

"In a little Spanish  
Town."

At June 4, 1937.

Dear Minnie,

Your last letter seems to have been written in an extra special type of mood. You sounded like Mrs. Pennyfeather broadcasting a nursery rhyme to the children. "Hippety-hop, up the stairs - down the steps, hippety hop." Oh Dear me! I talked with a lisp for six hours afterwards.

I can possibly picture you getting up at 11 A.M., but can you picture me arising at 5:30 A.M.? And going to bed at 9:30 P.M.? So there you are, and here I am, and anyway I'm one up on you! ✓

Don't worry as to what will happen to "Honey, Honey". It's still going strong & I've already decided to christen my

gun "Lil Liga".

It's no use! I'm too damn excited to write "buffoonery" today. Last night, I received word of the murder of a good friend of mine (a truck driver), when the Nazi pirate gunboats bombarded our city of Almera. A shell dropped in the garage he was stationed at. He never had a chance. It's like almighty hell, when things like that pop up. You swear, and stamp your feet, and shout "When the hell are we gonna get onto here? Did we come here to eat and drink, or to fight?" And all night long you can't sleep, but dream of thousands of fascists being shot down by your own lone rifle.

Now, finally something has happened

that might relieve the tension.

Re-organization of the companies, and "confined to barracks" orders. It looks like the long awaited hour has come at last. "alevai, guttenya!" Everyone is running around happy and flush. "Will we go to Jarama? Will it be Madrid? Cordoba? Malaga? Bilbao?" No one knows, and no one cares. As long as it's someplace to dig into the earth and keep our eyes peeled for "rats." We're ready for you so show your hated puss.

On top of this, an unofficial report broadcasts the death of fascist General Mola, and the official announcement that six enemy planes were shot down over Bilbao. Spirits are high.

Let's go!

You still head the list. Your mail is more frequent and regular than anyone else's. I'm glad you liked the song I sent. I wanted to write out some more for you, but I can't find a piano in this town. I guess my fingers will get stale, too.

Tell Paul to learn that Spanish. If you know that language, life here is perfect. Let me know when or if you go to Unity, so I can know when to send my mail there. Bernie got a letter from Al Richman. It was amazing! Ernie is still trying to find a uniform that will fit him. My love and regards to the bunch. I hope my next letter opens with "Al the Front."

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Salud, kid.

Harry.