

The Volunteer

JOURNAL OF THE VETERANS OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRIGADE

"...and that government of the people,
by the people, and for the people,
shall not perish from the earth."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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Parade honoring the vets who died at the Ebro (center, left to right) Spanish Brigader Leandro Saun, Susan Wallis (daughter of Milt Wolff), Milt Wolff, Heather Bridger, and Italian Brigader Giovanni Pesce. *See story page 10.*

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Letter From the Editor

We continue to receive letters of praise for our special September issue, "The Cultural Legacy of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade." Some readers have suggested we explore other aspects of that legacy, such as the contributions of Lincoln volunteers to other creative areas in science and medicine. The ALBA collection at the Tamiment Library has many unexplored files on the medical side of the Spanish Civil War story. We welcome fresh research in the archives and encourage studies of volunteers like John Cookson, Dr. Edward Barsky, and Professor Clement Markert, as well as the prominent social scientists on the Lincoln roster, including anthropologists John Murra and Elman Service, historian Robert Colodny, and many others who deserve further attention.

Another aspect of this legacy also shows up frequently. Education reformer and author Jonathan Kozol, the winner of the Puffin-Nation prize for creative citizenship in 2005, credited the *Nation* magazine for raising his political consciousness. But who had introduced him to that magazine over 40 years ago? A Lincoln vet who lived in his neighborhood, Marcus Alper! Still another educational reformer is Susan Linn, daughter of Lincoln vet Sid Linn, whose book about the evils of marketing strategies that target children is reviewed in this issue.

Meanwhile, ALBA strives to extend the influence of Lincoln vets through educational outreach. Thanks to generous grants from Perry and Gladys Rosenstein of the Puffin Foundation, Ltd., and from The Cervantes Institute, we have embarked on a major museum exhibition, "New York City and the Spanish Civil War." It is scheduled to open at the Museum of the City of New York in March 2007, along with an accompanying catalogue of essays.

We're also planning another round of ALBA activities this spring. See the back page for details of the upcoming reunion of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Singers Barbara Dane and Bruce Barthol have created a wonderful new program, "Songs Against War: Voices of the Anti-Warriors," part of a tribute to the Veterans for Peace. This year the ALBA-Bill Susman Lecture will be presented by Barcelona artist Francesc Torres on the topic, "The Retrieval of Memory in Contemporary Spain: An Artist's Approach." Hope to see you there!

—Peter N. Carroll

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Friends,

Thanks for the wonderful magazine. Please keep sending it to me for the Museum Archives of the Association of Jewish Ex-Servicemen and Women of the UK, AJEX, of which I am Archivist. We greatly value the magazine and have a large permanent Spanish Civil War (Jewish) exhibit. <http://www.ajex.org.uk/>

Shalom and Salud,

Martin Sugarman

P.S. - Was sad to hear of death of Salmon Salzman in Israel, who helped me greatly with my long study on "Jews in the Spanish Civil War."

Dear Editor:

Please note, the cultural issue left out the scientific contributions of the members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. This is a very bad message to purvey in this era of pseudo-science and anti-intellectualism. I want to know the scientific contributions of this group of wonderful people as well.

Sincerely,

Joan Amatniek

Abe Osheroff Keynotes Human Rights Day Celebration

By Mark Epstein

Veteran Abe Osheroff gave the keynote speech at the Second Annual Human Rights Day Assembly, held in the Paul Robeson Performing Arts Center of Seattle's Rainier Beach High School on December 9. The assembly, attended by 400 students, was presented by two of the high school's world history classes. Osheroff spoke for 30 minutes, following student skits, speeches, songs, and poetry. In his calm, yet firm voice, he hammered home the message that being an activist is a long-term endeavor, not something that happens overnight.

Rainier Beach is Seattle's poorest high school, with the highest percentage of African-American students in the city. After years of community demand, the school district built an \$8 million dollar performing arts center in 1998, named last year after the great Paul Robeson. Osheroff has been a strong presence in programming at the Performing Arts Auditorium. He spoke at Holocaust Awareness programs in 2002 and 2003. During those programs, he often had to battle students for their attention and was able to get it.

This time, he held students spellbound. The theme of activism in Osheroff's talk reinforced the efforts of a small core of teachers at the school who have pushed for developing the concept of the four A's of Robeson—Academics, Athletics, the Arts and Activism—as the key to

transforming their student culture. Rainier Beach historically has been a state leader in basketball, football and track. Many of the students have tremendous untapped talents in music, drama and public speaking. The school has battled impressions of a lack of academic strength, but teachers have been working diligently to turn test scores around and promote academic achievement. While students and staff have been able to articulate

the need for academics and the athletic achievements have continued to gain recognition, discussion of what constitutes activism has been the most difficult to promote.

The assembly opened with the first performance of the 16-member Paul Robeson Orchestra and Band. After students were seated and exhorted to behave themselves by new

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ALBA-Bob Reed Library to open in Spain

The late Bob Reed, Lincoln vet and ALBA board member who died last year in Seattle, Washington, left behind a Spanish Civil War library of over 300 titles. In January, the president of the University of Alcala de Henares in Spain, Vergilio Zapatero, agreed to accept these books to form the core of the ALBA-Bob Reed Library, part of a project to promote Spanish Civil War studies at one of Spain's oldest universities.

Famous as the birthplace of Cervantes, Alcala de Henares also housed the weary Lincoln Battalion in May 1937 during a brief respite from the Jarama front. Today, the university is home to an Institute for North American Studies and attracts numerous U.S. college students who study abroad.

The acquisition of the books is expected to be the first of other collaborative programs between ALBA and the university, including the ex-

hibition of "They Still Draw Pictures: Children's Art in Wartime" next fall, a lecture series, and the creation of other research opportunities. ■



Vergilio Zapatero, president of the University of Alcala de Henares (right) and Peter Carroll discuss their interests in developing programs related to the role of Americans in the Spanish Civil War. The photo on the wall of the president's office is of Fernando de los Rios, the last ambassador of the Spanish Republic in Washington, D.C. Photo by Jeannette Ferrary.

Mark Epstein teaches social studies and language arts at Rainier Beach High School.

In Brief

New Children's Art Show in Moscow

In the face of fascist bombings of civilians during the Spanish Civil War, many parents agreed to send their children to places of safety, sometimes in "colonias," or camps, which were run by social workers, teachers, and other professionals. There, as a form of therapy for their psychological fears, the youngsters drew many pictures that expressed their experiences of warfare, personal displacement, and life in the colonias, and their hopes for the future.

Humanitarian organizations, such as the Quakers, later arranged to exhibit these drawings around the world to appeal for assistance for the uprooted children and to gain support for the embattled Spanish Republic. Many of the drawings survive in U.S. archives. Recently, ALBA acquired a booklet of drawings from the children in the colonia named after Ben Leider, a New York aviator killed near Madrid. They had originally been sent to his family in 1938 as a condolence message. The drawings can be found on the ALBA website at the following address: www.alba-valb.org/curriculum/index.php?module=7&page=P002

Using several of the drawings from this booklet, as well as a new collection of images that are part of the collection of the Avery Library at Columbia University, ALBA has created a new version of the exhibition, "They Still Draw Pictures." Unlike the original show based on drawings from the University of California at San Diego, the new show consists of electronic scans that are virtually indistinguishable from the paper



Berkeley Library Events Celebrate the Lincoln Brigade

In anticipation of the VALB Reunion, the Berkeley Library displayed photographs from Richard Bermack's *The Front Lines of Social Change: Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade* and screened Judy Montell's *Professional Revolutionary: The Life of Saul Wellman*. It also hosted a presentation with Milt Wolff talking about his new book, *Member of the Working Class*, Bruce Barthol discussing the culture of the Lincoln Brigade, and Barthol and Heather Bridger performing songs of the brigade.

drawings and are capable of being exhibited without risk of deterioration.

Curated by Anthony Geist and Peter Carroll, the new show has embarked for exhibition in Moscow.

And who are the people hosting the show in Russia? The surviving Ninos de la Guerra—the organization of Spanish exiled children who still live in Moscow, nearly 70 years after their parents had sent them away for safety.

ALBA hopes to bring the exhibition to Spain this autumn, as part of the 70th anniversary events commemorating the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War.

University of Washington Sponsors ALBA Lecture

Initiating what promises to be

a regular ALBA lectures series, the University of Washington presented award-winning poet Sam Hamill to launch the ALBA-Abe Osheroff-Bob Reed Lecture on Friday evening, March 3. Honoring Seattle's premier political organizers and Lincoln vets, the lecture series is a tribute to their lifelong commitment to social justice issues.

Hamill, author of 14 volumes of original poetry, three volumes of essays, and two dozen translations, is the founding editor of Copper Canyon Press and former director of the Port Townsend Writers Conference. In 2003, he founded Poets Against the War. His latest book is *Almost Paradise: New and Selected Poems & Translations* (Shambala Press). ■

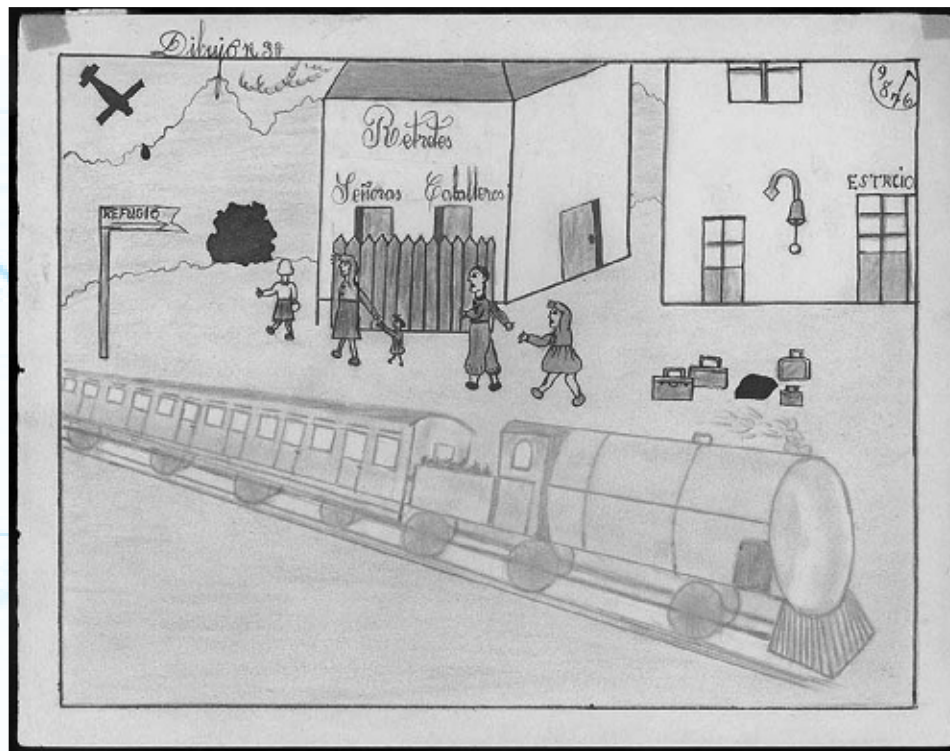
Old Exiled Children Search for Themselves in the Mirrors

By Carlos Blanco Aguinaga

Editor's Note: To accompany ALBA's exhibition of children's drawings, "They Still Draw Pictures," at the University of Washington in the spring of 2005, Tony Geist organized a conference that included some of the children exiled during the Spanish Civil War: Angela Giral, Marisa Navarro, and Carlos Blanco. A writer of fiction, Carlos Blanco presented the following remarks.

As you have heard, 500,000 people were forced to exile themselves from Spain in late winter and early spring of 1939. Never in the 20th Century, with—perhaps—the exception of the Armenians who had to flee the genocide they suffered at the hands of the Turks in the 1920's, was there such a massive political exile. And, as you have heard from Angela and Marisa, the children of the Spanish exiles had to bear what was a heavy burden for their age. But, mind you, because children always somehow or other manage to adapt themselves to whatever comes their way, their pain and burdens cannot be compared with that of their elders who, in fact, had lost their lives, whereas those of the children lay ahead of them. But, for a great variety of reasons, early wounds come to hurt you later on in life, even if that life has been—let us say—relatively peaceful, or even, by some standards, relatively successful.

But I don't want to go into that in personal terms. Instead, since I have been allowed by the organizers of this meeting to do it, I am going to read a short story. I wrote in Spanish, of course, and I have translated into



English for this occasion. It is not, and yet it is in some way, autobiographical. The feelings and the meaning may be mine, I don't know, I am not sure; but the characters and the story are not about me.

This time you are in luck, your erratic little watch has not let you down.

You have a 10:30 appointment with the pompous, useless and crafty Dean of the School of Architecture, you have almost finished shaving, and it's now only 8:10: there's plenty of time to get there. So you're O.K.

But watches and clocks don't tell real time, what is called Time. It's now 8:10 and it's Wednesday, yes, but of what year? Forget the month: you know it's February. What matters is the year, increasingly what matters is the year, although, in fact, for a long

time now, if you don't watch out, all years seem to be alike. Just like I am still the same person, as I have casually noticed in the mirror while shaving. Even though my receding hair is more white than gray, and it is now rather thin, naturally. Of course. So let's not kid ourselves: *le temps passe et court*, just like in the French song that only a few of us still remember, the few of us who are still around. First our elders started dying, as it seems natural, but for quite a while now We have started dying. Those of us who were 12 years old, as in the title of that old and forgotten novel. I am sure it's forgotten.

Or was it a movie?

Twelve years old, or ten, or seven, or three. Even some who were born on board ship, the ships that brought us all here.

But that's not the point either.

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Mirrors

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It's not a question of how, in general, Time passes: Time passes for every damn one of us. Which is not the same as how it has passed for me, for Us. Because the guy in the mirror that tells me that I am me is not the skinny and dark-haired child that I remember more sharply every day; the kid who was sweating so much when he landed in Veracruz that he thought he was crying; who was horrified when he saw the buzzards eating all kinds of shit in the middle of the street; the *chamaquito* (little kid) they then put on a train which came all the way here after climbing enormous mountains, then crossing seemingly interminable plains, and then climbing mountains again; the kid who then discovered this city and — to his surprise and his parents' concern— began to enjoy the mere, simple act of walking around and pretending he got lost in the streets of the center of town.

Although the truth is he would get lost, but in a world of fantasies impossible to repeat today.

"You're always in the clouds, Martín," his mother would tell him, both complaining and admiring. "You must come down to earth, my son."

But he just went on with his ways.

The best part was in the early evening, a couple of hours after leaving school, when you would go up Madero Street, all amazing shadows and lights at around seven or eight o'clock, depending on the time of year: a World like in the movies, Another World. Elegant people coming and going among the beggars and the ragged and clownish newspaper boys who, shouting themselves hoarse —Extra! Extra! Extra!— were always inventing variations on the headlines of the papers they sold as if they were giving

away hotcakes.

GERMANY INVADES HOLLAND!

HOLLAND CONQUERED!

THE NAZIS IN HOLLAND!

Although sometimes they could be radically laconic:

DUNKIRK! DUNKIRK! DUNKIRK!

Or else:

PARIS FALLS! PARIS

FALLS! PARIS FALLS!

as if the magic city had crumbled, like the tower of Pisa might one day crumble.

But that was after you had practically run out of the Alameda, when the crooked cops had started showing up in order to get some money from the couples who kissed and felt each other up on every bench, sometimes two couples per bench, thus—as they used to say—offending the morals of society.

"What's up, kid? What are you doing here?" those ragged cops would say to you with an apparent and dangerous friendliness. "You better go home, you fuckin' stupid kid," they would then add, expressing their real feelings.

And, of course, you left more or less hurriedly. To take refuge in crowded Madero Street. There were no cops there, just beggars, screaming newspaper boys and those elegant men and women that used to be called "decent people," "*gente decente*." I don't know if anybody uses that term anymore, I haven't heard it in a long time. It probably was a term left over from the times of Don Porfirio, before the Revolution.

And I see how, after wasting a little time in San Juan de Letrán, you walk slowly to the Zócalo, how you wander around under the arcades and how, totally relaxed, you eventually return to Revillagigedo Street where,

still in no hurry, you finally enter your home, that minimal, sparsely furnished apartment.

"But where have you been, Martín?" your mother asks every night, every single night.

"Nowhere, mom. Just around, you know," you answer her, apparently very calm and sure that nothing has happened that might destroy the World's balance. The equilibrium of this world where you once landed sweating so much that it seemed that you were crying.

Something of the same, but in daylight, would happen when you went somewhat out of your way to go to school in the morning and strolled down Reforma Avenue, passing in front of the "Waikiki," the night-club where, as everybody said, all the prostitutes and all the swingers in town spent the nights dancing. And then, a bit further down, there was the "Reforma" Hotel, where —so the rumor went— the great Hollywood actors who visited Mexico spent their nights doing who knows what, Hedy Lamarr, Robert Taylor, Judy Garland, Tyrone Power....

After which, of course, you had to run, because if you were late for class they were going to give you hell.

That's how it was, exactly like that. My father and my mother with their survival problems and with the pain of the War they had brought with them, with their anguish expressed only in sighs, and me doing my best to forget that little town in Catalonia, Caldas de Malavella, where my mother and I were refugees while my father was at the Ebro Front, all of us knowing perfectly well where the Ebro was, and what a front was.

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Mirrors

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(A front —don't forget it— is where, amid machine-gun fire and the firing of big guns, on one side are the fascists and We are on the other side, and if they win the battle and kill my father, they are going to come all the way here and kill us all.)

That's the way it was, and that's how it is when I can so easily remember that skinny and somewhat dark kid who landed in Veracruz at the end of the summer of 1939; a kid who doesn't look at all like the plump child standing with his father somewhere in Madrid in the picture your mother left with you when she died.

"In Madrid, this was before, in Madrid," she would repeat every time she took the picture out of a drawer so that you would not forget. And you didn't even remember the Puerta del Sol, or Montera Street, or the Bulevares, not even la Gran Vía...

But it's been some time since I finally understood that my childhood is three childhoods, two over There, in Madrid and in Caldas, and another one Here; and that none of them has anything to do with me, with the guy in the mirror. Is that possible?

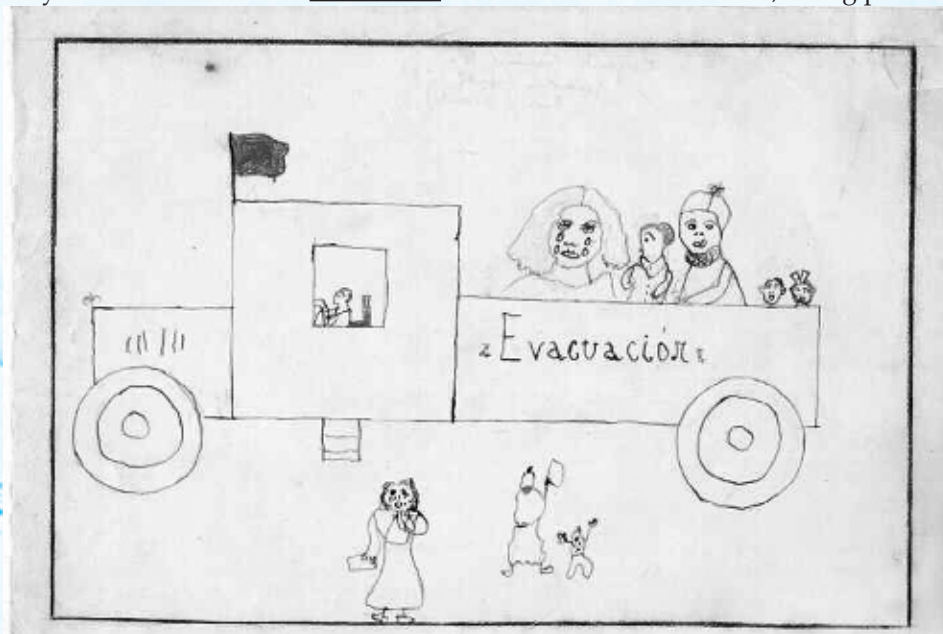
I was asking Manolo Riera about it the other day in the café. We've known each other since we started playing together in the "Mexique," the ship that brought us here, and which sometimes I wonder if it really existed or Manolo and I invented it. Manolo was the unruliest of the kids on board, always bugging the grown-ups and making them angry by singing:

The moors that Franco brought
Want to take Madrid.

But as long as one miliciano is left,
They shall not pass. ¡No pasarán!

"Shut up, kid!" the most embittered ones would tell him. And Manolo would run away from them, laughing his head off.

Then, in school here, he was a truly lazy and bad student, but he has turned out to be quite an important lawyer. And he loves it when the café's sexy waitresses call him "Licenciado."



"Good afternoon, licenciado";
"Goodbye, licenciado." And he smiles as he walks into the café and when he leaves it a couple of hours later.

Manolo thought about my question for a moment, then he raised his eyes towards the mirrors in front of us that reflect the mirrors behind us, and he said he had read something about that and that it was clear—for example—that a four-year-old child does not know anything about his previous life, who he had been from the day of his birth until then.

"But then, as they say and write," he also explained, in order to sedate my evident nervousness, "after that everything becomes organized and

turns out to be coherent until the day we die."

I told him that sure, of course, that's how it seems to be. Except that the coherence used to move forward from the past, and now it goes backwards from Here and Now, where Now is always turns out to be Before and Time seems to fade, losing preci-

sion and details, until it gets stuck in an age beyond which you see nothing. Like a fixed and blurry picture, and yet, peculiarly much too clear.

(As we were talking I could see in the mirrors bombs coming down on Madrid, in my "barrio" of Argüelles, I think it was Argüelles, but I cannot be sure).

What I didn't explain clearly to Manolo that afternoon is what I have told him many times before, anyway: that I have had three childhoods, three, and that now that I've finished shaving, although everything seems to be clear and in good order, I don't see the coherence because I have nothing

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ALBA: A Living Archive

We all know that an archive, and the knowledge and values it represents, can be kept alive only through use. Judging from the flurry of special initiatives taking place at NYU this semester, the Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives are very much alive and kicking. Thanks to the intense collaboration of ALBA and NYU, unprecedented numbers of students and scholars are being exposed to the antifascist legacy chronicled in the archive. Here is a sample of the ALBA-centered campus projects this spring:

Francesc Torres, one of Spain's most important conceptual artists, holds the King Juan Carlos I of Spain Chair this semester at NYU. He is teaching a graduate seminar (cross-listed in Spanish and Portuguese and Museum Studies) on "The Art of Memory and the Representation of History." The course is run as a workshop, whose end product will be a formal proposal for a major museum exhibition based on the ALBA holdings. Torres plans to present the proposal to the Center of Contemporary Culture in Barcelona. One of Torres' best known works is the massive installation (now held by the Reina Sofía National Museum of Modern Art in Madrid) titled "Belchite-South Bronx," which is a meditation on the ruins produced by different kinds of "civil war." Torres, who recently photographed the process of excavating one of the mass graves from the Spanish Civil War, will present the ALBA-Bill Susman lecture in May (see back page).

Professor Jo Labanyi just joined the Department of Spanish and Portuguese and has hit the ground

running. Students in her undergraduate course on "Spanish Culture" are studying Spanish Civil War posters in the ALBA collection at Tamiment. She is also teaching a graduate seminar titled "Memorializing the Spanish Civil War." Labanyi is one of the contributors to the important volume edited by Noel Valis and published by the Modern Languages Association: *Teaching Representations of the Spanish Civil War* (2006).

Juan Salas, a doctoral candidate in NYU's Department of Performance Studies, is teaching an undergraduate seminar on "American Volunteers in the Spanish Civil War," which is crosslisted in the Spanish and History Departments. His dissertation explores the uses of photography in the International Brigades. Using the ALBA archive as the course "textbook," students in this undergraduate seminar will write individual research projects based on their original research.

Elizabeth Compa, a recent graduate of NYU and the co-curator of the NYU exhibition on the "Cultural Legacy of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade," is now working as a researcher on the exhibition "New York City and the Spanish Civil War," which will open at the Museum of the City of New York in 2007. Her office is in the King Juan Carlos I of Spain Center. James Fernández, Director of the Center, has applied for funding from the NYU Humanities Council for a workshop on New York City and the Spanish Civil War, which will run parallel to the exhibition.

"The Cultural Legacy of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade," an exhibition sponsored by the Puffin Foundation, continues to draw atten-



From Joseph Vogel's sketch book, one of many treasures in the ALBA Archive

tion, even though the show ended its run at NYU in late December. The exhibition was featured on a television show produced by Sarah Foudy, of CUNY TV, in February.

Meanwhile, the Madrid office of NYU's King Juan Carlos I of Spain Center organized and co-sponsored a book launch at the Círculo de Bellas Artes for the Spanish translation of Peter Carroll's *La odisea de la Brigada Abraham Lincoln*. Participants included the author; John Healey, Director of the KJC office in Madrid; Manuel Montesinos, former Director of the García Lorca Foundation; Giles Tremlett, correspondent for *The Guardian* in Spain; and Mary K. McCoy, translator. A packed house in the María Zambrano auditorium attended the presentation and was treated to a rousing speech from the daughter of Dolores Ibarruri, who was in the audience. ■

"Salud, Bernie"

By Alan D. Entin

We mark the nearly 70th anniversary of the death of Bernard Entin, a man a few people know only from distant childhood memories, some know from stories, letters, and faded photographs. Whatever happened to Bernie, son, brother, cousin and uncle? That question has puzzled, vexed, mystified and frustrated my family for almost 70 years. It was a topic that was not openly addressed. It was a family secret, which, like all secrets, had its own mystique and legacy for future generations. It is the kind of stuff that creates legends and myths. A ready-made fill-in-the-blanks history of what was and what might have been. It is a meditation of memory and loss and of the simultaneous existence of the past and present.

Growing up, I knew the outline, but not the details. Uncle Bernie was a union activist and organizer, implicated in a paternity suit, went to Spain to fight in the Spanish Civil War and was never heard from again. I had family photographs and letters he wrote home from Spain and a "petition to erect a memorial" in memory of those killed in Spain, which included his name. Yet my family seemed unwilling to accept, or acknowledge, his death.

Recently, I "googled" Bernard Entin: immediately his name popped up with information and references to books and articles and, through the VALB, to people who were able to provide information about him.

Bernie, I learned, was born March 1, 1915, to Abraham and Nettie Davidson Entin, the middle child, with a brother Jacob (my father), 3 years older, and a sister Rosylin, 7

years younger. Abraham, an only child, died March 21, 1930, when Bernie was 15.

Bernie attended PS144 and graduated from Alexander Hamilton High School in Brooklyn in 1931 at age 16. He attended St John's College for a semester. He took an English literature course, and Muriel Sholin Miller, his cousin, who was 9 years his junior, remembers him reading poetry to



her from his college textbook, *Century of Readings for a Course in English Literature*. Muriel still has this book. Bernie signed his name in it with the middle initial "A." We do not know what the "A" stands for.

Sometime in the years 1932-1934, Bernie was involved in a paternity suit. The story goes that Samuel Liebowitz, a defense attorney who later became a justice on the Supreme Court of New York, defended Bernie and won the case. However, there was a second case, a civil lawsuit for child support, which Bernie lost.

Bernie joined the Young Communist League and became active as a union organizer in 1933. During the Orbach's and Klein's Department Store strikes the following year, he met Harry Fisher, who refers to him as "Butch." They became best friends, rode the rails, were arrested many times on picket lines, and spent time in jail together. Fisher describes Butch as "one of the most militant members of the Department Store Union ... a good-looking, husky, curly-haired guy who was tough as nails. Tough yes, but gentle and compassionate as well. He was someone you wanted on your side, and fortunately for us, we had him on ours."

Once, when they were arrested, Fisher argued with the arresting officer, who threatened to "beat the hell" out of him. While Fisher agreed to meet the cop in a gym, he never intended to meet him. Butch, however, thinking Fisher was getting into something he could not handle, came to his defense and challenged the cop to a fight. The story goes that when the cop eyed Butch, he backed off.

Another incident Fisher recalls is when they were "riding the freights" at the height of the Depression and a young woman with a small child was threatened by a railroad cop who waved his pistol at her and made obscene remarks. Butch intervened. The cop responded with racial epithets, and Butch said, "Why don't you put that gun away and let's fight it out. You're nothing but a goddamn coward, or you wouldn't be picking on a defenseless woman." The cop responded by pointing his pistol directly at Butch's head, threatening to pull the

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Salud, Bernie

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trigger. "Butch just looked him in the eye, not saying a word, and not flinching. Just then another cop came over and told the cop to put his gun away and not to be such a jerk."

Twice, in mid-March of 1937, Bernie was quoted in front page articles of the *New York Times* for his role in the union's organizing strike activities against Woolworth stores.

My parents got married on January 24, 1937, and three months later, on April 21, Uncle Bernie left for Spain. Norman Berkowitz, who knew him from their union activities and sailed with him on the *Queen Mary*, recalls Butch as a "very special guy ... one of the best ... a great kid ... wonderful." He remembers he gave \$5 to Butch before he sailed to Europe. My uncle gave the money to his mother because the family had no money. They arrived in Cherbourg, France, April 26.

Muriel remembers Bernie came over to say goodbye to her family and "he was wearing an overcoat." He said he was going to a convention in Russia; her family did not believe that, but he, like most volunteers, did not say he was going to Spain. She recalls that he sent a photograph of himself sitting on a deckchair and wearing an overcoat. He sent a postcard from Paris, but the photograph is lost.

His mother suffered a series of strokes, the first when she received the first letter from Bernie. On May 4, 1937, Bernie wrote that he was touring France, which may have been a euphemism for traveling through France and over the Pyrenees Mountains to join the Washington Brigade. He was concerned that the family was "quite angry with me, which ... makes me very sad. Evidently you don't under-

stand me yet. ... there are things and duties in life that are even more important than the family. ... I think you folks are weak."

Uncle Bernie arrived in Spain in May 1937 and sent his mother another letter. He had trouble writing it because he could not decide whether or not to tell the truth. He says, "I spoke to you many times about the struggle of the Spanish workers against the fascist invasion of Hitler and Mussolini of Spain. I tried to explain to you,



about Spanish mothers trying to protect their children from Nazi bombs. ... You claimed to be a bitter anti-fascist. If you were really so, it would be quite simple for you to understand then, why I and tens of thousands of other anti-fascists from more than 52 nations throughout the world, have come here to Spain to do part of our share in stamping out Fascism. I feel exactly as the Spanish workers do. That I would rather die fighting fascism than be forced to live in a country under the rule of a Hitler." He read that 5,000 Basque children were going to New York to "be taken care of by workers and working class organizations" and "it would cer-

tainly make me proud" if you were to take care of one of these children. He continues, "We came here to help the Spanish people fight fascism and we are not leaving until we are victorious. The defeat of fascism here will help to keep fascism out of the United States."

About a week later, and for the first time using the address of the George Washington Battalion, Bernie responded to a letter from my mother. Again, he is aware of lying and deceiving the family by not telling them

where he was going. He tells her "how rotten life really is under capitalism ... and how this life could be changed for the better."

Bernie wrote to the family on July 15, having received a letter from them 10 days earlier. "I am angry because you write so seldom." He continues, "Yes, I am at the front now for some time. I have seen quite a bit of action in open warfare. I'm still one whole piece and kicking.... War is the lousiest goddam thing in the world, and by the way, as long as we still have capitalism, we'll still have war. The American capitalist bastards are some

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Salud, Bernie

Continued from page 8

of the worst in the world. I happen to know for a fact how much American capitalists are helping Franco. I happened to fall over a dead fascist who was wearing an American ammunition belt and carrying American bullets. Boy was I burnt up. And yet people such as you will shrug your shoulders and say 'we know that American capitalists do these things but what is it our business and what can we do?' There is plenty you can do...."

Around the same time, Harry Fisher writes how he was reunited with some of his union comrades, including my uncle, who had been in the Washington Battalion until it was decimated. The Battle of Brunete was to begin. "My battalion (G. Washington) merged with the Abe Lincoln yesterday," Bernie wrote in mid-July. We are now one. A few hundred Americans. There are many more Americans in training. Hundreds are driving trucks. ... We are resting right now after seeing plenty of action. I am a real honest to goodness soldier right now." This was to be his last letter.

In *Comrades*, Harry Fisher describes what he remembers of the action in the Brunete offensive: "[W]e moved into a new position, a deep, dry riverbed, with a battle going on directly in front of us. Suddenly I saw Butch Entin walking toward the headquarters staff. He greeted me with a big grin. 'I got me a blighty. It's nothing. I'll be back in a few days.' A bullet had passed through his shoulder, but he clearly was in no pain. He was on his way to the first-aid station down the road, or maybe to the ambulance waiting nearby. I never saw him again."

The puzzle surrounding his death lingered, however, because no one actually witnessed. A note in the VALB

files indicates that Bill Frances reports Butch "was wounded July 25th in the left shoulder and was very weak. Put into ambulance and never seen again. He thinks without a doubt he is dead." But Fisher writes in an unpublished article that John Rody was finally able to fill in the missing pieces: "John, a first-aid man, had accompanied Butch and another wounded American to a waiting ambulance a few miles from the front. ... After seeing that his wards were safely in the ambulance, John headed back to the battalion. He hadn't gotten far when three Nazi planes appeared overhead, flying low. John jumped into a ditch and watched as the ambulance took a direct hit. After the bombing, the Nazi planes left in a hurry, and John rushed back to the road. The ambulance had been completely demolished."

Thus, after 70 years of uncertainty, we learned that Bernard Entin was killed in action on July 25, 1937. He died at the age of 22, only 2 months and 2 weeks after arriving in Spain.

In 2001, reminiscing about his trip to Germany in the *Volunteer*, Harry Fisher thought about his good friend and how "Bernard Entin's ambulance was blown to bits and there was nothing left of him." However, "it hit me that there was something left of Bernard Entin. My son's name is John Bernard Fisher, his middle name in

honor of my close friend."

We have known Bernie from a child's vision and memory, from family photographs, and now we add the perspective of his best friend. From the anecdotes we learn that he had the personality traits of an individual who seemed on the outside to be tough as nails, but beneath the facade was very soft and gentle. An idealist with a deep faith and conviction in doing what was right, he stood up for his friends and believed firmly in the causes of the working class. We now have a pretty clear picture of Bernard "Butch" Entin, son, brother, cousin and uncle. We know some incidents about his life that give us insight into his character, we know what happened to him in Spain, and we even know where, when and how he died. Even 70 years after his death, I can only wonder about how he would have lived his life, the impact he would have had on me and the family, and his contributions to society.

He ended his letters from Spain "Salud, Bernie." We have arrived where we began. The family can say, "Salud, Bernie." ■

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Milt Wolff Honors Lincolns

By Susan Wallis

For many years Milton Wolff has regretted the lack of a memorial to the Lincolns who died in the Battle of the Ebro. He thought that a floral tribute on the Ebro River would in some small way correct this omission and would be a fitting remembrance to these men. To this end he returned to the Ebro last November to make his offering and put to rest, at last, his grief for those lost there.

The commemoration took place in Flix, in Catalonia. A large number of dignitaries boarded the ferry for the symbolic recrossing of the Ebro. Wolff quoted the words of Ernest Hemingway's elegy "To the American Dead in Spain": "...our dead are a part of the earth of Spain now and the earth of Spain can never die. Our dead will live with it forever."

Wolff added: "Here their blood flows with the waters of the Ebro to the sea and the sea is eternal." He then dropped a large bouquet of red carnations in the river. A group of string players from Flix played Pablo Casals' "The Song of the Birds." Pere Munoz, mayor of Flix, addressed those assembled and introduced Juan Alsace, the U.S. Consul General for Catalonia and Andorra. [See box.]

In his remarks, the consul said that he was there to honor a fellow American who had come to Spain to fight against fascism. Alsace noted that the sacrifices of Wolff and his fellow volunteers had gone unrecognized for a long time and expressed gratitude that "this oversight is now being corrected."

Susan Wallis, Milt Wolff's daughter, accompanied him to Catalonia.



Parade after floral tribute in Flix. Spanish Brigader Leandro Saun, Susan Wallis, Milt Wolff, Heather Bridger, and Italian Brigader Giovanni Pesce

The ceremonies on the boat were followed by a parade led by the brass band of Miravet to the town hall, where an exposition of photos had been installed. A huge Robert Capa poster of the departure of the International Brigades in Barcelona on October 29, 1938, was displayed outside. After speeches at the Social Union Hall, the group of about 200 people proceeded to the Flix monument to the International Brigades, where a monument honoring the visit of Milton Wolff on that day was unveiled.

The events in Flix and those in Marca the day before were organized by Angela Jackson, president of the association No Jubilem la Memoria (literally: Let us not retire the memory).

In Marca, the translation of Wolff's *Another Hill*, which had just been published, was presented at a large gathering. Francesc Pique, Mayor of Marca, and Ernest Benach, President of the Catalan parliament, offered brief remarks. Lluís Martin Bielsa, president of the Association of Political Prisoners, and ALBA Board

member Shirley Mangini discussed Wolff's book. Wolff autographed over 100 copies in Marca and Flix.

That evening in Marca, the town celebrated Wolff's 90th birthday.



Heather Bridger and Bruce Barthol sang songs of the Spanish Civil War. Angela Jackson presented Wolff with a beautiful watercolor by Francesc Masip of the town of Miravet, shown perched high above the Ebro River.

The following week Wolff gave several interviews in Barcelona and was received at the City Hall, first privately and then by a larger audience of over 200 people. He was greeted by a standing ovation. At this

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Who Died at the Ebro

**Remarks delivered at the Ebro
by U.S. Consul General in Barcelona
Juan A. Alsace
November 6, 2005**

It is an honor and a privilege for me to be here today at these ceremonies marking the anniversary of the Battle of the Ebro and, particularly, the part played in those momentous days by my compatriot, Milton Wolff, the last commander of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. And I want to thank especially Angela Jackson, who I met last year while walking parts of the battlefield with my son, for taking the initiative to have me invited to participate.

To be honest, when Angela first mentioned this event and asked about my taking part, I hesitated. I did so not because I didn't want to come—as a lover of history and a man who stands in awe of the courage shown here over nearly five long months, I could hardly stay away. But as I have learned during my two plus years in Spain, the terrain fought over in this battle—and in all the others throughout the Spanish Civil War—is not solely in the domain of history. For many of the people I talk to in Barcelona, the Spanish Civil War is a family affair, a time not so distant in memory, a living thing found in the still sometimes bitter recollections of grandparents and parents. So, as an American diplomat, I tread lightly around the memories of a conflict that is still, in the hearts and minds of many Spaniards, a sensitive matter.

I am not here to render judgment on the morality of the war—nor am I qualified to do so.

Neither do I take sides over a conflict that, looked at today through the prism of history, seems to many a crystal clear struggle between good and evil, but that in its day was

words: "If you want to do something, you just can't be against something. You have to be for something as well. And whatever you believe in...be prepared to sacrifice."



Milt Wolff with Spanish vet Leandro Saun (left), Mayor Pere Muñoz (back, left), U.S. Consul General Juan Alsace (right), and Commander of Aviation for the Spanish Republic Antonio Vilella Vallés (right of Alsace).

a muddled conflict between "isms."

I am here today, however, to honor a fellow American, Milton Wolff. Mr. Wolff came to Spain 68 years ago, a young man driven by idealism, an American who, in the words spoken on behalf of another American, Robert Kennedy, "saw a wrong and tried to right it." Mr. Wolff, then and now, believed in the universal principles of democracy, of freedom, of the equality of men and women. And he perceived these guiding principles—ones which undergird the United States—as under attack in Spain. So he came here—as a volunteer—to fight against fascism, one of two ideologies that threatened then to subsume the world in darkness. Why? In his own

Mr. Wolff was one of 2,800 American volunteers—a group whose median age was 27 (Mr. Wolff was only 21)—many of them students, but also professors, artists, poets, doctors, and nurses, who were willing to sacrifice. Indeed, some 1,300 gave their lives. Mr. Wolff and those young Americans were a vanguard, if you will, of the hundreds of thousands of young Americans who were to follow them to Europe to fight Hitler and the Nazis in World War II. Unlike those who were to be seen as part of America's "Greatest Generation," the sacrifices of Mr. Wolff and his cohort went for a long time unrecognized.

I am grateful that this oversight

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Mirrors

Continued from page 5

to do with the kid who arrived here with a single and double childhood on his shoulders. Which means that if I am not that kid, those two kids, I must be Another. But how the hell can One be Another? Another than somebody else, yes, of course; but Another from the One without whom I would not be me?

"Amelia. Listen, Amelia," I say to my wife as I come out of the bathroom.

"What, my love?"

I forget what I was going to tell her and, instead, I ask her why she still calls me "my love," after so many years.

"I don't know, my love. Habit...."

"Sure. Habit, of course. Sure. The coherence of routine, Time that doesn't pass. Coherence be damned!"

"What is the matter with you, Martín?"

"Nothing, *bonita*. I am sorry. Just pretend I never said what I said. I am sorry. The thing is I have to go see the Dean and, you know..."

As she always tells it with a well-centered satisfaction, Amelia had a peaceful and happy childhood in Coatepec, a small town in the state of Veracruz where her father had a large coffee plantation. That's why—as she always tells it—she gave birth to our children so trustingly. But what she doesn't tell is if she also talks to the mirrors sometimes.

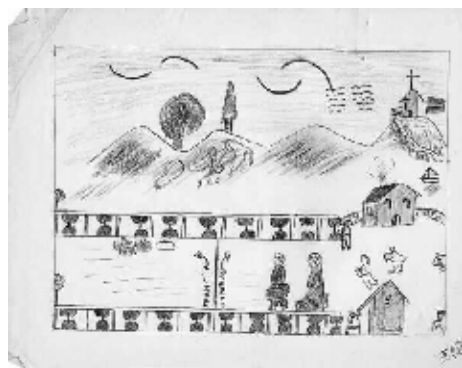
But, as I tell myself, that is after all not as grave as the question of dreams. Just yesterday I asked Manolo if streets from Here and streets from Over There get all mixed up in his dreams. If they appear in sheer disorder, so to speak. And he told me he doesn't dream of streets, but of fields.

"What fields?" I asked him.

"The fields from around my home town of which my parents spoke all the time, especially my mother. Near Sagunto, you know. I don't remember them at all."

"So, how do you know that they are those fields?"

"Because they are, damn it! Because they are."



That seemed to me a not very good answer for as wise and subtle a lawyer as they say he is, and we fell into one of those silences we both have shared so comfortably for years, for a whole life you might say. A whole life Here, of course. Well: even before Here, since the "Mexique." But the problem is that life on the ship was neither Here, nor There. On board ship we were like lost in Limbo, without Time, with Time totally suspended. A land behind us and another, unknown, ahead of us, and only water around us. Everything on the ship was solitude and never-ending horizons.

But, no. No, no. There is no such thing as Limbo in life. Time on the ship was a time defined by space because the days went by somewhere between what was left behind and what was going to appear up front. All times are Time, even though they are not always measured in the same way.

"Today, as I was shaving, I saw myself in the mirror again," I finally told Manolo as we were coming out of our silence.

"Bah!" he answered me. "Who doesn't see oneself in the mirror while shaving?"

"But what happens is that I have been searching for myself in it, and I have not found me," I told him. "It's worse than the dreams."

"Bah!"

Very, very far away from here, in Montauban, a quiet and ugly town in the south of France, Germán Rodríguez, the son of "la Chata," Martín's best friend in their Madrid childhood, passes by the plaque that—so laconically—indicates that in that modest "Hotel Mercure" Manuel Azaña, the President of the Spanish Republic, died in exile. But today, around noon, Germán has stopped and has read what—with so few words, and in French—the plaque says, which is what he has known all of his life: that don Manuel Azaña, President of the Spanish Republic, died in one of this hotel's rooms, November 4, 1940.

"That's why I am here," Germán tells himself. "But that's a stupid thing to say," he adds immediately. "You'd think I am now discovering America. Big news!"

Then, 15 minutes later, as he sips the vermouth in one of the dark, shabby cafés of the plaza while chatting with Gaston Lapèbie, a life-long friend who replaced Martín in April or May 1939, he sees in the café's mirrors thousands and thousands of children playing. ■

Dispatch from Madrid

Thirty Years without You, Generalissimo

By Miguel Ángel Nieto

Santiago Carrillo's friends threw him a surprise party. On the night of his birthday, and before his very eyes, an enormous crane tore down the last equestrian statue of Franco remaining in Madrid. This took place in 2005, 30 years after the death of the dictator.

In high school my children study the figure of this man reduced today to a couple of pages in their textbooks, with an illustration like the postage stamps he made in his image. Nearly 35 percent of the population of Spain was born after his death. Several million other Spaniards were under 15 years of age on November 25, 1975, with scarcely a memory of the tyranny and humiliation of his 40-year reign of repression, silence and ostracism.

Very few Spaniards over 40, mostly those who live in major urban centers, were blinded by teargas, withstood the onslaught of the Franco police force or witnessed the forced conscription into the army of workers who dared go on strike.

"Veinte años no es nada"—20 years pass in the blink of an eye, as the tango says, and so do 30. Nonetheless, in the last three decades this country has shown it is able to live without the fear of terror, without the rattling of sabers and with no direct memory of who was all these things in a Spain bled dry by three years of civil war.

I belong to the generation that was 15 years old when Franco died. In my high school in Madrid there were underground meetings of illegal opposition groups at least once a month. I went to many of them, slipping unseen through the halls. I was

never aware of the risks I was taking, though I understood perfectly what was at issue in those secret conclaves that formed my own subversive spirit.



Because I worked days, I went to night school. Many of my classmates were two and three times my age, working men and women like me, whose political awareness amazed me. We formed an informal network to share articles and books forbidden under the dictatorship. I remember the sense of pride we felt to circulate Xerox copies of Pablo Neruda's poetry, *Spain in the Heart*, that was totally unavailable in Spain and that someone sent us from Paris. Our contacts abroad sent us the publications of *Ruedo Ibérico*, the mythical opposition press in exile.

Fortunately my children don't understand when I try to explain these skirmishes to them. I know that one day, when they are older, they will be the ones to ask me, but for the time being it is impossible for them to understand that books could be forbidden or that smudged copies of articles had to be smuggled from reader to reader, or that we would gather in the most secret corners of parks to

discuss their contents.

Some criticize the loss of historical memory in our youth. I belong to the camp that applauds it. Nothing makes me happier than to realize that Franco has ceased to exist so completely. It's not just that his body is eternally condemned to Purgatory; it is that his soul, if he ever had one, has also disappeared.

My first father-in-law was Republican to the core. One day he was stopped by a crew from the state-sponsored television station (the only one that existed in Spain) for a man-in-the-street interview. They wanted to know: "Who is Franco for you?" He didn't want to betray his beliefs or end up in jail. Suddenly the answer came to him: "He is the greatest thing that ever happened to Spain."

(Translated by Tony Geist)

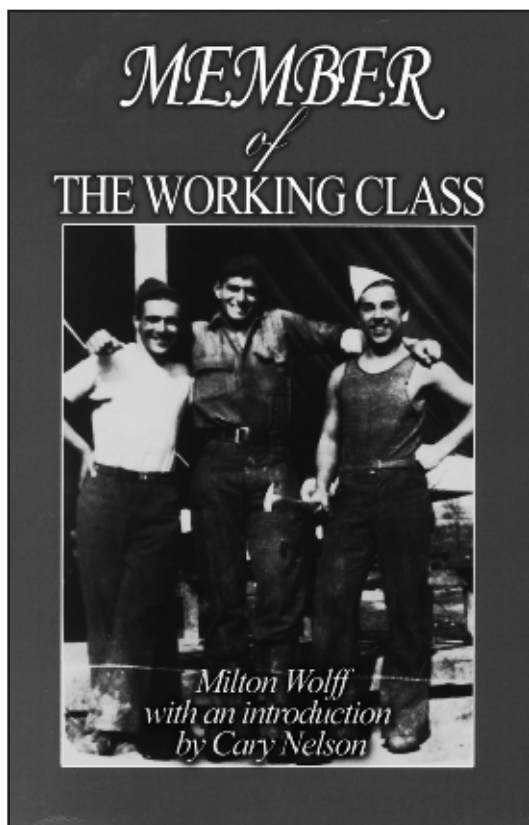
Return to the Ebro

Continued from page 10

gathering, the historian and journalist Gregorio Moran spoke at length about Wolff's book.

Wolff's presence in Spain was covered widely by local and national press, TV and radio; a number of articles appeared in *La Vanguardia*, the major newspaper of Catalonia, and *El País*, the major national Spanish newspaper, as well as in *El Peridico* and *El Mundo*.

Wolff's message to his audiences was that war was the worst thing humans had invented, that it should be avoided whenever possible, and that his faith was with humankind and especially with the young. He signed his book with the words "Salud y Paz." ■



MILTON WOLFF

autobiographical novels

Member of the Working Class

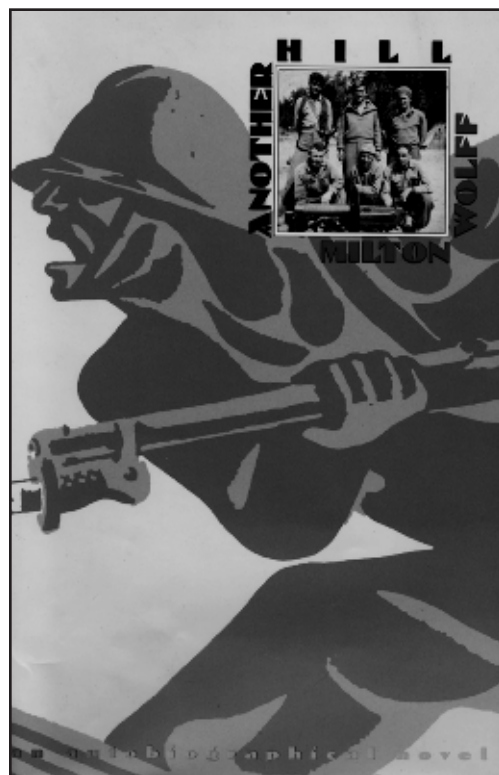
Member of the Working Class provides rich, curious details about working-class life in the 1920s and 1930s. This blunt account of a rough, unadorned American life helps us find clues to Wolff's future persona. How did the man who Ernest Hemingway called "as brave and good a soldier as any that commanded battalions at Gettysburg" become the natural leader of the volunteers who went to Spain to fight fascism?

Another Hill

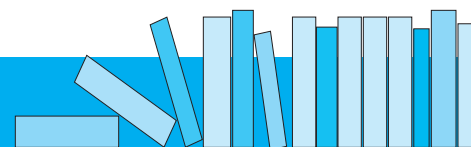
"Gritty realism and an eye for political complexity...the muscular narrative provides valuable testimony of what it was like to fight Spain's rebel Nationalist troops while the Western democracies passively looked on." —*Publishers Weekly*

"Engrossing: [Wolff] has an eye for significant detail and a gift for dialogue."

—Bernard Knox, *New York Times*
Book Review



Member of the Working Class can be ordered from the publisher, iUniverse, at www.iuniverse.com, or at www.Amazon.com or www.BarnesandNoble.com. *Another Hill* can be ordered at www.BarnesandNoble.com or www.Amazon.com.



The Young Milt Wolff

Member of the Working Class. By Milton Wolff with an introduction by Cary Nelson. iUniverse, 2005.

By Bruce Barthol

Heather Bridger deserves thanks for discovering this important manuscript in Milt Wolff's closet and, with the help of Angela Jackson, bringing it to publication. The title, *Member of the Working Class*, is well earned in these pages, though it might also be called *An American Youth*. Mitch Castle, the protagonist and author Milt Wolff's proxy, stands somewhere between Studs Lonnen and Holden Caulfield, with a dash of Jack London and Groucho Marx, all inside a coming of age story by John dos Passos. This is a vivid account of growing up in working class, depression era New York City, and of the forces that politicized a young man who, as Cary Nelson writes in his excellent introduction, "...wandered aimlessly without a core identity and without defining aspirations." It is also a portrait of a generation.

This volume deals with the period that precedes Wolff's previously published *Another Hill* (University of Illinois Press, 1995), the fictional account of his time as a volunteer in, and ultimately commander of, the Abraham Lincoln Battalion in the Spanish Civil War. *Member of the Working Class* is the story of how and why the 21-year-old

Mitch Castle left for Spain in 1937.

It is the complete story, starting as near birth as the occasionally present author can get us. Wolff brings us the world of his (Mitch's) youth with vivid descriptions of the people, the neighborhoods, the foods and smells that he encounters on his aimless and undirected journey to adulthood and political engagement. The Italian shoeshine man, whose hands were "blunt and thick fingered, stained and polished by Griffen's Wax, each fingernail sharply outlined in black," is one of many characters that Wolff brings to life. This is a world both grim and funny. The move from 17th to 19th Street in Coney Island was a move from the safety of "Jewdom" to Italy. The Halloween attacks by Irish kids looking for "Christ-killers" to beat up are juxtaposed with elements of a multi-ethnic *Our Gang* comedy.

Wolff gives us a sometimes funny, but always unsentimental, description of his adventures and misadventures, his friends and family, creating an evocative picture of life in New York City in the 20's and 30's. His is hardly an idyllic family; non-practicing, apolitical Hungarian Jews who never eat together, with a father, eventually absent, who tries to provide for the family with ever changing odd jobs. When Mitch drops out of high school, his father asks him to join the Civilian Conservation Corps as a prerequisite to the family going on relief.

The description of Mitch's time in the CCC is riveting. The fight with his anti-Semitic foreman, the successful

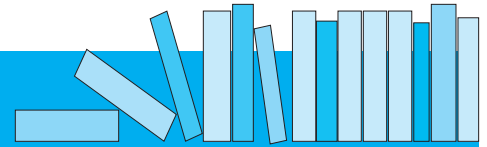
strike for better food, and the death of Mitch's tent mate due to medical neglect are part of the drama set in the Allegheny Mountains, where the young men get \$5 a month, with \$25 sent home to the families. Wolff puts us in the world where moonshine was 50 cents a pint and \$5 was "enough to get you tobacco, candy, the movies, drunk and laid." Mitch's idyll in the Alleghenies ended when he provided information to the family of his dead friend for a lawsuit. He was told not to re-enlist. And the education of Mitch continued.

R.R. Rubin's, makers of Ladies Hat Bodies, where Mitch finds employment as a delivery boy when he returns from the CCC, is like a drawing room comedy, a wonderful farce with layers of larceny going from the top to the bottom. It's a friend from work who brings Mitch to a building on Bay Parkway with a bowling alley in the basement, a lending library on the ground floor, and the offices of the Young Communist League upstairs. While spending most of his time not on the second floor, he liked the intelligence and engagement of people his own age in the YCL.

It was not sex, drugs, and rock and roll; it was sex, 4 Roses, and Friday night houseparties. Mitch deepens his political understanding and joins the YCL while seeing several women simultaneously. He becomes a successful street corner speaker while dealing with thieving confederates at work, who take him into the world of prize fighting. Mitch Castle is more of a party man than a Party man, but he takes seriously the

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Bruce Barthol is musical director of the San Francisco Mime Troupe and a frequent performer at ALBA-VALB events.



Brainwashing the Young

Consuming Kids: Protecting Our Children from the Onslaught of Marketing & Advertising. By Susan Linn. Anchor Books, 2004.

By Jeannette Ferrary

On page 3 of her thorough and disturbing book on marketing to children, Susan Linn writes, "From the mid-1930's, my parents were actively involved in struggles for social justice." Her mother was an early childhood educator, her father Sid Linn, a Lincoln vet from Detroit. *Consuming Kids* shows another aspect of the legacy of the Lincoln Brigade.

In her career as a psychologist at Judge Baker's Children's Center in Boston and Harvard Medical School, Dr. Linn has pioneered therapeutic methods of working with disturbed children, formed the coalition Campaign for a Commercial Free Childhood, and documented the shocking specifics of the multi-billion dollar industry devoted to creating cradle-to-grave consumers. She also appeared in the recent documentary film, *The Corporation*.

For those who think of children's advertising as nothing more than the whimsical vignettes strewn among Saturday morning cartoons, this book will come as a revelation. Many may not suspect the existence of organizations like APK (Advertising and Promoting to Kids) and Kid Power Exchange, but these groups specialize in marketing to children and even honor their most successful

campaigns with Oscar-style Golden Marble Awards.

As Linn details, these ubiquitous efforts begin early, with products like the videos *Baby Gourmet* and *Baby Einstein* and, for the pre-natal audience, *Oh the Places You'll Go! A Book to be Read In Utero*. School is no refuge

"All our advertising is targeted to kids. You want that nag factor so that seven-year-old Sarah is nagging Mom in the grocery store to buy Funky Purple. We're not sure Mom would reach out for it on her own." — a manager for Heinz

from consumer advertising; as one marketing enthusiast puts it, today's savvy marketers realize that "all roads eventually lead to the schools." Joel Babbit of Channel One, the commercial-fueled "educational TV" program for schools, demystifies the strategy: "The advertiser gets kids who cannot go to the bathroom, cannot change the station, who cannot listen to their mother yell in the background."

As for after-school, "Latchkey kids are a natural for a lot of consumer products," one marketer advises. "We are just beginning to see...how many purchases kids control and calculating how much potential they represent."

If children's ads seem to incorporate "pester power," as it is fondly termed in the industry, a Heinz manager explains: "All our advertising is targeted to kids. You want that nag factor so that seven-year-old Sarah

is nagging Mom in the grocery store to buy Funky Purple. We're not sure Mom would reach out for it on her own."

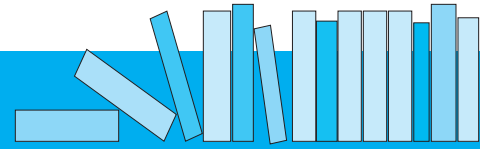
Nor are cigarettes and beer off-limits. A memo from Altria (aka Phillip Morris): "Today's teenager is tomorrow's potential regular customer... the smoking patterns of teenagers are particularly important to Philip Morris." And then there's the Coors deal with Disney-owned Miramax to

incorporate Coors beer into 15 movies aimed at teens.

How pervasive is our consumer-based culture? To the question about why the campaign for war with Iraq was launched in the fall, President Bush's chief of staff replied, "From a marketing point of view, you don't introduce new products in August."

Linn doesn't stop at recounting all aspects of this massive assault. She provides solutions for fighting back and full information on resources and organizations devoted to protecting children from the ravages of non-stop commercialism. Combating this \$15 billion industry is our responsibility, she advises, "as citizens, professionals, advocates and activists." ■

Jeannette Ferrary is the author of *Out of the Kitchen: Adventures of a Food Writer*.



A War of Minds

The Spanish Civil War: A Very Short

Introduction. By Helen Graham. Oxford University Press, 2005.

By Peter N. Carroll

"This is far and away the best short introduction to the Spanish Civil War that I have read in any language," says Paul Preston, the celebrated historian of the London School of Economics and himself the author of many distinguished books about the war.

Graham, whose earlier scholarly volume, *The Spanish Republic at War: 1936-1939* (2002), won acclaim for her analysis of the social and cultural background of the conflict and showed how broad historical patterns played out in the war, now condenses her work into 175 tightly written pages that include a brief bibliography, a chronological list of major events, and a glossary of the various acronyms that befuddle non-specialist readers. In a field that has attracted tens of thousands of volumes, it's no small achievement to produce a book that is accessible, accurate, and sensitive to the most recent historical discoveries and interpretations.

But this book is more than that. Graham's ideas and insights pop and sizzle on the page. Her analysis of the international context of Spain's civil war, for instance, connects the local conflict to broader patterns of European modernization: the move of rural people into the cities and the cultural tensions caused by urban life

during the 1920s and '30s. By offering to restore Spain's pure "nation," Franco and the generals appealed to those disaffected by new economic and political trends, not least being an organized industrial proletariat.

Similarly, as she did in her earlier book, Graham connects this conflict of values to the way the war was fought. Franco's decision to bomb civilians—the first time this had occurred in Europe—revealed his insistence on purging a population he deemed unfit to participate in national life. And the subsequent *guerra de desgaste*—war of attrition—served not only to defeat the enemy militarily, but also to destroy—methodically, slowly, and cruelly—its alien values and the people who held them.

Graham also takes on some recent historical critics who blame the defeat of the Spanish Republic on the policies of the Communist party and who have suggested that Franco's victory was probably good for the Spanish people. By contrast, her villains are the so-called democratic countries that failed to support the Republic from the beginning of the war when Communist influence was insignificant. And even later in the war, she argues, they might still have saved the Republic without sacrificing constitutional principles. As for claims about a "sovietization" of Spain, Graham derides "a deeply anachronistic reading of history—namely that the Soviet Union intervening in Spain in 1936 was already the political and eco-

nomic superpower of the post-Second World War period." Graham points out that the creation of Soviet satellites in eastern Europe required both proximity and the red army on the ground. "In Spain," she concludes, "none of these things obtained."

A final chapter comments on the impact of the Spanish war on World War II and the settlements that resulted in the Cold War. Graham possesses a keen eye for details and a fine ability to summarize their implications. Her choice of illustrations, though reproduced in dull gray halftones, is

Graham's ideas and insights pop and sizzle on the page.

excellent. The photographic portrait of Amparo Barayon in her cloche hat perfectly captures the modernist spirit of the twenties and suggests exactly why she would later be killed by Francoists in her home town of Zamora. Illustrations of home front culture, as seen in Madrid's magazines, further reveal that the Spanish Civil War was truly a battle of ideologies—not just democracy versus fascism, but free minds challenging a monolithic world of fixed belief. That's why writings about the conflict continue to excite imaginations. This book is a small jewel. ■

Peter N. Carroll's history of the Lincoln Brigade has just been published in Spain, *La Odissea de la Brigada Abraham Lincoln* (Renacimiento).



Added to Memory's Roster



Jack Bjoze (1911-2005)

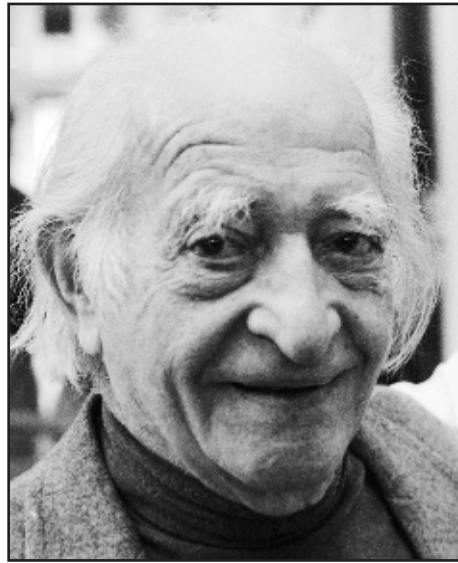
Jack Bjoze, Lincoln vet and executive secretary of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade during World War II, died in New York City in December.

Bjoze was an early volunteer in the Spanish Civil War, so early, in fact, that his group rode across the border into Spain by bus instead of having to cross the Pyrenees on foot. He was one of the original members of the Lincoln Battalion.

According to Arthur Landis' book, Bjoze's efforts in keeping a steady supply of hot coffee at the front lines did wonders for morale over the long, cold trench vigil.

In late 1937, he was asked by leaders of the International Brigades to recruit U.S. volunteers into a special guerrilla warfare training school outside of Barcelona. Among the men he chose was Morris Cohen, a friend from New York. Cohen later achieved notoriety as a Soviet spy during the Cold War. When Cohen left New York mysteriously in 1950, Bjoze became a target of FBI investigation and surveillance. His hopes to have a reunion with his old friend were thwarted by Cohen's death in 1994.

After the Spanish Civil War, Jack emerged as a leader of the VALB. During World War II, he spearheaded the effort to overturn the army's discriminatory policies that prevented Lincoln vets from obtaining commissions as officers and overseas assignments. After he visited Washington, D.C., in 1943, to lobby Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes and investigative journalist Drew



Pearson, the War Department altered its policies.

Soon afterward, Jack was drafted into the army, where his combat experience and training in Spain justified his exile to Alaska.

Hounded by the FBI in the postwar years, he eventually ran a travel agency, a capacity from which he helped facilitate many Lincoln trips abroad for reunions or worthy causes. He did not always go into much detail when asked questions about Spain, occasionally preferring to use his warm but quiet smile as the disarming answer.

In 1994 Jack was the lone Lincoln representative at the unveiling of the IB plaque in the cemetery of Morata de Tajuña on the Jarama battlefield. It was there that a memorable photograph was taken of him next to the renowned Spanish poet and friend of the International Brigades Rafael Alberti. Sitting at a table with similar white manes, they almost looked like twin brothers, so much so that at the 1996 Amigos homenaje, Jack was often referred to as "that Lincoln vet who looks so much like Alberti." Both he and his family enjoyed the comparison.

Jack is survived by two daughters, several grandchildren, and his companion of many years, Vicky Willaine.

—Robert Coale and Peter N. Carroll

Leo Fabritius

Leo Fabritius, the last Finnish veteran of the Spanish Civil War, died March 22, 2005.

As a young man, Fabritius went to sea and jumped ship in Canada. There he learned that the Spanish army had revolted against the Republican government. In Sudbury he acquired a passport under the name of Leo Riutta and joined other volunteers in Montreal to be shipped to France.

After a short training in Tarragona, he went to the front and was wounded at Teruel. Later, during the retreats, he carried a small Spanish girl for five days before finding someone who could take care of her. Then he crossed the Pyrenees on foot into France, where a Finnish general found him at a refugee camp and sent him home to Finland. Later he wrote a book about his experiences, *Tasavaltalaisena Espanjan sisällissodassa* (*As a republican in the Spanish civil war*). It was published in 1986.

In 1940 Fabritius sailed to New York and resumed his work as a seaman. But when England declared war on Finland, he was taken from his ship to a prison camp in Jamaica for three years. In 1954 he left the U.S., headed for Australia. He kept a store in Sydney for 16 years. In 1988 he moved back to Finland, where he finally settled in Saukkola with his wife.

Leo Fabritius was a kind and helpful person. Brotherhood and justice were his leading stars during his whole



Added to Memory's Roster



life. Fabritius leaves his wife and many relatives and friends around the world.

—Olavi Koivukangas, Institute of Migration, Turku, Finland

Joseph Tannenhauß (1915-2005)

Joseph Tannenhauß, a Canadian-born member of the Lincoln Brigade and resident of Coronado, California, died on November 21 at the age of 90.

David Marshall (1916-2005)

Arriving in Barcelona on September 4, 1936, the poet David Marshall, who has died at the age of 89, was one of the first British volunteers to fight in the Spanish Civil War. Tall, slight and bespectacled, looking more like a scholar or a poet than a working man, he joined the Tom Mann Centuria, a predecessor of the International Brigades. He delighted in the vibrant revolutionary atmosphere of the Catalan capital, thrilled to be where the working class seemed to be in control, and he soon joined the Communist Party.

After nearly seven weeks in Barcelona, he was sent to the headquarters of the newly formed International Brigades at Albacete. There, the Centuria was incorporated into the English section of the predominantly German Thaelmann battalion of the 12th International Brigade. After training near Madrid, he was thrown into action during the advance of General Franco's African columns, neither he nor his comrades ever having fired a rifle before. They attacked on the hill known as the

Cerro de los Angeles, without artillery support. Late in the afternoon of November 12 1936, a sniper's bullet hit him just above his ankle. After treatment in Alicante, he was repatriated to England at the end of 1936 to campaign for aid for the republic.

By his own account, he had hitherto lived "utterly ignorant of the world, wrapped in my bookishness," oblivious to the hunger marches and the fight against Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists. Yet he was increasingly radicalized by what he saw of the appalling experiences of the unemployed. They, and now he, lived in the drab world of the depression, of disillusionment with capitalism. Looking out from that bleak landscape, he saw the Spanish war as the inspiring example of an oppressed people fighting for a decent way of life against Spain's backward landed and industrial oligarchies and their Nazi and fascist allies. Thus, forging a letter of paternal permission, he went to Spain, believing that the republican experiment held hope for all of Europe.

When Marshall came back from that war he began to write poetry and, shortly after reaching home, he wrote his most celebrated poem, "Retrospect"—included by Stephen Spender and John Lehmann in their classic anthology *Poems for Spain* (1939) alongside work by WH Auden, Louis MacNeice, Spender himself, Cecil Day Lewis and other great names of the era. In "Retrospect," Marshall contrasted images of an England still at peace with a Spain torn by fascist bombing raids. In another poem, he spoke of "the deep vein of grief that runs throughout my generation."

Because of his Spanish service, he was not permitted to enlist at the

beginning of World War II, but he managed to volunteer in January 1940. He took part in the Normandy landings in June 1944 and was present at the liberation of Belsen concentration camp.

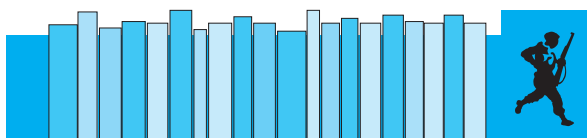
Marshall returned to work for the Ministry of Labour in Middlesbrough. He helped purchase and refurbish a derelict house to use as offices for the local Communist Party and Young Communist League. For 10 years he was secretary of the Middlesbrough Trades Union Club. By now an accomplished carpenter with a range of building skills, he planned and, with the help of volunteer labor, built a hall that held 500 people, with a stage for weekly dances, concerts, film shows and lectures.

Despite a talent for revelry, he never "deradicalized," as testified by the bitter poem written in the Thatcher years, "Where Will You Sleep Tonight?" In the poem, he contrasted the tears of the well-heeled opera-goers for Mimi, Violetta or Butterfly with their indifference to the fate of a homeless girl in Covent Garden. Earlier this year, he saw the publication of his book, *The Tilting Planet* (London Voices/International Brigade Memorial Trust), with poems about Spain and after.

As the women who knew him and his love poems attest, he was a loving and tender man. Always witty, warm and affectionate, as he raged against the dying of the light, he could be cantankerous, but he never lost his dry sense of humor and his sharp perceptions of the world around him.

—Paul Preston, abridged from *The Guardian*, October 29, 2005

See page 21 for a poem by David Marshall.



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The Brigade Poetica

IZOBONGO FOR THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRIGADE

By Jack Hirschman, Poet Laureate of San Francisco

Accent on International
against the globaloney
that never arrives
at the hungry mouths of the world.

Accent on the International
Brigades that are still
the deathless moment human Being
became conscious of itself.

Accent on the Abraham
Lincoln Brigade, which has always
belonged to the heart of,
by and for all lovers of liberty,

which has never stopped
bringing supplies, medicine
to front lines of struggle against
fascism in whatever form,

with an ageless energy redounding
to original hope, defying
the advocates of coalitions of alone
by bringing collectivity

into the twenty-first century,
inspiring brigadistas
everywhere—on mountainsides,
on cultural fronts—

to continue the war
humanity can never lose.

I WISH I WERE BACK...

By David Marshall

I wish I were back in the trenches round Madrid
Along with the chicos, among the strangeness of tongues:
Strong in my body, testing it thus and thus,
Half wondering that my flesh can bear these things.

Glad in my loneliness, wrapt in my alien thoughts;
My quaintness cloaking me, like cold air
Stirring on the skin when putting off familiar clothes —
Just as I stepped out of my time-pocked life
Into this.

Then the terror stript me of bewilderment,
Left me shrinking and shell-less, my soul
A slim white worm, curling blindly in fear:
Only one direction to my consciousness,
To kill before I was killed, and glad to die
That our new world begins.

And the tanks lurching like monsters
Stiff-shouldered through the slime,
The horrid black concussion of bombs
Spouting earth skywards,
And the vicious shrapnel
And the hideous chatter of machine-guns
All these could not shatter our resolution.

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Osheroff at Human Rights Day Celebration

Continued from page 1

principal, Robert Gary, a skit parodying and honoring the work of Rosa Parks was presented by the world history classes. This was followed by student speeches and poetry on various articles of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, including the battle against child labor and defense of the right to assembly. The final student performance was a tribute to the work for gang peace by California's Stanley "Tookie" Williams, taking place just 4 days before his execution in San Quentin. At the skit's conclusion, students wearing red and blue chorally asked the question to the audience, "What do **you** think—of the execution of Stanley Williams—planned for next Tuesday?"

As the actors left the stage to take their seats in the audience, Osheroff

rolled to center stage, after being introduced as an embodiment of the four A's—a former professor, filmmaker, and activist for the last 77 years. He told students that they were not the ones who were getting something from him, but that he was the one receiving inspiration and energy from their beauty and exuberance. He stated that Bill Gates was not the richest man in the world, but that in fact Abe was. True wealth, he insisted was the love of fellow humans and the solidarity that comes from engaging in common struggle. Looking out at the audience, Osheroff said, "I see sitting out here our future doctors, our future lawyers...people who can overcome the self-defeating effects of racism." He spoke of the different forms of activism, from the quiet resolve of a Rosa Parks, to the contrasting power of Robeson, to the thousands of people every day who make the real difference in the future of humanity.

Responding to student questions, Osheroff said he started on the path to activism the first time he saw people eating out of a trashcan. His first actions were as part of a block com-

mittee to put people's furniture back in their apartments after landlords had attempted to evict them. Some students wept during the talk. Many simply nodded their heads. At the end of the assembly, a long line of students came on stage to offer Osheroff their hands or an embrace.

The strong legacy of bravery shown by the volunteers who went to Europe to fight fascism is more necessary than ever today. With more and more Americans disagreeing with the direction our governmental leaders are taking us, and the malaise of the last decades, there is a strong need for examples of hope and involvement. Perhaps this was best summed up by a bilingual student after the performance: "I never thought that I could be someone who could make a difference in the lives of other people; now I see a whole new future of possibilities." Our future depends on young people discovering this and changing how they see their lives. Last heard, students were discussing starting up a political action club at the school. ■

Ebro Vets Honored

Continued from page 11

is now being corrected. We can, I hope, leave the politics aside and recognize what Mr. Wolff and his compatriots did and did with uncommon valor. Abraham Lincoln—perhaps our greatest President—once wrote: "I am not bound to win but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed but I am bound to live up to what light I have." Certainly Mr. Wolff and those young Americans who fought so valiantly on behalf of "the light they had" are to be applauded for the courage of their convictions, fighting as strangers in a strange land, and thanked for their efforts in the cause of freedom and of democracy. ■

The Young Wolff

Continued from page 15

call to "enlist in the world, to involve you in your own fate."

Wolff gives us a complex and often dark world: a worker who hates the union, a hypocritical Party leader, a regretted abortion. But he shines a light in the darkness, and there is humor, and the possibility of hope in the air as, almost on a whim, Mitch Castle volunteers to go to Spain.

Member of the Working Class some-

times reads like a manuscript and would benefit from the attentions of a paid professional editor. It would benefit from some trimming and polishing. It's a shame that the presses who declined this book could not see the diamond in the rough. I hope that Wolff has volume three of the Mitch Castle saga stashed and ready in the bottom of his desk. If not, he should get on it. ■

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