

Mar. 27, 37.

Dear Min,

Salud, Compañeros!

I bring you and the entire Youth Theatre greetings from the International Brigade. And what a Brigade! The finest, the best, the toughest bunch of anti-fascist fighting hombres in the world today. I have never in my life felt as proud, as determined, as great in my convictions as I do today. That is what happens when you actually face reality.

Although we are not at the front as yet (we hope to be soon), the boys already are singing of Franco's doom. There is no doubt as to the fighting calibre of our boys. Our rifle training is so im-

planted, so photographed in our minds that we know damn well that not a single bullet will be wasted, only death can put a stop to it. And that's not even thought of.

For the past few weeks, it was impossible for me to write, and I was out of contact with Bernie and Ernie also. We are now reunited and Bernie's my sergeant. The bastard will probably wind up a major-general. Anyway he's drilling the blazes out of me.

I won't write more now, because this is my first opportunity to write, and I have loads of letters to write yet. Besides, we just received inoculations against typhoid, and the fever is too high for

good concentration (Bernie is completely out). Give my regards and good wishes to all the comrades. This letter is for all of them. I can't write to each individually, though I will to some from time to time. Write ^{me} Min, all about how the theatre is getting along (did you "Buy the Dads" yet?), and what else is going on. Tell the others to write also, and I promise to keep up the correspondence as best as I can. We get very little news from the States here, and I'm a little tired of reading the cheap English Detective stories which constitutes our library. A longer and more fully detailed letter will follow shortly.

Kiss Alex, Izzy, Sonya, Libby,
Rae, and anybody else you feel like
for me.

Salud,
Harry.

P.S. My address is this

Harold Malofsky

Albace te, (S.R.I)
Spain.