in those days."

Finally in the early 1930s he took a full-time job as a shipping clerk. There were periods when his father and brother were unemployed, and he brought home the only income.

But having to leave school, and having to work hard for long hours at low pay, didn't douse Max's growth in ideas. His political colleagues included people from many cultures. He shared philosophies with them, learned elements of their languages. The family spoke Yiddish and English at home, and he had studied French in school, knew some Hebrew from prayers in the synagogue. With languages came ideas. With the rubbing of elbows with other workers, with activists, zealots of many sorts, the ideas grew into the enormous motivation to get on the ship and head for Spain.

I asked Max about political heroes. Heroes were of a different stripe then, and those who were politically bent drew the hearts of those of the same bent.

"We supported Franklin Delano Roosevelt, but we were disappointed in his lack of support for the Spanish Republic," said Max. "One of our political heroes was Fiorello LaGuardia. We felt he cared about the people, that his heart was in the right place."

Through his job at one point, Max had become acquainted with Cubans. And he was impressed with Vito Marcantonio, a Con-

gressman from New York who was active in the New Deal, and who was very supportive of the Spanish people.

Max took inspiration from some performers. Zero Mostel, Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger. Benny Goodman was known to help those who worked for a better life for the world's oppressed.

There have to be a thousand identifiable elements in the making of a fighter for others' freedoms. Maybe it isn't important to identify them all, but some of the prime influences stand out, and fit perfectly in the life of a soldier for justice. Maybe one of the most vital observations about Max is in a statement made recently by his wife, Mary: "Whatever Max does, he's interested in the people around him. That's why when he was in Spain he drifted away to meet those of other groups. He talked to the Cubans, the Spanish natives, the other Jews, the British and the Canadians. He got to know so many of the others in his regiment. He was always most interested in the people."



A group of Lincolns with Spaniards

FOR PEACE by Mary Parker

It is well known that of the 3500 Americans who were volunteers in the Spanish Civil War, about half that number were killed and hundreds more were seriously wounded. It is less well known that about 130 were captured and imprisoned for many months at San Pedro de Cardena, near the Franco capital at Burgos.

The reason that they were captured rather than summarily executed, as was the custom, was that Franco's German and Italian allies wanted people who could be exchanged for aviators and officers captured by the Loyalists.

There have been countless thousands of prisoners of war taken in the many conflicts the world has endured since that long-ago war in Spain, which some say was the first battle of World War II, or, at the very least, a testing ground for Hitler and Mussolini.

This group of prisoners has almost been forgotten but perhaps their prison experience was also a testing ground -- for Hitler's concentration camps and prisoner of war camps. Perhaps these soldiers were the forerunners of the many thousands of Americans who have been POWs since then.

They became part of a truly international gathering: anti-Nazi Germans and anti-Mussolini Italians, South Americans, Canadians, Scots, French, Irish, Cubans, an East Indian and a South African Jew, and Spaniards from various provinces.

Many years have passed since those young men from all over the world felt the need to risk their lives in order to help a struggling democratic government to survive.

They went to fight Fascism, and like millions who came after them, became its victims. They experienced its cruelty and inhumanity, and tried to maintain their idealism and integrity despite hunger, sickness and assaults on minds and bodies.

San Pedro is again a monastery, and it's a national monument -- not because of its wartime use but because it is the burial place of a national hero, El Cid. Hitler, Mussolini and finally Franco are gone, and the Spanish people at last have a chance to choose their own way of life.

The uniting forces in this diverse group were love of human freedom and the need to survive in a hostile, cruel environment. The standard of living was beyond the prisoners' control: the garlic and water soup, the straw pallets on stone floors, the guards with their clubs, were amenities provided by Franco. Those things which make human beings human and keep them mentally healthy were supplied by the prisoners themselves. Music was something they could create with only voice and memory, so the prisoners sang. They sang songs remembered from childhood: Old McDonald, Home On the Range, Row, Row, Row Your Boat, and popular songs from home, like Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, Tea for Two, and others; songs from other countries and some that were invented on the spot.

These songs that Max sings, these words that we have set down, are intended for our grandchildren, and all the children of the world. We make this gift in the hope that they will never have to experience the horrors of any war.

A wish for peace is such a simple thing, and yet huge and precious. We hold ours in our hands, and blow it, like kisses, to all the children we love, and the ones to be born to the future. Our wish for peace.



Max and Mary Parker



REMINISCENCE BY MAX PARKER

I ARRIVED IN SPAIN in early March, 1937. I spent three weeks at Fort Figueras, in training for combat. From there I was sent to Madrigueras for further training. After about two months in Madrigueras I became very restless and impatient and anxious to do something for the cause that had brought me to Spain.

A call came for volunteers for the transport regiment (Americans were considered to be the best drivers) and I volunteered. I was sent to a transport outfit at Albacete and was immediately assigned to drive a truck.

There was a great variety of trucks -- Russian, French and others -- serving on all fronts. I drove supplies and people to and from and all around Brunete, Belchite, Turuel and Gandesa, where I was captured.

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FOR SIX DAYS AND NIGHTS I drove my Russian truck back and forth along the front lines near Gandesa, transferring Spanish soldiers from one area to another to bring reinforcements to the chaotic Gandesa front. There was constant strafing and the sounds of battle on all sides.

IN THE MIDST of all this, one night as I walked through a small village where I had stopped to get food, I heard music. I don't know whether it was a radio or a phonograph, but the song I heard was an old American one, "In A Little Spanish Town." Incongruous.

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AFTER THE SIXTH DAY I returned to my outfit to rest. I learned that another group was scheduled to go out in a few hours and I was happy that I was "at home" where I could sleep. It seemed as though I had barely bedded down when I was awakened and told that a comrade who was scheduled to go out had fallen apart and I was asked to take his place.

My assignment was with the Spanish telephone linemen, whose job was to repair and install front-line communications. I was driving the Russian truck, carrying more than 30 linemen and a Spanish lieutenant.

We roamed through the area, dropping off relief men and picking up those who had been working. There was complete chaos: no definite front lines, groups retreating as we went forward. When we crossed one bridge we could see it blown up behind us to stop the Fascist advance. It seemed to me that we were on a futile errand because there was no way of knowing which way to go, but the lieutenant insisted that we continue.

We passed many groups of Spanish soldiers in total confusion. I remember meeting an American driver and exchanging views. He was Sol Newman, a New York cab driver, the only man from my outfit that I had seen, and he was going in the opposite direction. I told him that this lieutenant was going to get us either killed or captured.

He kept going, even in the dark, blindly, it seemed to me.





Truck drivers for the Regiment

de Tren, 2nd Esquadron. (Max's old outfit.)

(A) Left to right: Kibby Goodman, Sam Aarons. Tex Molinar, --- Stetzer, Unkn., Bob Ingalls, Harold Sparks.

(B) L to R: --- Salatino, Tommie Erwin, Jack Friedman, Henry Weiss, Bob English, Dave Thompson, Kibby Goodman, Jim Benet, Ralph Fasanella, Bob Ingalls, Harold Sparks, Bill Sennett, --- Metsonnen, --- Lindfors, Don MacLeod. Seated: Paco, an anarchist.

I remember starting across a stone bridge. Halfway across I saw that the other half had been blown away. I backed up. By this time we were really lost and it was close to midnight. We encountered a roadblock, manned with machine guns. We were halted by a command and I was ordered to get down from the cab.

I was led from my truck by two men, one tall and one short. My first thought was that we had run into our Garibaldi Unit, because the tall guy asked me if I was Italian and said that he was. Also, the Spanish lieutenant seemed rather happy to talk to the people who were guarding the road.

The short guy who led me from the truck was Spanish and I quickly realized that they were not Garibaldis when he said, "Da le un tiro" -- repeatedly. The Italian shunted him aside and talked to me about New York, where he had lived and worked. He saved my life.

I was taken to the side of the road and I watched them line up the Spanish comrades I had been transporting. They counted off and shot every tenth man.

Through and around groaning people, I was taken to some kind of hut nearby where what seemed to be the Italian command group were eating and drinking. They seemed in a jovial mood and I felt encouraged to tell them that I was hungry. They gave me bread and wine. I asked them, in Spanish, when they were going to shoot me. They protested that they did not kill prisoners.

Soon after I was led from there to what appeared to be a small stable. My hands were tied behind my back and I was shoved to the floor. I remember the guard urinating against the wall, splashing me. By this time it was almost light. I was taken outside where an officer, Italian, I think, pushed me to the ground, cursed me, spat on me, called me a

Red bastard, and kept threatening me with his gun. The Spanish comrades who had been on my truck were watching nearby, and I was convinced that the Fascists wanted them to see me beg for my life, which I was determined not to do.

I knew that I had to keep my wits about me and I kept repeating that I knew nothing about the disposition of troops or anything else of importance. I invented the name of a Spanish officer who was, supposedly, my commanding officer.

At that point, an Italian soldier approached the officer who was questioning me and spoke to him. The officer left. The soldier pulled me up from my kneeling position and said, in Spanish, "You're a lucky man." He untied my hands and told me to follow him. We went to the side of the road where I found a group of English prisoners seated on the ground. I sat down near them. Shortly, someone asked, "Who is the officer here?"

A man stood up, despite the protests of the men. It was well known that the Fascists shot captured officers. The man gave his name -- Frank Ryan. He spoke no Spanish and his interrogator asked if anyone in the group could speak Spanish. There was no reply, but, after some hesitation, I spoke up and interpreted for him. I don't recall what questions were asked other than his rank. He replied, "Captain."

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ACROSS THE ROAD was a farmhouse with a fenced-in yard. We were taken to this yard where we waited, apprehensively, for perhaps two hours. I had the feeling that they didn't know what to do with us. We were on a country road, but there was a constant stream of traffic -- military vehicles, all going in one direction.

As I recall, there were close to a hundred English prisoners. They told me that when they had arrived at the front they were led into an ambush. A remarkable aspect of their story was that they had been surrounded by Italian troops who appeared to be trying to keep them alive, telling them to stay down, etc. When we were moved out of the yard we were marched against the oncoming traffic -- vehicles and foot soldiers.

Since I was the only person there who admitted to knowing Spanish, I became the official interpreter and was at the head of the procession with Frank Ryan. He kept shouting words of encouragement to us: to remember who we were, why we were in Spain, to maintain discipline.

Large convoys of Italian Fascist troops rolled slowly past us, spitting at us and yelling obscenities. They shouted that they wanted to get La Pasionara and mutilate her.

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IT WAS LATE IN THE MORNING and we had marched a long way. We had had no food or water. We were taken off to the side of the road and, unbelievably, they strung up barbed wire around us.

Frank insisted that I somehow manage to talk to the commanding officer and demand food and water. I did, and we were given water. A Gestapo man came to talk to Frank. They had a lengthy conversation, in English. Among other things, he wanted to know why Frank was fighting in Spain instead of in Ireland. Frank told him that it was the same fight in both places. After several minutes, the Gestapo man told Frank that he was a brave man, wished him luck and left.

While we were in this barbed wire enclosure, a few Republican fighter planes appeared overhead. The sky was immediately covered by a sea of black anti-aircraft fire, showing us once again the overwhelming superiority of the Fascists'

weapons. I, and, I'm sure, the others, silently cheered our fliers on.

Eventually we were loaded into trucks, which were enclosed with canvas, taken in complete darkness to the mostly-destroyed church in Belchite and herded inside. We had all agreed, as we rode along in the dark truck, that we probably would be questioned again when we reached our unknown destination. We had agreed, also, that it was important to avoid giving our captors any information that they could use in a way detrimental to the Republican cause.

So, officially, we all had the same story -- "I came to Spain to help the Spanish Republic." A few people changed their minds and gave other reasons for being there. An American seaman could not resist telling them, angrily, that he had come to fight Fascists. An Englishman told his interrogator that he had come to Spain to save the British Empire, because the Mediterranean was the British lifeline.

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I DON'T REMEMBER receiving any food during this period. There were no sanitary facilities and we were told to use the area behind the altar, as our captors were doing. A group of reporters from the foreign press had arrived to question us, and they took pictures of us and of the mess behind the altar. This was later shown as being typical of the Reds' desecration of churches.

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THERE WERE ONLY THREE Americans in our group. The rest were English and Irish. By this time, Frank Ryan had been taken off somewhere, court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. He was returned to us, and we all again boarded the trucks.

After a jarring journey we arrived at the huge prison barracks in Zaragoza. Here we were fed and allowed to sleep --

on the floor. As interpreter, I was always at the head of the line, and I was given extra food and wine. I didn't want anyone to think that I could be bribed with this, and I turned it over to my fellow prisoners.

This was the main prison barracks in the area, and we met many other Internationals there. On the morning after our arrival we were lined up in an enormous patio to be looked over by Gestapo and Spanish officials.

One of them pointed at an English comrade named Danny and said, "We remember you. Out!" Danny was not seen again. He had been captured before, in early March of '37, and, as a propaganda gesture, had been sent home to England. He had returned to Spain to fight and was captured again in April of '38. Frank Ryan was no longer with us; he had been taken away to be kept with other condemned prisoners.

After Danny was taken away, a group of reporters appeared to interview the American prisoners. I asked them if they were American, and they said that they represented the International Press. I asked if William Carney were among them and got no answer. One of them asked why I wanted to know. I replied that according to everything I had heard, or read, of Carney, he was a Franco propagandist.

I later learned that one of these men was Carney, and that he had written a completely distorted account of the interview. He had also fabricated a story of two hundred British volunteers who, he alleged, had surrendered to the "insurgents."

In fact, there were one hundred fifty British prisoners who had been captured and who were with me throughout this whole period and on into San Pedro. Carney apparently got our names from the Fascists' records, and they were the only accurate details in his report.

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AFTER THIS LINE-UP we were returned to our quarters and had our first direct clash with our jailers. They told us that we would be expected to give the Fascist salute when we were assembled. We refused to do this, arguing that since we were prisoners of war, we would give only the regular salute. This seemed to satisfy them, at least for the time being.

On the following day we were rounded up again and all given shaves -- visitors were coming. Again, reporters circulated among us. As soon as I realized that they were reporters, I suggested to the others that we all talk to them about Frank Ryan. We did this, each telling the reporters that Frank had been condemned to death and we wanted the world to know about it. My memory is hazy as to when he rejoined us, but it was while we were still at Zaragoza.

He was a very impressive man -- intelligent, articulate, incorruptible, strong. His presence among us was inspiring, and by this time, we welcomed inspiration. It was becoming very clear that our unpleasant situation was not going to improve very soon.



A group of Lincolns with Spaniards

I REMEMBER QUITE VIVIDLY two conversations I had while in Zaragoza. I was still acting as interpreter and, as such, was talking with one of the Spanish guards. He asked me about America. I told him about our democracy, about President Roosevelt, and about Mayor LaGuardia and New York City. He was very interested and told me his version of what was happening in Spain and what he thought of the Generalissimo.

"Franco has a wonderful heart," he said, touching the area of his own. "He has a big heart -- that's what you must look for in a leader, a big heart."

The other conversation was with one of the German comrades. We had met several of them, and they were worried because they had been questioned by the Gestapo.

One approached me and asked me to take a list of the Germans who were there. In case they did not stay with us, he wanted their identities known. I don't know why he chose me to trust, but I took the list and later gave it to someone who could get it to the proper people.

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AFTER SEVERAL DAYS we were taken in enclosed trucks to a train and loaded into boxcars. At a station enroute we had to change trains. We were lined up on the platform and were a sorry sight. We had not been able to wash in all this time, and our clothing was infested with vermin. There were several Spaniards at the station and one or two shouted curses at us. I heard later that some of the prisoners had been given food by the onlookers, but I didn't see that happen. We were apprehensive.

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Max and other ex-prisoners en route home.

THE SECOND TRAIN TOOK US TO Burgos where we were again loaded into trucks and taken to San Pedro de Cardena. Here we were each given what looked like a mattress cover, a small amount of straw and one blanket -- our bedding from now on. We were housed with 30 or more Spaniards who had American citizenship. We were on the ground level.

I was still the interpreter -- "tefe." This gave me the opportunity to walk around and talk with people. I got to know Frank Ryan better, as well as the other Irish and British comrades and the American-Spaniards. We were in this hole for two to three weeks, by which time the Fascists had rounded up more prisoners.

When these new prisoners arrived, we were taken out and assigned to permanent quarters upstairs, two flights up, in the monastery. Many Americans had been brought in. I guess that with our arrival in these "permanent quarters" we began to fully realize that we really were prisoners, locked up, our lives controlled entirely by others, and that those in control could and would do away with us if they chose to do so. I think that we were all in shock.

For the first couple of weeks each man kept more or less to himself -- closed in with his thoughts and, I suppose, trying to decide how to cope with this unfamiliar, hostile environment. Gradually, we all seemed to arrive at the same conclusion: that we had to organize ourselves and plan together ways to survive. During our time in the dungeon below, the situation was chaotic, and we were in no condition to plan anything. Upstairs we quickly learned that there was a routine, and that we had to conform and to live by the Fascists' rules.

Committees were formed to discuss and plan ways to keep ourselves alive and sane. We formed classes in chess, bridge, Spanish, archeology, hiking (particularly appropriate in our circumstances), and several other subjects. There was even a class in "Marxist palmistry."

I lost my job as interpreter because there were others more qualified. The "Daily News" (handwritten) appeared at intervals. Our main source of news was the Fascist press, but the best source was what we learned from new prisoners.

Our daily routine did not vary. At 5 a.m. a bugle was blown, guards would rush in swinging sticks to arouse us. Then, out of our straw sacks and make for the door where more guards with sticks swinging would rush us down the stairs. We ran to avoid the sticks. Five minutes after the bugle call we had to be in the patio, in formation, to salute the Fascist flag and sing their national anthem. Frank Ryan refused to sing it at all. Some Germans refused and were beaten.

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BREAKFAST was handed out in the patio -- garlic soup with bits of bread and garlic floating in it, and two rolls, our bread ration for the day. At this assembly we could see the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Spanish, Italian, French,

German, Polish and other prisoners.

After this round-up we returned to our quarters to face the day. We had our own assembly, which began with the singing of "Jarama." The last stanza ends with "Before we continue this reunion, let us stand to our glorious dead." We stood and saluted.

A committee had managed to convince the Fascists to allow us to police ourselves, and we appointed people to keep order. Men were stationed at the doors to warn of approaching guards. We spent a lot of time talking to new prisoners, getting news of the world outside.

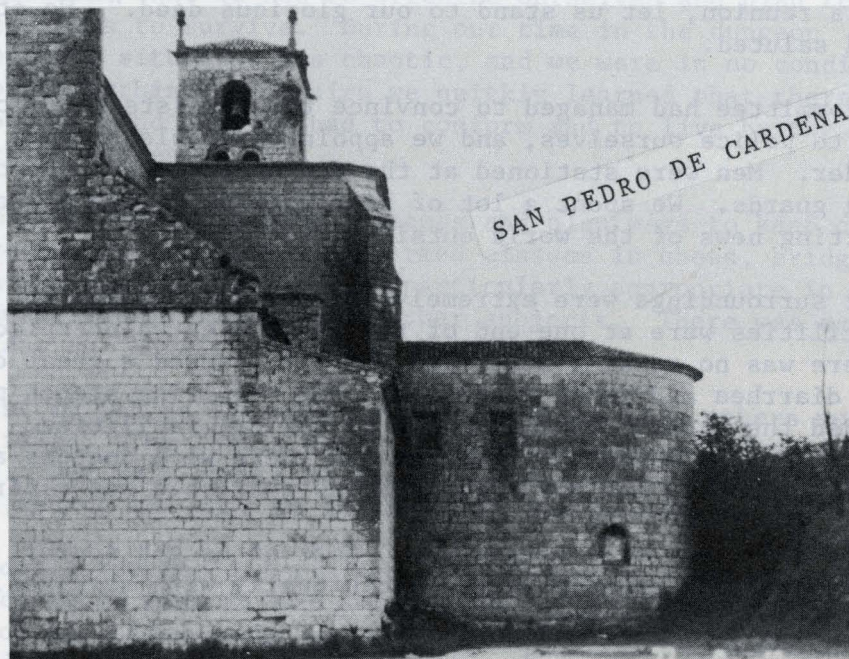
Our surroundings were extremely primitive -- toilet facilities were at one end of the large area we occupied. There was no running water and our diet caused a great deal of diarrhea and other disorders. The resulting stench pervaded the entire place. We had no medical facilities. A room was set aside for the sick and there were doctors among the prisoners, but the only medicine available was aspirin.

Lice and fleas were everywhere. Most of us got scurvy. The noon meal was usually beans, occasionally with sardines. Supper was watery beef soup.

Before supper each day we had another assembly in the patio, where two priests alternated in giving us sermons. One we called "Hermanos Mios," because he always started his sermons with these words. He was a Franciscan, I believe, and seemed to be a gentle man. His sermons were religious in nature -- perhaps he was trying to convert or console us.

The other priest addressed us as "Senores," which is what we called him among ourselves. Under his frock we could see a military uniform. His sermons were political -- he harangued us about the glories of Franco and Fascism, and the evils of the Republic and "communism."

When we went back to our dimly lighted quarters, we sat around and talked, sang songs of many lands, and tried to sleep.



SOME TIME IN AUGUST there was a break in our routine. We were told that there were visitors, and were rushed to the patio where we found a station wagon, American, with California license plates. We were lined up and, without saying a word to us, the visitors took moving pictures of us. I suggested to the people near me that we start scratching. The idea caught on and soon we were all scratching -- trying to send a message to the world. I wonder if, somewhere, there is a movie of this.

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AT SOME POINT we were given Red Cross forms on which we were allowed to write one letter. I used mine to send word that "Chooch" Kleiman and John Blair were with us. They were later taken elsewhere. Sometime in the fall, an American official of some kind appeared. We were taken in single file to a room in another building where we found him seated with one of the priests. We all complained about the poor food, sanitary conditions, lack of medical care, and the frequent beatings administered by the sadistic sergeant we called "Sticky."

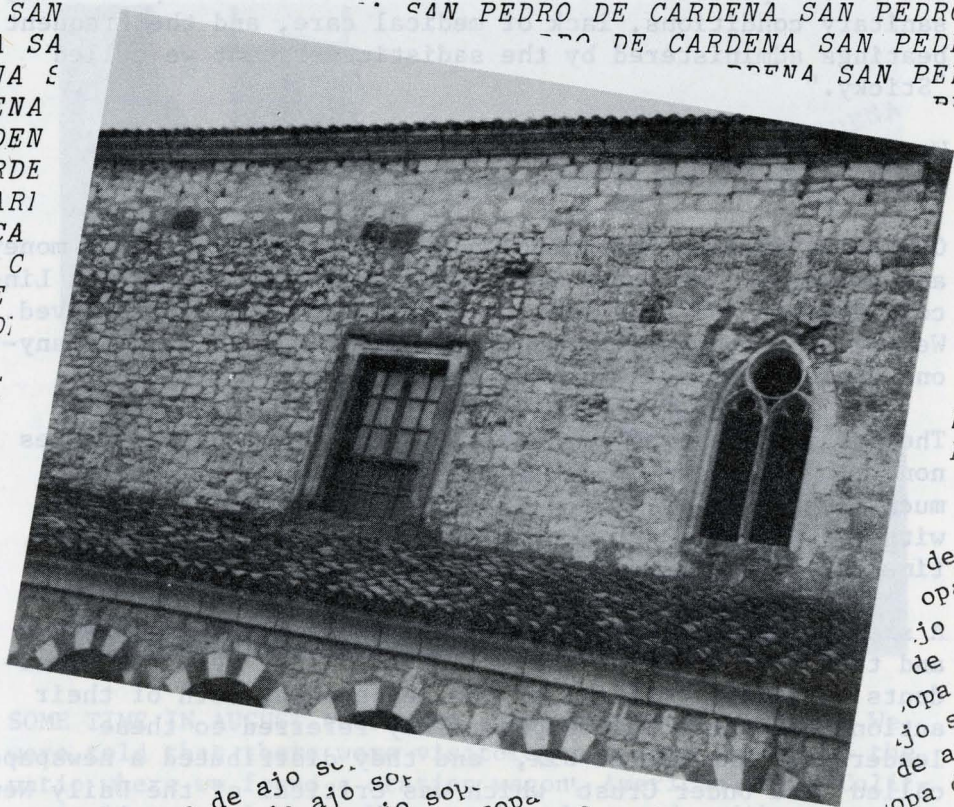
We never saw nor heard of this American again, and the guards became more vicious because we had complained.

Our daily routine continued and eventually we received money and packages. We later learned that the Friends of the Lincoln Brigade had sent many packages that we never received. We set up a cooperative so that everything received by anyone could be shared with everyone.

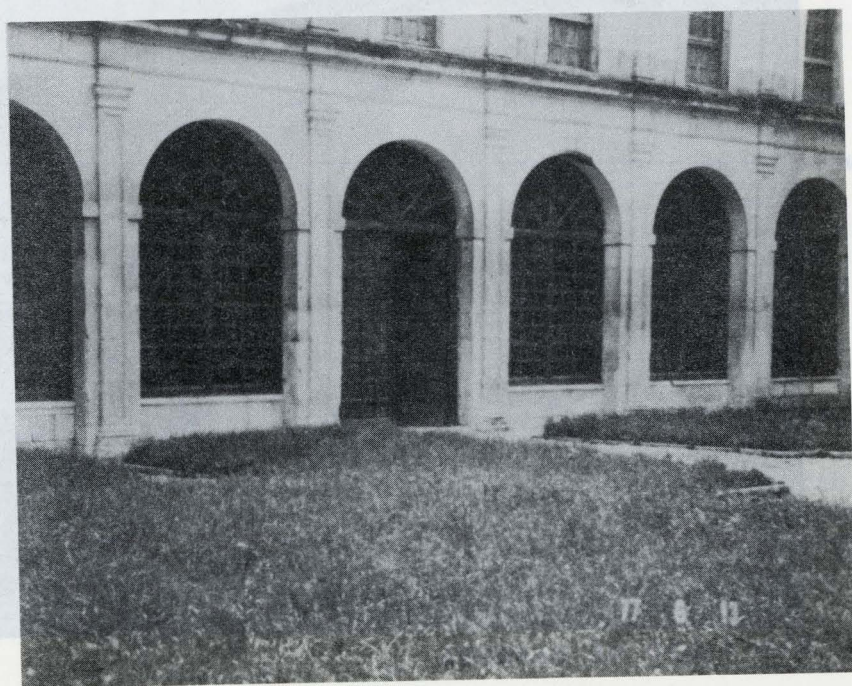
The British received few packages, the other nationalities none, so the Americans were the only ones who had very much to share. We had some food and chocolate and money with which we could buy condensed milk, candles and sometimes apples from the prison commissary.

A small group of Americans refused to join the cooperative and they kept whatever they received. They were the dissidents -- highly critical of the leadership, both of their actions and their philosophy. They referred to these leaders as "The Secret Six," and they distributed a newspaper called "The Under Crust" which was critical of the Daily News. Most of us felt that their behavior was divisive and dangerous, under the circumstances. We felt that it was essential to our survival that we maintain an attitude of solidarity and comradeship, whatever our personal feelings might be. For the most part, we did maintain this attitude and morale was good.

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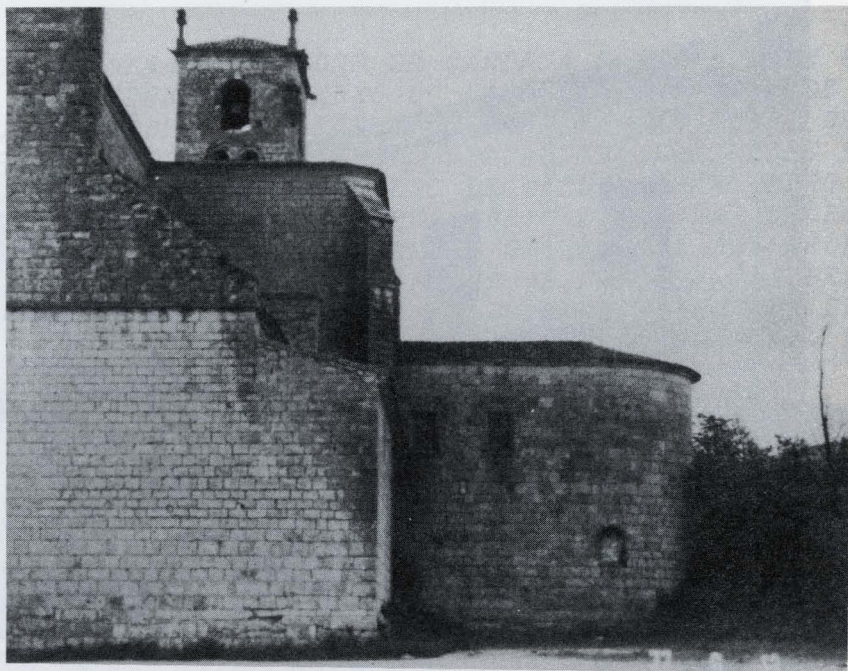


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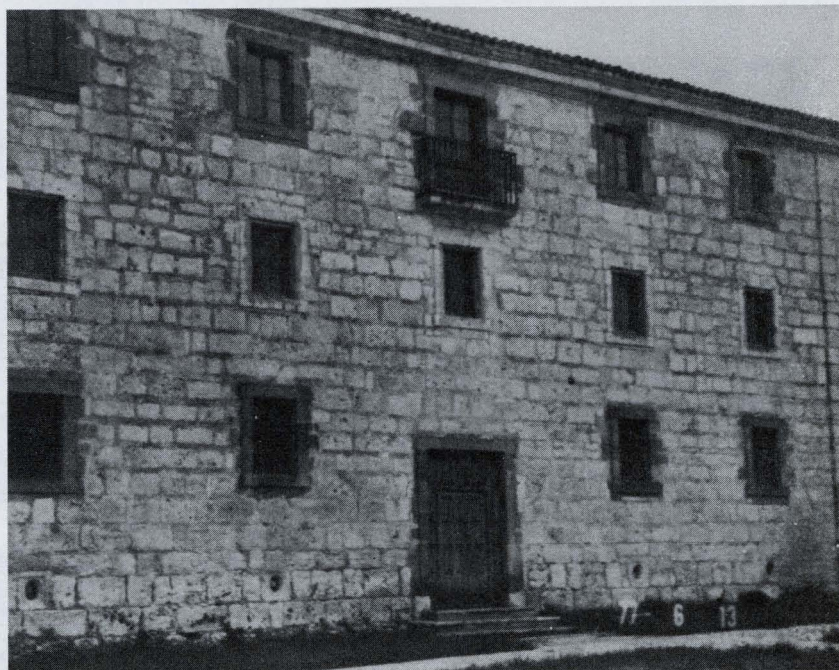


Photos by Mary Parker

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SAN PEDRO DE CARDENA

Visits to other Internationals on the floor below were possible but had to be managed very carefully. Our committee members did keep in contact with them and we were able to see them when we gathered in the patio.

On our floor we continued with our meetings, group singing, classes, reports from new prisoners and analysis of the Fascist press.

Living conditions were worsening -- scurvy and vermin were among our major complaints. A few prisoners became sick and remained in the dispensary, unable to move. They were unable to walk because their joints were badly swollen. A Polish doctor diagnosed their illness as "San Pedro rheumatism."

Around October some of the wounded prisoners were exchanged: one man with a badly injured eye, another with a shot-up hand which had had no treatment, Lou Ornitz, another American named Charlie and Sam Romer.

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I MUST NOT FAIL to mention the Basque nuns whose kindness helped so much. They, also, were prisoners, but lived in a separate part of the concentration camp. They had somehow managed to establish a dispensary and were able, in a limited way, to minister to the most severely wounded prisoners. They provided a bit of gentleness in a harsh and cruel environment.

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THE ARRIVAL OF WINTER made conditions even more miserable. We managed to improve the skimpy diet by such things as chopping apples with the sardines, and making a stew with condensed milk and bread. We improvised a kind of "Sterno" stove by wrapping a candle with rags (parts of the rags we were wearing) and placing it in a tin can.

The ingredients were put in another can which then went on top of the lighted candle to cook. This had to be done surreptitiously because of roving guards. One time a small fire was started, burning the floor. We threw the candle out into the snow but the guard found out about it, and we had to discontinue our cooking for a while.

Darkness came early in the winter months so we used the candles for light as well as cooking. Sleeping was almost impossible, between the constant irritation of lice and vermin and the effects of our diet. We slept on the floor, with mice running between us, around our heads, everywhere. One of the doctors told us that if the mice remained healthy and lively it was a good sign that there was no contagious illness among us, as the mice would catch it first.

The Fascists made no attempt at de-lousing. We could wash our clothes only when we were taken on back roads through a small village to a stream. They gave us a so-called soap bar which produced no suds, and in cold water didn't clean at all. Even this kind of laundering occurred very infrequently. The lice survived.

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THE PROCEDURE was that an armed guard, with an I. B. guard, walked through our quarters as we tried to sleep. As they passed the area where Hy Wallach was sleeping, someone near him cursed the Fascist guard, in English. The Fascist wanted to know what had been said, and the trusty translated the curse. The guard picked Hy as the one who had cursed him, and marched Hy downstairs where he was beaten unmercifully. When he was brought back, his face, arms and back were swollen, discolored and disfigured. He spent several days in the "infirmary" and never pointed a finger at the real culprit, although of course he knew his identity.

The trusty who translated the curse was not a Loyalist, but was part of a group of men imprisoned for reasons other than

political. The Fascists considered him to be Cuban because his mother was Cuban, but his father was a Spanish Fascist official.

Whatever skills existed among the men were utilized to help make life less unbearable. Hy Wallach's specialty was chess. He played while blindfolded, played simultaneously against fifteen or twenty people, and taught others to play.

The prison was placed under the command of an officer who believed that in order to be a good military man one had to know chess. He learned of Hy's skill and frequently had Hy brought to his quarters to play with him.

Among the prisoners was a choral director so we decided to form a choir and to prepare an elaborate Christmas program. The words to Russian, Polish, Spanish and Dutch "bell" songs were written out phonetically and we rehearsed daily. Our rehearsals were very popular with the guards, and at the real performance the officers all came up to hear us. We had improvised a stage and made curtains out of blankets. The Cuban prisoners presented a series of sketches which were cleverly written and we sang our songs. The officers were so impressed that they asked for a repeat performance.

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NEW YEAR'S OF 1939 came and went. Some German prisoners had escaped in October. They got as far as the mountains near the French border but they became over-confident, were captured, brought back and isolated. Alex and Pedro, each a high-ranking trusty, took off in January, for Burgos. They were caught, returned, beaten severely and placed in solitary. The head of the French Trotskyite party came and spoke from the podium in the patio, asking French prisoners to come forward and join him in an anti-communist crusade. None joined him.

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A SPANISH CARDINAL visited us and told the Spaniards that if they were true patriots, they would turn on these murderers, meaning us. None turned on us.

Before leaving, the cardinal blessed and forgave us.

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THE REPUBLIC was in a bad way. The Internationals had been sent home by the government in October of '38. In January '39, Barcelona had fallen. Madrid fell -- the Republic was defeated.

We got word that, finally, an exchange was going to take place. (We had always been promised an exchange.) The Americans, English and Cubans were lined up and the names of those to be exchanged were listed. The Irish prisoners refused to respond when the call was made for British subjects, but we convinced them that this was a fruitless show of patriotic fervor.

With the possibility and promise of freedom, a miraculous thing happened: the invalids with swollen joints and "San Pedro rheumatism" were suddenly able to hobble around. In the following two weeks they made remarkable strides toward recovery.

Another surprise was a speech given by the new prison commander. He told us about the big heart and great sympathy of Franco, and that from then on we would be treated with respect and every effort would be made to show us the generosity of Franco's Spain. What this amounted to was that there were no more beatings.

With the fall of Barcelona there was an influx of hundreds of prisoners. They were not military prisoners -- just people who had been arrested in the confusion of the fall of the city. I will never forget a day in the patio -- jammed with several thousand prisoners, among them a band which played Fascist songs and a large group who joined in an

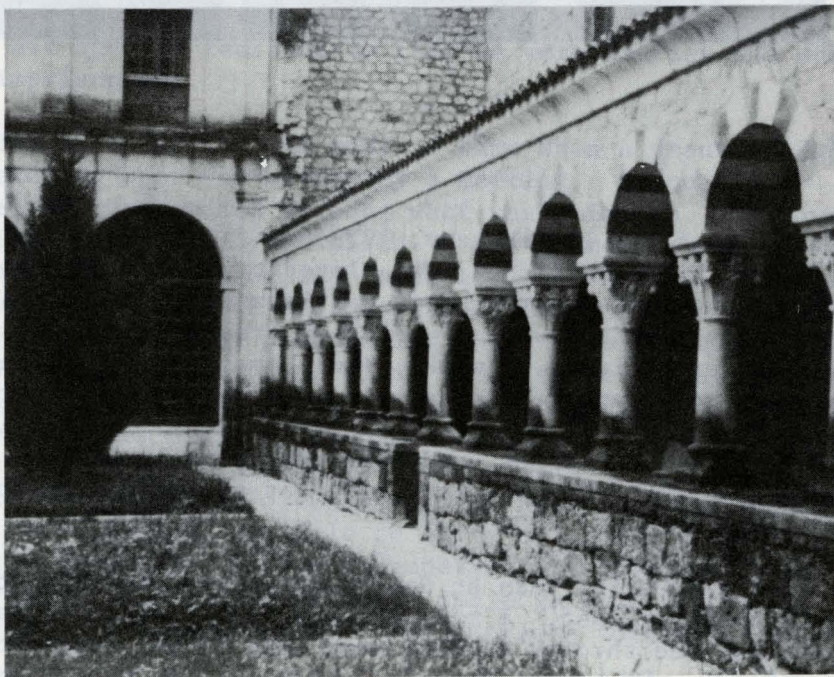
enthusiastic outcry of "Muera Negrín," -- "death to Negrín."

It shook me more than anything that had ever happened to me. Our defeat was real. The Republic had been destroyed. It was all over.

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SINCE I WAS VERY FRIENDLY with the thirty or so American-Spaniards, I undertook responsibility for preparing them for life in the United States. The "Under Crust" people had given them what the rest of us thought was a distorted picture -- particularly of the U. S. political scene.

I spent most of my time giving them a course in elementary civics, the positions of American political parties, and generally what they could expect to find in the U.S.A.





FINALLY, ON A DAY IN February, 1939, we said "adios" to San Pedro. We were loaded into closed trucks again and taken to the police barracks in San Sebastian. It was a three-story building with a walled-in area on the roof, where we were allowed to walk. The rooms in the building were very small and several people were housed in each room.

There were no mattresses, and each man had only enough room on the floor for his body. To get up, we had to crawl over the others.

The food was better than at San Pedro and we were able to exercise on the roof. I made friends with some young Basque prisoners, and through them we were able to buy food from the outside. We bought Nescafe, which was new to us, and the first time I drank it, it made me drunk. We had not had

coffee in a very long time.

Among the prisoners was a young German who had hitchhiked across Europe from Germany. He had been in the Nazi army, and bragged about the devastating weapons they had. After several days he was visited by the German consul who made a big fuss about his being imprisoned with a bunch of communists, and demanded his release in the consul's custody. We didn't see him again.

I had daily discussions with the Basques about their future and ours. Several talked about escaping to France to carry on the struggle. Others said that they would continue the struggle at home. They asked for my opinion, but I couldn't give them one because I was on my way home to a democratic country while they would have to cope with Fascism.

Much of our time in San Sebastian was spent on the roof, walking around and enjoying the opportunity to be in the open air and the realization that we were nearing the end of our imprisonment.

One day as I circled the roof, I came upon a group of Cubans gathered in what was obviously a meeting. I stopped to listen and was amazed to hear what was going on. They were "trying" a Fascist sympathizer -- the former trusty who had betrayed Hy Wallach -- and vowed to "take care of him" on the way home. To see and hear these comrades, in typically fiery Cuban fashion, proclaiming their revolutionary beliefs and ideals and recounting their experiences in revolutionary struggle -- and their equally fiery denunciation of the enemy in their midst -- was an unforgettable experience.

Due to the maneuvers of Chamberlain, Mussolini and Franco, they were probably not able to carry out their plans. They and ten Americans, chosen alphabetically, were sent back to San Pedro. A number of British subjects were exchanged instead of these prisoners. Our American comrades remained

in San Pedro until late summer, when World War II was starting. I've often wondered what happened to the Cubans. Perhaps they had to spend thirty years in prison, which was the sentence we had all received.

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AT LAST THE DAY CAME when we were told to prepare to leave for the frontier. Everyone made preparations to smuggle out names and addresses of those Internationals who were left behind in San Pedro. We were told that we could not take anything across the frontier so many interesting methods of smuggling were improvised.

Again we were loaded into trucks, and this time taken to the frontier. I remember little of that day, except our arrival at the guard post at Hendaye. We had all agreed that we would sing "The Internationale" once we had passed the Spanish-French line in the middle of the bridge. We sang it with clenched fists raised. What a feeling!

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WE WERE MET ON THE BRIDGE by a very lovely English nurse named Angel. Her name seemed very appropriate. She had been sent from Paris by the Spanish Aid Committee. We continued across the bridge, accompanied by Angel and a group of men I assumed were American officials. As we walked toward France, we saw a constant march of Spaniards going back into Spain from their exile in France. Franco had sent representatives into the refugee camps to exhort the refugees to return to their homeland, promising that there would be no reprisals. Actually, many were given long jail sentences and some were executed.

At the end of the bridge we found ourselves in a town square where many townspeople had gathered. We tried to talk to them about the imminent danger to France as a result of Franco's victory, but we were told by the Americans to quiet down and not to "annoy" the French people.

We were taken to a Red Cross building where we showered thoroughly and happily, shaved, were given clean clothes and fed. We boarded a train and were told that it was a sealed car, that we should be quiet, and make no demonstrations.

The trip to Paris is mostly a blur. Looking through the windows we saw people getting on and off. We tried to talk to them, but it was almost impossible. I remember a train platform in Paris, and transferring to another train, to Le Havre. In Le Havre we were quartered in a barracks-camp, operated, I think, by the Spanish Aid Committee.

Our return home was being arranged but, since none of us had papers, there were many delays and postponements. When we had been there for three weeks and were planning a sit-down protest at the American Embassy in Paris, arrangements were finally completed and we sailed for home.



Sailing for home. Max is second from the right, front row.

It is impossible to recount, or even recall, everything that I thought and felt during my period of imprisonment, but, among many memorable and heroic people I encountered, Frank Ryan stands out. He was with us in San Pedro for three months. What happened to him after that is something of a mystery but I'm sure that whatever his fate he met it with the courage and dignity which even our Fascist captors seemed to recognize and respect.

In June 1977 my wife Mary and I spent a week in Spain. We visited San Sebastian, where we were able to locate the families of some of the men I knew in prison. We went to San Pedro and were escorted around by a friendly monk who wondered at my extreme interest in the place. It was in the process of being restored as a national monument to El Cid.

We went to Belchite and my wife took a picture of me in the doorway of the church ruins. We wandered through the battle-scarred, bombed-out town, which Franco left unrepaired as a grim reminder. We arrived in Madrid two days before Election Day, and found ourselves in the middle of a Socialist Party political rally. It was just ending and we had no choice but to drive along with all the other cars, down a broad boulevard.

In front of us was a police car. On all sides were cars filled with people, shouting and waving red flags -- with hammer and sickle. Sound trucks were sending out the strains of "The Internationale." There were large posters on the buildings and smaller ones on lamp posts, advertising every political party imaginable: Socialist, Communist, Anarchist. The Christian Democrat and some we had never heard of.

Riding along with our "police escort," surrounded by smiling enthusiastic people, we laughed and Mary said, "See, they knew you were coming. What a reception!"

It dimmed a little the sad memory of that day in San Pedro when the crowd shouted "Muera Negrin."

I would have liked to greet these people and say, "Salud y Suerte al Pueblo de España." They have been through a lot.



Max Parker in W.W. II

NOTES ON THE SONGS by Clark Branson

Some regret is expressed for our want of more background on the songs and melodies. Thorough notes in this regard required resources not easily at our disposal -- namely in Spain itself, and deep in her language and music. The right musical expert was not readily found locally.

Suffice, however, to relate them to the pertinent context of Max's "oral" acquisition of them in the war and in the prison situation, where they were endeared, as culture, whether newly-made or older, or both. Many of the songs are fragments.

Mañana Song and Song of the American Consul may, in part, be parodies of American pop songs of the day. Other songs sung in the prison included current songs like Stardust and Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, and various camp, folk and union songs.

The only "legal" song, of course, was the Nationalist anthem, which the prisoners were made to sing while saluting the Nationalist flag Fascist-style. Otherwise, songs were perhaps the brightest spot of the "San Pedro Institute of Higher Learning," with its enduring classes in languages, math, engineering, chess and more. (Max tells us of a fellow who lectured in Marxist palmistry.)

Even so, the guards, like the club-swinging "Sticky" and "Tanky," were never far away and the Institute was thus the more "intensive." At any rate, San Pedro's North American, Latin American, British Isles, and continental Internationals, with their fellow Spaniards and Basques, managed their own teach-ins.

An academic translation of the song texts, and Max's orally-learned Spanish/English (of a more colloquial, "spoken" sort) contrasted, at points. Our related texts here simply combine the two, with a few comments in lieu of an extended paper that could be written on the comparisons.

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ASTURIAS. Sung by Basque prisoners. This north-west region on the Bay of Biscay is famous for its mining -- and its militant miners of 1934.

JARAMA SONG. A Lincoln Brigade anthem, based, of course, on Red River Valley. This eulogy commemorates one of the Lincolns' most trying and costly engagements (February - June, 1937).

SONG OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL. Attributed to the singing group, the Convulsionaries, most of whom died in Spain. The song's chorus welcomes arriving Lincoln recruits, brave young men of good will who are hence "loved best of all."

MAÑANA SONG. A Lincoln Brigade ditty with a didactic note -- to teach a little Spanish, and to urge the guys to learn the language.

SI ME QUIERES ESCRIBIR. Anonymously composed from an older song and very popular among the Loyalists, "Escribir" must be one of the finest soldier's songs from any land. The moor who runs the "cafe" represents the Moorish troops commandeered from Africa by Franco.

AL TOCAR DIANA (SONG OF SAN PEDRO). Composed by Cuban prisoners, this song treats of the daily prison routine, its official sermonizers, and the perpetual lack of food and (frequently) water. Scurvy soon followed the poor sacrament.

WHERE IS THE HOUSE. A Russian song Max learned from his mother. Very short -- perhaps but a fragment -- it yet tells a fuller story than such brevity might otherwise provide for. Max relates of it, "This one was really nostalgic."

YA NO ME VENGAS. Written by a Spanish prisoner.

TÚ QUÉ BRILLAS. A favorite among the Loyalists and the Spanish people. Note its reference to the moon in the familiar "tu," like a loved one. It reminds one of the American pop song which goes:

The moon belongs to everyone,
The best things in life are free.

PESCADOR. LAS CAMPANAS. Two Basque fishing songs. Some reflection in English based on PESCADOR: "Fisherman, oh fisherman. You who spend your life on the ocean, listen to my song. Take care, lest you be shipwrecked, because your life is spent battling the waves. Your children will learn to love the fisherman's way of life. Far in the future they will remember your laughter and the happy life of a fisherman." LAS CAMPANAS tells the story of a Basque seaman. He rises at dawn when the bells are ringing and works very hard, without respite. Although it is rough work and he grows weary, he finds satisfaction in the knowledge that by his sweat he is earning his children's bread, and that the people of Bilbao respect him. Although he travels constantly on the endless ocean waters, he dreams of Bilbao where, for very little money, he can enjoy the hot chocolate and "churros" or glazed buns which vendors sell in the streets near his home. (These additions to the academic translation are from Max and Mary, and help with obscure colloquialisms.)

DESDE CÁDIZ. Of this interesting song, Max relates: "My version here is as I remember hearing it more than forty years ago. I never saw a flamenco presentation in Spain, but it was described to me by some of my fellow prisoners. The flamenco is frequently performed by a group of musicians who travel from town to town, singing in the village plaza or other public place. Though the flamenco chant is heard everywhere throughout the land, each section has its own distinctive style. The singer is often accompanied by a flute and saxophone and always a guitar. This particular song describes a flamenco singer who appears as a brave horseman, brandishing two swords and making heroic gestures, only to be run off the stage by his audience in disgrace." It seems the gypsy singer parodied a rich landowner, a joke which fell flat. (See song text.)

QUÉ SERÁ. Very much impressed with this song, rendered by a village boy, Max pretty much learned it in one or two hearings. The instrumental "dance-step" ending, here, replaces some missing lines.

UN INGLÉS. "Expresses the opinion of a Basque youth that the women of Bilbao are more desirable than any others -- even the wealthy American ladies. They believed, widely, that all Americans were wealthy." -- Max.

STARDUST. One of the current songs of the day, very popular in the prison, like Smoke Gets In Your Eyes. (Mitchell Parish, Hoagy Carmichael. Copyright, Mills Music, Inc., 1929/1957. All rights reserved.)

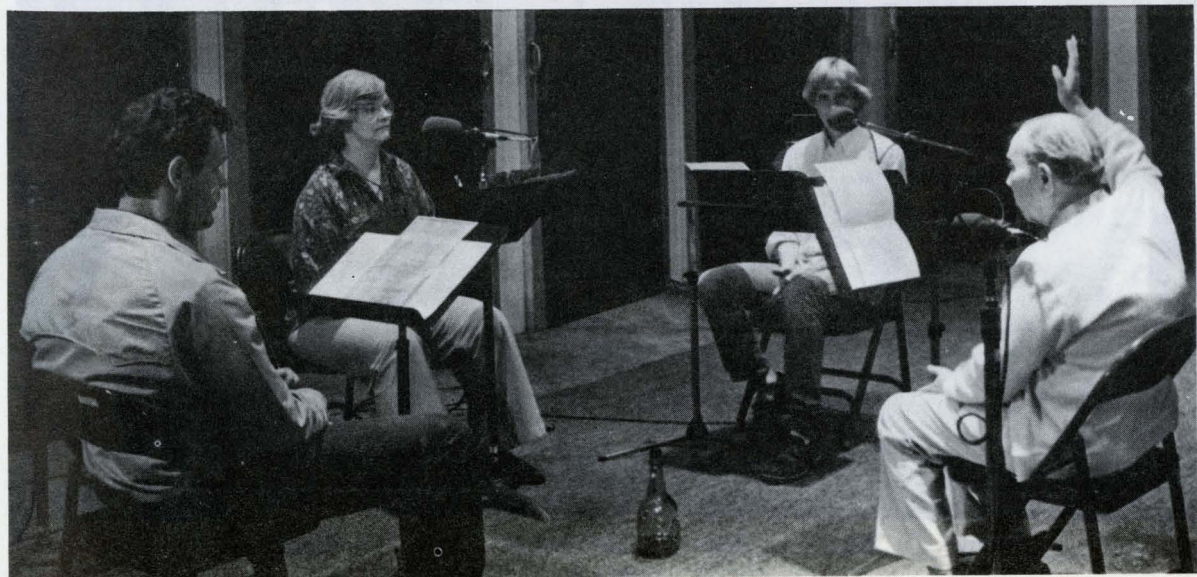
EL PASTOR Y EL LECHEGUINO. Probably an older folk song. A shepherd and a city man debate the virtues of one's bottle of wine and the other's wife. Qué cosa!

CONNOLLY COLUMN SONG. Based on the Irish song, O'Donnell Aboo which was once a close contender for the Irish national anthem. "In retrospect, "the insults endured in thy name" applies well to International vets under red-baiting harrassment or worse in their homelands. Another song popular among the Scots, Irish and English Internationals was Old Maid in the Garret (also sung at San Pedro). Concerning Frank Ryan, his capture, and Max's capture at the same time, and Max's report on the same, see pp. 489-492 of Arthur Landis's The Abraham Lincoln Brigade (Citadel, 1968).

EVENING CHIMES. A well-loved song sung by Russian emigrants in various lands. The ironic "Oh the Portuguese" portion, of certain protest, replaced some missing words, and makes reference to the two divisions of the Regular Army of Portugal enlisted by Franco, and to the country through which the blockade was run by German and Italian aid to the Fascist forces.

ROZHINKES MIT MANDLEN. A well-loved Yiddish lullaby. In America, a Jewish audience will often join in with it en masse and word-for-word, assisting a Jan Pierce or Theo Bikel.

=====





Nancy

Max

Ron

John

Pitt

Clark

Asturias

Asturias, patria querida. Asturias de mis amores.
Quien estuviera(n) en Asturias, en algunas ocasiones.
Tengo de subir el árbol, tengo de coger la flor
Y dársela a mi morena que la ponga en el balcón.
Que la ponga en el balcón. Que la deje de poner.
Tengo de subir el árbol y la flor he de coger.

Asturias, beloved homeland. Asturias, land of my love.
If you were ever in Asturias (you would know how beautiful it is).
I must climb the tree, I must pluck the flower
And give it to my dark one to put on the balcony,
To put on the balcony, to place it there.
I must climb the tree, and pluck the flower I must.

Jarama Song (A Lincoln Brigade anthem)

There's a valley in Spain called Jarama.
It's a place that we all know so well.
It was there that we gave of our manhood
And there that our brave comrades fell.
With the rest of the International column
And the fight for Madrid that they made,
Where we fought like true sons of the soil,
That Fascism never should reign.
Now we're leaving this valley of sorrows
And its memories we ne'er shall forget.
So before we continue this reunion
Let us stand to our glorious dead.



Song of the American Consul

Chorus: Honey, honey, honey, honey, etc.
Comrades we love you, honey,
Comrades we love you, honey,
Love you in the springtime and the fall.
Comrades we love you, honey,
Comrades we love you, honey, love you best of all.

"Oh the border is closed. You had better turn back,"
Were the words of the American consul.
(Words of the American consul.)
But we all laughed, 'cause we all knew
He was only straining his tonsil.

Oh the border is closed, and the guards are there.
Oh pray what can we do? (Pray what can we do?)
As you can see, our task must be to climb the Pyrenees.

Oh, I had a dream the other night that put me in good humor.
(Put me in good humor.)
When I awoke, I found that dream was just a lousy rumor.

March on to kill the Fascist beast.
"Forward to the front!" say we. ("Forward to the front!" say we.)
At six o'clock our sergeant says, "Forward to do K.P."

Mañana Song

There are many words in Spanish that we would like to know.
Dictionaries they are scarce as roses in the snow.
But there is one word in Spanish that you never ought to miss.
So listen carefully and you will find that it is this:
Mañana. Mañana. That old familiar cry.
Mañana. Mañana. We'll hear it 'till we die.
When will the kitchen have in stock a grapefruit or banana?
Cook shakes his head and whispers low that mystic word, "Mañana."
Mañana si, ahora no. No tengo cambio.
Regancha, regancha, regancha. No hay, no hay, no hay.
Yo comprendo. Yo entiendo. Hablo, hablas, habla. Hablamos,
hablais, hablan.

Translation of Spanish portion:

Tomorrow yes, not now. I have no change. *
Seconds, seconds, seconds! There are none, etc.
I understand. I comprehend.
I have, you have, he has. We have, you have, they have.
I understand, I comprehend.

* NOTE: This was in general reference to the currency complica-

tions in Republican sectors. Under conditions of the National Front's sabotage of currency basis, each village, town and city had to use different currencies. Hence, frequently, "no change" for out-of-town money!

Si Me Quieres Escribir /If You Wish to Write to Me

Si me quieres escribir ya sabes paradero. (Repeat.)

En el Frente de Gandesa primera linea de fuego. (Repeat.)

Si tu quieres comer bien, barato y de buena forma.

En el frente de Gandesa, allí tienen una fonda.

En el entrada de la fonda hay un moro Mojame.

Que te dice: "Pasa, pasa. Que quieres para comer?"

El primer plato que dan son granadas rompedoras.

El segundo de metralla para recordar memorias.

(Repeat first stanza.)

If you wish to write to me, you already know my address.

It is the Gandessa Front, the first line of fire.

If you care to eat well, cheaply and in good style,

Go to the Gandessa Front. There you'll find a cafe.

You'll find a Moor named Mohammed

Who says, "Come in, come in. What would you like to eat?"

"The first course consists of exploding grenades.

"The second, of machine-gun fire to record your memories."

Al Tocar Diana /Reveille

Al tocar diana, por la mañana, lo dice a gente todos a formar.

Entrar en fila, salir al patio, y la bandera después saludar.

Al sopa de ajo, al primer plato.

Para el almuerzo no suelen llamar.

Con desagrado muy bien marcado.

Soy prisionero, tiene que aventar.

Hoy nos daban los dos chuscos, que es cosa que no varia.

El que modo venenaban. La comida en el penal

Las lentejas y judias te las dan todos los dias,
 Debajo una aluvia de palos que no te dejan comer.
 Todas las tardes nos dan sermones.
 "Hermanos mios," nos suelen llamar.
 Unos senores que con sotana debajo llevan traje militar.
 Si tienes piojos, no te precupes,
 En todas partes nos van encontrar. Tiene paciencia, mi camarada.
 Soy prisionero, tiene que aventar.

At daybreak, at reveille, everyone is ordered to fall in, to form
 a line and go out to the patio, and then to salute the flag.
 Garlic soup is our first meal. At noon they usually call us.
 Very reluctantly, I am a prisoner who must endure this. Today
 they gave us two pieces of bread, which is something that never
 changes. This is how they poison us. The prison food is lentils
 and beans every day, with so many beatings that you cannot eat.
 Every afternoon we hear a sermon. "Dear brothers," they address
 us, those men whose military garb is visible under their priestly
 garments. If you have lice, don't worry, they will find you
 anywhere. Be patient, dear comrade. I am a prisoner who must
 endure this.

Where is the House?

Where is the house, and where is the street?
 Where is the girl that I used to meet?
 Here is the house, and here is the street.
 But where is the girl that I used to meet?



Ya No Me Vengas /Don't Come to Me

Ya no me vengas a llorar con esos ojos.
 Todas las noches las paso sonandote.
 Estoy dormido y despierto y adorandote, te busco y no te hallo,
 Y me pongo a llorar.
 Pero hasta cuando mujer? Pero hasta cuando?
 Pero hasta cuando lloraran tus ojos verdes?
 Yo soy el hombre que sufre sin verte.
 Pero ay Dios en el cielo compadecete de mi.

(Sung when the guard was present.)

Estoy en el carcel. Cuando saldremos de aqui?

(Sung when the guard was not present.)

Don't come to me with tear-filled eyes anymore. I spend each night dreaming of you. Asleep and awake, I adore you. I look for you, but I cannot find you. And I burst into tears. But how long, my dear, how long? But how long will your green eyes be filled with tears? I am the man who suffers from not seeing you.

But dear God in heaven, have pity on me. (Sung when the guard was present.)

I am in jail; I wonder when I will leave this place. (Sung when the guard was not present.)

Tú Que Brillas /You that Shine

Tú que brillas en el cielo. O luna clara y hermosa.
Hay qué noche silenciosa. Tú mitigas, tú mitigas mi dolor.
Tú que bri... Tú que brillas en el cielo.
O luna, o luna clara y hermosa.
Hay qué no... Ay qué noche silenciosa.
Tú mitigas, tú mitigas mi dolor.

Oh clear and beautiful moon. Shining in the sky.
Oh what a peaceful night. You ease, you ease my suffering.
Shi... Shining in the sky.
Oh what a moon, oh what a clear and beautiful moon.
Oh what a ni... oh what a peaceful night.
You ease, you ease my suffering.

Las Campanas /The Bells

Las campanas de la aurora, con su son al chimbo llaman
Al trabajo donde el pueblo le afana. Acude afanoso para comenzar.
Su faena, tarea, después almorzar.
Trabaja sin tregua, con rudo teson.
Pirulí, pirulón.... Plin, plon, etc.

Trabajar con a fan, Bilbaine, el prendedor ya que si llegará
la, la, la, etc.

Con tu pueblo el esplendor, para ti gran honor

Y a tus hijos el pan.

Gracias a mis sudores, hoy cruzan tus vapores los mares sin cesar
Para tus riquezas transportar.

Ay Bilbao, ay Bilbao. Allí que vive el chocolinero.

Que por poquito dinero vive timplao.

Plin, plin, plin. Plooooooon, etc.

Con el ay más ay. Donde vive el barrio de Churi (churi).

Ay, ay, ay, etc.

At daybreak with their peal, the bells call the worker to work
where the village needs him. He goes anxious to start his daily
tasks first and then to eat. With perseverance he works un-
ceasingly, singing this song: Piruli, pirulon... Plin, plon,
etc. Work with fervor, Bilbaoan, since the ship will arrive.
la, la, la, etc. There is glory for your city, honor for you,
and for your children, food. Because of my sweat, today your
ships cross the oceans day after day transporting your wealth.
Oh Bilbao, oh Bilbao. That's where the chocolate vendor lives.
And he lives content with very little money. Plin, plin...
Ploooooon, etc. With a heave and a ho, where lives the town of
Churi. * Ay, ay, ay, etc.

* NOTE: "Donde vive el barrio de Churi" may, instead, translate
someway as: "where lives the vendor of 'churos' (glazed buns)."

Pescador / Fisherman

Pescador que pescando, pasas la vida en el mar, y en el mar.

Escucha mis canciones, no vayas a naufragar, naufragar, naufragar.

Con esos venden las olas. Niño se aprenden amores,
Caminos de tersas olas, las pasas del pescador.

Y a los lejos, ya son divisa la sonrisa del pescador.

Pescador, pescador.

Oh fisherman who spends his life fishing in the sea, the sea.

Listen to my song, lest you perish, perish, perish. With them you can betray the waves. Son, you can learn about love, passages of smooth waves, the path of the fisherman. And in the distance we can see the smile of the fisherman. Fisherman, fisherman.

Desde Cádiz / From Cadiz

Desde Cádiz a Gerona y de Oviedo a Ciudad Real
Se ha hecho el amo el fandanguillo por castizo y por juncal.
Todos los pueblos de España cantan con su afición
Al compás de un fandanguillo son flamencos en Vizcaya,
Zaragoza y en León. Tari, tin, tan... etc.
Un caballo y dos cuchillos, tengo un cortijo pampero
Un caballo y dos cuchillos. Y tengo tanto salero.
Que canto por fandanguillos, que canto por fandanguillos
Cuando no tengo dinero. Tan, tin, tan, etc.
Ya no sola guitarra de gitana condición,
Pues también cantan fandangos el flautín y el saxofón.
Tari, tan, tin, tan...
Que presumen de valientes hay flamencos de bandera
Que presumen de valientes. Y si matan con cualquiera,
Pero detrás de la gente, pero detrás de la gente,
Corren hasta la escalera. Tan, tin, tan...

From Cadiz to Gerona and from Oviedo to Ciudad Real, the fandanguillo has become the rage because it is considered Castilian and splendid. All the villages in Spain sing with enthusiasm to the beat of the fandanguillo, the gypsies in Vizcaya, Zaragoza, and in Leon. Tari, tan, tin, tan... One horse and two knives, I have a country estate. One horse and two knives, and I am so charming that I sing fandanguillos, that I sing fandanguillos when I need money. Tan, tin, tan...

Now not only the gypsy guitar but also the piccolo and the saxophone play the fandango music. Tari, tan, tin... There are magnificent gypsies who boast of their courage, who boast of their courage, and they are not afraid of anyone. But behind everyone's back, but behind everyone's back, they run away and hide. Tan, tin, tan...

Qué Será / I Wonder What It Is Like

Qué será, qué será, qué será volver, Medien.
Y subir, y subir, y subir en tu habitación
Por veré, por veré, por veré que duerme tiene.
Qué será, qué será, qué será volver, Medien.

I wonder what it is like, I wonder what it is like, I wonder
what it is like, Medien. And to go, and to go, and to go up to
your room. To see, to see, to see that you are sleepy. I
wonder what it is like, I wonder what it is like, I wonder what
it is like to return, Medien.

Un Inglés / An Englishman

Un inglés vino a Bilbado por verla orilla del mar. (Twice.)
Pero al ver las bilbainitas ya no se quiso marchar.
Entonces dijo... Qué dijo?
Vale más una bilbainita, con su cara bonita,
Con su gracia su sal, con su gracia y su sal,
Que todas las Americanas con su inmenso caudal,
Con su inmenso caudal, con su inmenso caudal.

An Englishman came to Bilbao to gaze upon the seashore. But upon
seeing the Bilbaoan girls, he did not want to leave. Then he
said... What did he say? A Bilbaoan girl is more precious,
with her pretty face, with her charm and grace, with her charm
and grace, than all those American girls with all their great
riches, with all their great riches, with all their great riches.

El Pastor y El Lechuguino / The Shepherd and the Cityman

Discutían sin cesar, un pastor y lechuguino.
Cuál tesoro era más fino, la botella y la mujer? (Repeat.)

El pastor dijo a su vez, "Cuál es más sabrosa, más bella?
La botella, la botella.

Cuando vengo fatigado, bajo un árbol me reclino
Un sento trago de vino, mi cansancio ya mitigo.

Ella es mi mejor amiga, mi sol, mi luna, mi estrella.
La botella, la botella.

Ahora dice el lechuguino sólo un hombre con templanza,
Puedes poner en balanza a la mujer con el vino.

En su adverso destino, cuál es el mejor placer?
La mujer, la mujer.

Todo se puede arreglar, tomando medida de ella
La mujer y la botella, la botella y la mujer.

En su adverso destino, cuál es el mejor destino?
La mujer, la mujer.

A shepherd and a city man were having a long debate; which is better, a bottle of wine or a woman? When it was his turn, the shepherd said: Which one is more delicious, more beautiful? The bottle of wine, the bottle of wine. When I am weary, I sit down under a tree, and with a sip of wine, I ease my weariness. She is my best friend, my sun, my moon, my star. The bottle of wine, the bottle of wine. When it was his turn, the city man said: Only a man of moderation can compare a bottle of wine and a woman. In their opposing roles, which one gives the greatest pleasure? The woman, the woman does. This can all be resolved, comparing them, a woman with a bottle of wine, a bottle of wine with a woman. In their opposing roles, which one has the best fate? The woman, the woman does.

The Connolly Column Song

Proudly we're marching, proudly we're singing
The song of our country we all hold so dear
Far from our native land, proudly we take our stand
We're members of the International Brigades.
Think of the guns we bear, think of the clothes we wear
Think of the insults endured in thy name
Tempered by the sun of Spain, hardened by the wind and rain
We're members of the International Brigades.

Elle es mi mejor amiga, mi sol, mi luna, mi estrella.

La botella, la botella, la botella.

Will I Wonder What It Is Like

Ahora dice el lechuguino solo un hombre con templanza

Puedes poner en balance a la mujer con el vino

En su adverso destino, cual es el mejor placer

La mujer, la mujer, la mujer.

I wonder what it is like

La mujer, la mujer, la mujer.

La mujer, la mujer, la mujer.

A shepherd and a city man were having a long debate, which is

better, a bottle of wine or a woman? When it was his turn, the

shepherd said: Which one is more delicious, more beautiful?

The bottle of wine, the bottle of wine. When I am weary,

down under a tree, and with a sip of wine, I ease my weariness.

She is my best friend, my sun, my moon, my star. The bottle of

wine, the bottle of wine. When it was his turn, the city man

said: Only a man of moderation can compare a bottle of wine

and a woman. In their opposing roles, which one gives the

greatest pleasure? The woman, the woman does. This can all be

resolved, comparing them a woman with a bottle of wine, a bottle

of wine with a woman. In their opposing roles, which one has the

best taste? The woman, the woman does. What he did said

was, advised him as his necessity a yes he did said

with her with her face, with her with her with her with her

riches, with all their great riches, with all their great riches.

Proudly we're marching, proudly we're striking

The song of our country we all hold so dear

Far from our native land, proudly we take our stand

We're members of the International Brigades

Think of the runs we beat, think of the clothes we wear

Think of the nights we spent in the rain

Tempered by the sun of Spain, hardened by the wind and rain

We're members of the International Brigades

La botella, la botella, la botella.

Cuando voy cansado, bajo un árbol me quedo

Un vaso de vino, mi amigo, mi amigo.

Veh Chorr-Niz Vonn (Evening Bells/Chimes)
 By I.P. Kozlov. Music by A. Aliabiev.
 Our phonetic translation:

Veh chorr-niz vonn, veh chorr-niz vonn
 Kaak min ooga donn, nah va dit omm. (Twice.)
 Beem, bomm, beem, bomm, bomm, bomm, etc.
 Oh the Portugese, oh the Portugese...
 (Humming.)



Some English words:

Oh evening chimes, oh evening chimes. How many dreams they bring to you. Of youthful days in my native land, where I used to love, where stands my home. They also said how I bade farewell, and heard my bells for one last time. And many of those, who were happy and young are not now alive.

Rozhinkes Mit Mandlen (Yiddish) / Raisins and Almonds

In dem beis hamikdosh in a vinkl cheider
 Zitst di almone bas tzion aliein
 Ihr ben yochidl yidelen vigst si keseider
 Un singt ihm tzum shlofn a lidele shein.
 Ah.....

Unter yidles vigele, shteit a klor vais tzigele
 Dos tzigele is geforn handlen, dos vet zain dain beruf
 Rozhinkes mit mandlen. Shlofzhe, yidele, shlof.

In the temple in a corner sits a widow holding her baby and singing a lullaby. Under the cradle a baby goat is resting. Soon the goat will be taken to market to be sold. The money raised is to be used to feed the baby, but the mother dreams that someday her baby may have more than the bare necessities, that he may have rasins and almonds.

Other recordings of interest:

Songs of the Spanish Civil War, Vols. I, II. Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, Ernst Busch, and others. Folkways FH 5436 and FH 5437.

Produced by Clark Branson:

Leave Her Johnnie, Leave Her: The Stories and Shanties of Hjalmar Rutzebeck. A musical, literary and documentary tribute to the last days of the clipper ships and their sailors. Folkways FSS 38550.

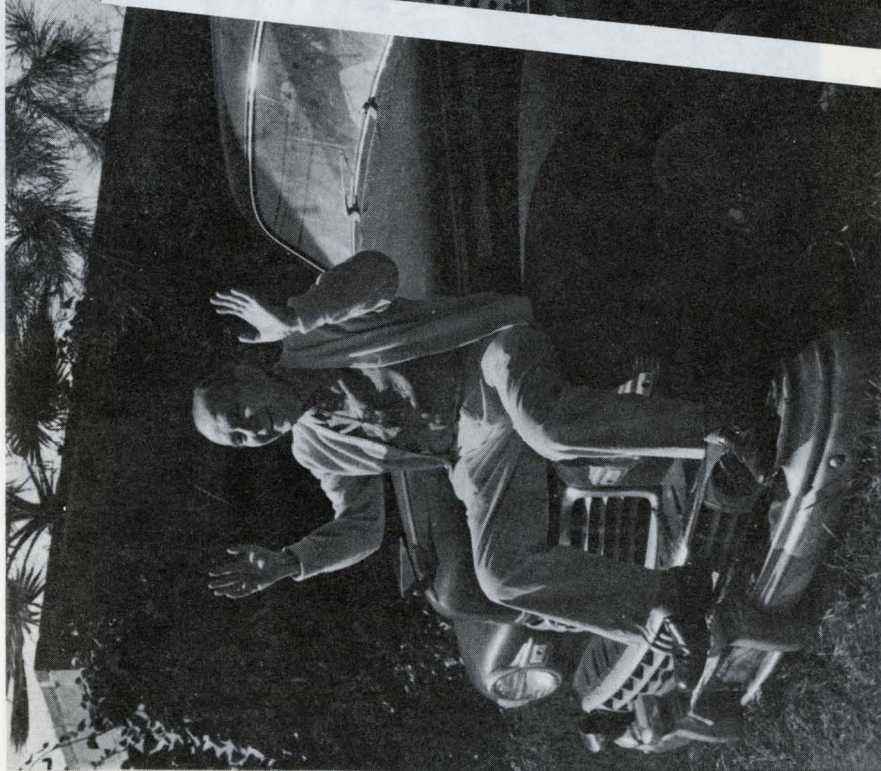
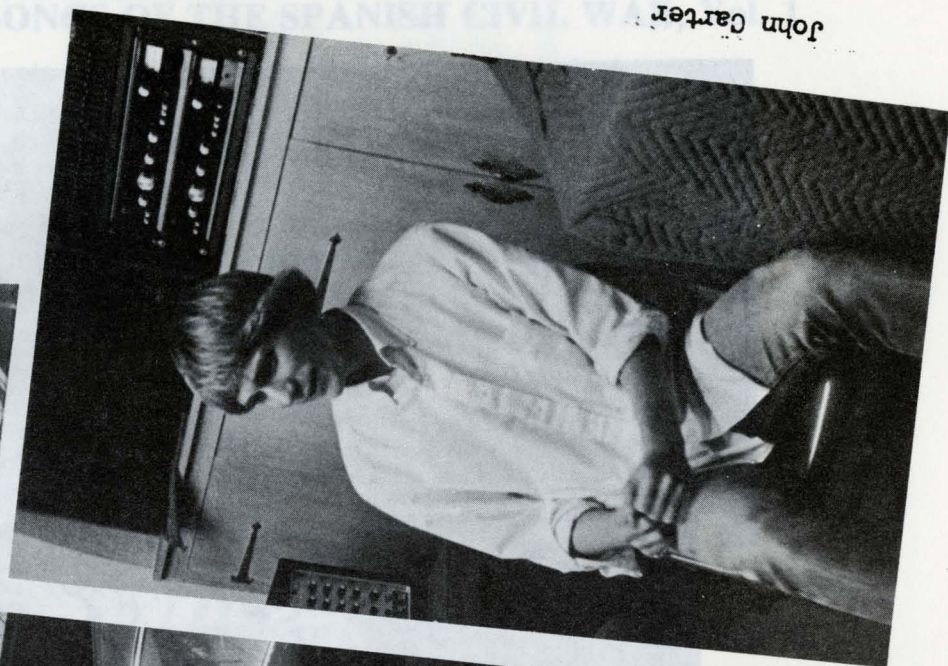


OTHER RECORDINGS

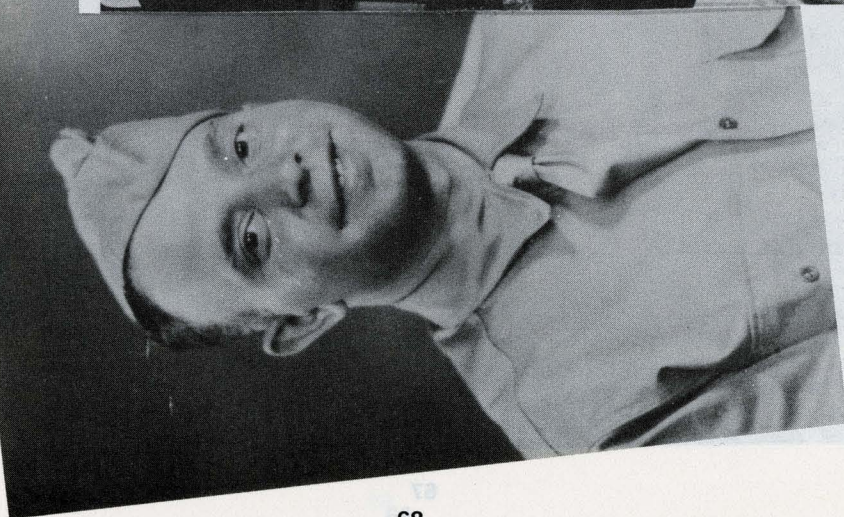
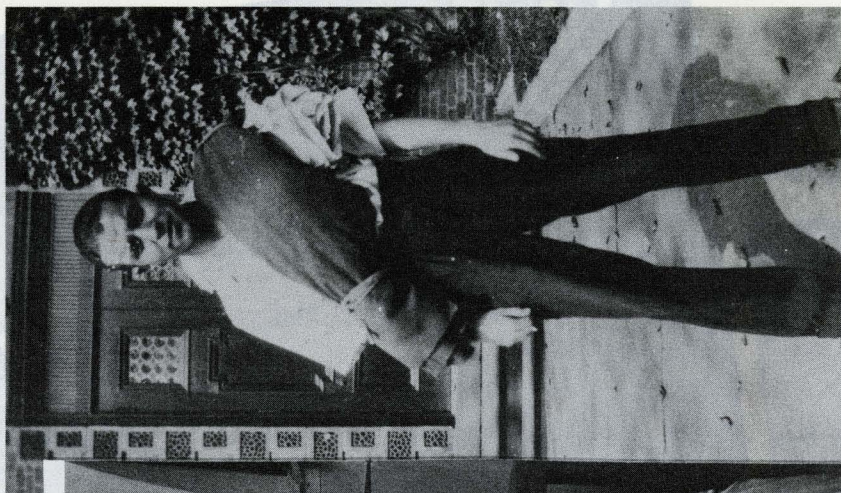
FOLKWAYS RECORDS 7TH 5406

SONS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

John Carter



Max commandeers an old Lincoln (Zepher) and makes a joke.



max

OTHER RECORDINGS

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5436

SONGS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, Vol. 1

Songs of the Lincoln Brigade with Pete Seeger and group.

If You Want To Write To Me

Cookhouse

Quartermaster Song

The Fifth Regiment

Jarama Valley

The Young Man From Alacala

Long Live The Fifteenth Brigade

Six Songs for Democracy with Ernst Busch and chorus.

Hans Beimler

The Thaelmann Column

The Peat-Bog Soldiers

Song Of The International Brigades

Song Of The United Front

The Four Generals

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5437

SONGS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, Vol. 2

With Woody Guthrie, Ernst Busch accompanied by chorus and orchestra, Bart van der Schelling and the Exiles Chorus, and the people of Catalonia, Seville and Asturias, Spain.

Jarama

On the Jarama Front

Ballad of the XI Brigade

Hans Beimler

Comrade

The Thaelmann-Column

FROM "BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE"—

La Guardia Rossa, song of the Garibaldi Battalion

Wie Hinterm Draht, song of the Gurs Camp by E. Schmitt

La Joven Guardi, French song for the Spanish youth

Au Devant de la Vie (Shostakovitch)

FROM "SONGS WE REMEMBER"—

Santa Espina, recorded in Catalonia

Sevillanos, recorded in Seville

The Road to Aviles, recorded in Asturias

Leave Her Johnnie, Leave Her.

Program

Hjalmar Rutzebeck - Songs and Conversation.

Clark Branson - Readings, Vocals, Concertina.

MORRIGAN

Mary Malloy - Readings, Vocals, Fiddle.

Marc Bridgeham - Readings, Vocals, Concertina.

William Pint - Readings, Vocals, Guitar.

Side I

BLOW THE MAN DOWN portion (Hjalmar)

Introduction (Hjalmar)

WHISKEY JOHNNY portion (Hjalmar)

Prologue (William)

The Roma (Marc)

ROBIN RANSOR (Lead: Mary)

WHISKEY JOHNNY portion (Hjalmar)

Greenwich (William, Clark)

FIRE DOWN BELOW (Lead: Clark)

The West Coast (Mary)

CHEERLIO (Leads: Marc, Mary, Clark, William)

ROLLING HOME portion (Hjalmar)

Side II

CHEERLIO portion (Hjalmar)

Antofagasta (Clark)

SANA ANNA (Lead and Guitar: William, Fiddle: Mary.)

The Clackmannanshire Mutiny, with LEAVE HER JOHNNIE
(William, Mary, Marc, Clark)

Jumping Ship With the Mate's Clothing and Money
(Clark, Mary, William)

RIO (Lead and Guitar: William, Fiddle: Mary.)

The Clackmannanshire Cook's Demise (Hjalmar)

A SAILOR'S WIFE HIS STAR SHALL BE portion (Hjalmar)

Side III

Sailor Talk (Hjalmar)

Tramping (Clark, Mary, William, Marc)

THE POPULAR WOBBLY (Clark: Vocal with Concertina)

The Asgart (Hjalmar)

Headed for Davy Jones' Locker (Mary)

Ashore and Rescued (William, Mary)

SHANGHAI BROWN (Lead: Marc)

On Shantying (1) (Hjalmar)

Side IV

On Shantying (2) (Hjalmar)

Callao (Marc, Mary, William)

"Hombre Por Muerte Por Mano" (William)

Shipboard Fight (Hjalmar)

THE SARGASSO SEA with comment (Clark, Hjalmar)

Steaming Up the Coast (Marc)

Weaned From the Sea in San Francisco (Clark, Marc, Mary)

Epilogue (William)

GOODBYE FARE YE WELL (Leads: MORRIGAN and Clark.

Concertina: Marc, Fiddle: Mary.)

On Shantying (3) (Hjalmar)



Leave Her Johnnie, Leave Her.



Written From the Box in San Francisco (Clark, Marc, Mary)
Lyrics (Wilson)
COONIE FINE YE WEE (David TORRENT and Clark)
Composed (Clark, Marc, Mary)
On Recording (A. Johnson)