

August 7, 1938

How They Saved the Alcazar!

By DAVID DARRAH

Burgos, Spain.

A BLISTERING August day in the valley of the Tagus. And, where the river curves, the imperial city

of Toledo shrouded in the smoke of war. Towering above Toledo stands the mighty Alcazar, greatest fortress in Spain, where for three weeks an obstinate garrison has resisted every attempt of the Madrid government to subdue it.

● From a ring of street barricades around the Alcazar rifles and machine guns pour an unceasing fire upward at the barred windows and the frowning doors. And at intervals, almost nonchalantly, the windows spit back death as venomous and as swift.

● Across the river, on the brown plain, sweating militiamen—communists, anarchists, Socialists—drag a gun into position to add its roar to the city's infernal din. Two batteries already are pounding at the flinty walls that seem almost impervious to shellfire.

● A sergeant awkwardly lays the new gun, for there is no officer to give him

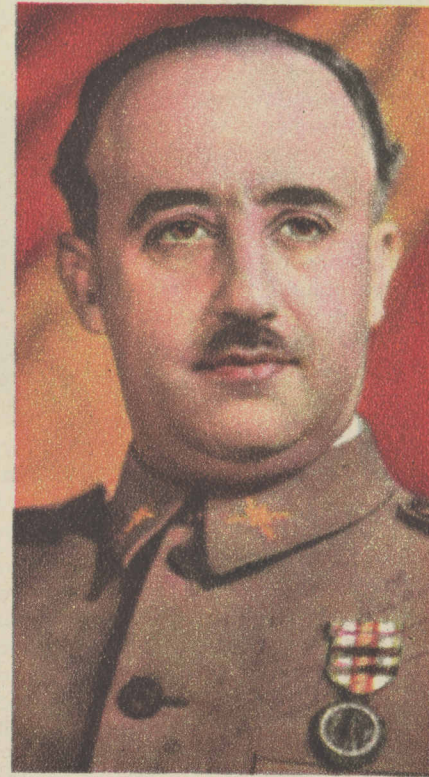
the correct elevation. All available artillery officers already have been dealt with as "Fascists" by the Madrid mobs. So it is largely a matter of blazing away until

a lucky shot gives him the range. The Red commandant of Toledo, who is in charge of the siege, is himself an infantryman, but he is worried about this lack of officers for his guns.

● When his worry about the new gun is at its height a solution suddenly presents itself. Into his office walks a dapper youngster of 24 or 25 wearing on his shirt a lieutenant's stars and above them the flaming grenade of the artillery corps. He gives the clenched fist salute and says with the easy familiarity of the popular front: "I have come down from Madrid to see if I can do anything to help in rooting out that bunch of Fascists."

● The delighted commandant wasted no time on questions, and in five minutes the artilleryman was on his way to the new gun emplacement with orders to take charge. Amongst the cursing militiamen and the fozzling sergeant he stepped in the brisk manner of a man who knows

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Gen. Francisco Franco, leader of National army in Spain.



Above: Anti-communist posters warn Nationalist Spain of the menace of soviet support of the Loyalist cause. This poster presents "The Russian Monster."



"Communism levels all" is the message of the poster at the right, another of the dramatic warnings against communism to be found in Nationalist Spain.



Freely translated, the words on this poster state that communism offers grief, hunger, and ruin, the last symbolized by the wrecked building and the blasted tree in the background.