



## Chapter 3

### Spain

"I've got to do it," Lane said.

"But thee knows I can not support thee in this," Quality protested. "To go needlessly to war--"

"Would you prefer to have Hitler take over all of Europe and then threaten America?"

"I have no liking for the Nazis, as I have said. But there must be a better way than war. Even should it come, thee has better things to do than to get involved in the quarrels of others. Thee has another year to go to obtain thy degree. With that, thee could do far more good in the world than thee could ever do by pointless fighting."

"Not if Hitler overruns the world while I'm studying!"

She paced the floor of the lounge. "We do not know that Hitler truly seeks world conquest, or that he could be successful if he tried. But if war should occur, there are others already under arms. Thee has no need to seek combat."

"How does that saying go?" Lane asked rhetorically. "All that is necessary for evil to flourish is for good men to do nothing."

"But thee can do something! Thee can complete thy education, and then work with greater effectiveness for peace in the world."

He gazed somberly at her. "You can't concede that maybe prevention is better than cure?"

"It is bad education that leads to much mischief. I prefer to deal with the underlying problems of society before they lead to war. Fighting is not prevention; it is a sign that the wrongness has proceeded too far. I would have preferred to have treated other nations in such manner that they never experienced the frustration that caused them to turn to their worst elements for salvation. Perhaps even now there can be amelioration and healing."

"I think it is 'way too late for that. Hitler is a cancer that will kill the body of Europe. Now he must be cut out, painful as the process may prove to be."

She looked at him, shaking her head, trying to keep the tears from her eyes. "Then I fear we must agree to disagree, Lane. I can not support thee in this."

He went to her. "I love you, Quality. But this is a matter of principle."

"And I love thee, Lane. But it is principle for me too."

"I know it is. I always liked your pacifism. But I just see this business a different way. Maybe-- maybe we should separate for a while, in principle, each doing what we feel is necessary, and when this ugly business is done there won't be that difference between us any more, and we can marry. I want you to keep my ring."



"Maybe that is best," she said. "I will keep thy ring."

Then they kissed, and spoke no more of war. But both knew that a fundamental break had occurred.

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They finished their terms, and then drove to Canada, because there Lane could train as a pilot and later transfer to the Royal Air Force in England. He was determined to qualify, because he knew that that was where the action would be. England was right on the edge of Europe, and would soon feel the consequence of Germany's militarism. Its air force would be the first in a position to strike back at the Nazis. Though France put on a brave front and had its Maginot Line, Lane had little faith in that. The Germans could go around it or blast a hole through it. The Great Wall had not stopped the Mongols from invading and conquering China, and walled cities had not survived gunpowder. Air power was the strength of the future, and he was determined to be part of it. Quality understood all this because others had spoken of it; despite her agreement of silence with Lane, she listened to whatever she knew related to his interests. She couldn't help it. But the information only strengthened the rift between them. How much better it would have been for the Mongols simply to have lived in peace with the Chinese, and the energy expended in building the Great Wall used for the mutual improvement of life.

Lane was accepted into the program. Quality bade him a tearful farewell outside the induction station, exactly like any other girlfriend, but they both knew that their separation was deeper than physical. They would be apart, yes, and he might get killed in action, but whether apart or together, alive or dead, their difference of principle remained as a gulf between them. Would that disappear when the war did? She wasn't sure.

Now it was time for her to return home. She had a bus to catch, but did not hurry. Somehow she was loath to return home alone, as if this made her culpable. She was strangely out of sorts. Why did she feel so guilty, when she had done what she could within the bounds of propriety to dissuade Lane? There was nothing she could do to mitigate the situation of the world.

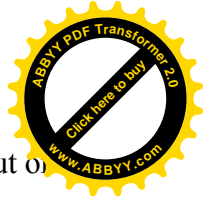
She purchased a newspaper, knowing this to be merely another excuse for delay. There she saw a picture of a bombed out city, with children crying in the street. It reminded her of Guernica, in Spain, where her correspondent had died.

Suddenly she knew what she had to do. She *could* make a difference! She made her way to the nearest Friend's Meetinghouse and found the caretaker. "I must go to Spain," she said. "To help the children."

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It was arranged. She took passage on a steamer to England, where she joined the Friends' Service Council. They tried, gently, to dissuade her from her intent, because the situation in Spain was what they termed "uncertain," but she was firm, and they did need volunteers, and she spoke both French and Spanish. She was qualified.

First they taught her to drive, because she would have to do it where she went. It was a crash course, almost literally, before she got the hang of it. They had her do it in a car, a small truck, and a large truck, because she had to be able to drive whatever was available.



The British vehicles had the driver on the right side, and drove on the left side of the road. "But on the Continent it will reverse," they warned her. "Don't get confused."

"I'm already confused," she replied. But in due course she got the gearshift and clutch coordinated, and learned the international hand signals and general road signs, and was appropriately nervous about the level of petrol in the gas tank.

She wrote to Lane, c/o his Canadian unit: "I have learned how to drive! I love thee."

She learned that mail could take from two weeks to two months to reach England from Spain. Both the Republicans and the Nationalists practiced censorship of letters. Workers sometimes had to go to France to send important confidential documents. Diplomatic pouches of the American and both Spanish governments were used to expedite some mail. Important letters were sent to several offices, with requests to forward it, in order to ensure delivery of at least one.

Quality had to undergo an embarrassingly thorough medical examination. She was inoculated against typhoid and vaccinated for smallpox. She was ready.

It was not feasible to proceed directly from England to Spain, which was in the throes of its civil war. Indeed, had she tried to go there from America, she would have been refused, for international travelers were being required to sign a statement that they would not go to Spain. She had not been aware of that at the time, but in any event had started her trip from Canada, where the restriction did not exist. So now she traveled to France, where French Friends welcomed her. Already there were refugee camps just north of the Pyrenees where the Basques were fleeing the savagery of the Nationalist thrust against their homeland.

Quality visited one of the camps, helping to deliver food and supplies. She was appalled to discover that she could not understand the people at all; they spoke neither French nor Spanish. Somehow she had not realized that Basque was a different language. In fact, the Basques were a different people, looking much the same as others but separated by their culture. It seemed that their stock had been early inhabitants of the region, once far more widely spread, largely displaced by migrations and conquest. Now they were being displaced again, this time by bombs and bullets.

Spain had been a republic for several years, but there had been strife between divergent factions and general poverty, leading to unrest of increasing scale and intensity. It was exactly the type of social neglect that led to unfortunate consequences, as she saw it. In 1936 the military establishment had rebelled, supported by the Catholic Church and about a third of the people. Called the Nationalists, they had commenced a war of conquest against the Republicans who represented the formal government. It seemed unlikely that their effort would have been successful, except that they found powerful covert allies in Italy and Germany, the Fascists and the Nazis, who saw in this local war an opportunity to test their new weapons. So the Nationalists had the benefit of the most deadly modern technology, and they were gaining ground. They had taken the northern Basque region, and much of central and southern Spain, but not the great central capital city of Madrid. Now the battle line was across the north, with the western part of the nation Nationalist and the Eastern part Republican.

So here she was, a Quaker lady, going to war. But not as a combatant. Her quarrel was not with men, but with neglect, poverty and hunger.

She could not get authorization from the Nationalists to enter their territory, so she went to Barcelona, in the Republican region of the northeast. This city was not under siege, but signs of the war



were everywhere. A melody was playing constantly, as if it were a hit tune, but when she listened she discovered it was of another nature. It was "The Four Insurgent Generals," and told how they had betrayed the country, concluding "They'll all be hanging, They'll all be hanging!" Quality neither endorsed violence nor chose sides, but soon she found herself humming the refrain.

Each relief station had its warehouse and its supplies, and its ragged fleet of drivers to carry the food out to where it was needed. There were volunteer missions at every village, called shelters or canteens, where most of the feeding actually occurred. The emphasis was on infants, children, and expectant and nursing mothers, because they were the least able to fend for themselves. Many of the refugees were orphaned children.

Quality had thought there would be a period of breaking in, as there had been in England, before she would be allowed to go out into the field. She was mistaken; she went out with a driver on the first day after she arrived. She rode in a small truck whose sides were plainly marked with the five pointed Quaker star and the words SERVICIO INTERNACIONAL DE LOS AMIGOS CUAQUEROS--and whose motor, suspension and tires seemed none too sure. But that was what was available.

The driver was a Spanish man who, it turned out, had no special commitment to peace or feeding children; he had his own family to support, and this was a job that paid him a living wage. So he did his job, and did it well, but he was cynical about the net effect of the relief effort.

The assignment was not far away. Quality judged that they would be able to deliver their load and be back at the warehouse by noon. But the man merely shrugged. It seemed that such trips were expected to take a day, regardless.

Today's destination was a village about thirty miles behind the front. The fighting was not close, the driver said; all the same, one had to take care. Then, approaching a bridge, he came to a stop. Quality couldn't see any reason for it; this was out in the country, and no one else was in sight.

They got out and walked up to the bridge. The far half of it was gone. There was no barrier, no warning signs; it was just out. Had they tried to cross it at speed, they would have sailed into the river.

The driver didn't say anything. He had made his point. Quality's knees felt weak. Had she been traveling alone□.□.□.

Later she realized that the driver had probably known that the bridge was out. But he had educated her in a way she would never forget--and which might save her life some day.

Quality found some debris and set it on the road to represent at least a partial obstruction to future traffic. Then they turned the truck around and looked for a detour. A few kilometers downstream they found a serviceable bridge, and continued their route, perhaps not really behind schedule.

The next time they came to a bridge, Quality was glad to get out and check. This one was intact. So they had lost time--but the caution was necessary. Too much hurry could wreck them.

Then the motor started grinding. The driver pulled to a stop. He checked under the hood. He shook his head. "I can not fix it. I must get a mechanic. There will be a phone in the nearest village." He hesitated.

"I can watch the truck," Quality said. "I assure you, I will not steal anything." She smiled, to show



was a joke.



But the driver did not smile. "It is not safe for a truck with food to be left alone. Also a young woman."

Quality realized that he was serious, and that he was probably correct. This was not contemporary America, this was a war-torn nation. "Perhaps I could go to make the call?"

He shook his head. "Even less safe. I will hurry. It should be all right."

"Yes, of course."

He set out on foot, walking rapidly. Quality sat in the truck, abruptly nervous. She almost wished that the driver hadn't warned her, but of course it would have been foolish not to be aware of the danger.

She was in luck. No one approached the truck. In due course the driver returned. "It will be several hours," he reported. "We must wait." He did not seem easy.

"There is another problem?" Quality inquired.

"Now it is known that we must remain here, with food. There are many hungry people. They will come."

And they would not necessarily be reasonable. If denied, they might turn to violence. Even had Quality not been a pacifist, that would be a problem. How could they protect the truck and themselves until the mechanic came?

Then she had an idea. "If we feed some, and enlist their support, we will use some food but may save the truck," she suggested.

"But it is supposed to be done by the local authorities. There are not facilities, here on the road."

"Then we must enlist the local authorities," she said. "And make do as we can."

He considered, and she was afraid he would reject the notion. Then he smiled. "You are resourceful. I will go back and tell them." He got out and walked back toward the unseen village.

Quality didn't wait. She thought it best to make an immediate selection of the supplies to be expended, so as to keep the rest out of sight. She let down the tailgate and shoved things to it. She soon grew sweaty handling the boxes, and her good clothing became stained. It could not be helped. She was learning, again.

In due course the driver and a local volunteer arrived, by foot. The other was an old woman.

They waited, resting, for the woman was evidently frail from hunger. Also, the driver murmured, to be sure that proper procedure was being followed. Hurry was unseemly. He was educating Quality to what she would have to be alert to when she was on her own. "There is never enough food to feed everyone in need," he explained. "We feed some infirm adults, and aged persons--if there is enough. There usually isn't. We must turn the men away. We require them to drink the milk at the station, to be sure the right ones have it. So the canteens are referred to as *Gota de Leche*, or Drop of Milk. When



ings are really tight, we have to do height/weight measurements to determine the most malnourished children, and feed them first."

Quality's horror was growing as she learned the realities of the situation. She had somehow fancied that bringing food to the needy would be a positive thing. Now she saw the ugly side of it. Grim decisions had to be made, and the good she was doing had to be cynically rationed. Indeed, there were men and women appearing, and the driver was waving them away, so that they kept their distance. "They know there will be trouble, if they take the children's food," he said gruffly. "The woman is the wife of the leading man of the village; she has power, and knows what she is doing."

"But they are hungry too," Quality said.

"There is not enough for all." That was the terrible reality.

A car arrived with some necessary equipment. Its driver was a young man who looked ferocious. The woman saw Quality's concern. "My son," she said proudly. "He will keep order." Quality nodded, relieved.

The woman began opening the boxes and taking out bags of powdered milk. She mixed it with water in a large kettle and stirred patiently to get it fully dissolved. "A few lucky towns have emulsifying machinery," the driver said. "We use a lot of sweetened condensed milk, because it's nourishing and easy to mix, but it costs more. We take whatever we can get."

Then, seeing no other legitimate volunteers, the driver helped, and Quality did too, as she came to understand the process. A volunteer who had not been duly cleared might steal the food; it was better to work directly with the woman and her son. One box contained chocolate, and another cheese. Then she found one with loaves of hard dark bread. She took a knife from the truck and carved slices.

Children appeared. They were of all ages, from perhaps fifteen to toddlers. Some were unmarked but lethargic; others had sores and crude bandages. Some were missing fingers, hands, or even arms. They were subdued.

They brought cups. Now the serving began: a cupful of mixed milk for each child, and a piece of bread. Quality wished she had butter or jam for the bread, but there was none. The children did not complain. They simply took the food and ate it.

When all had been served, what was left in the opened boxes was given to those who seemed most in need for seconds. Some was given to adults, but cautiously, according to the guidelines. Quality slipped bread to a woman who said she was pregnant, who took it without comment and disappeared. That was the way it had to be.

And this was just a random stop, because of the breakdown of the truck. Could all of Spain be like this? Quality was very much afraid that it was.

As they finished, a few of the children were acting more like children. They were running around and making noise, and some were laughing as they played impromptu games. All they had needed was some food.

The mechanic arrived. He got busy in and under the truck, doing what he could. Quality was to learn that the mechanics were geniuses of their trade. They were never held up for lack of parts;





somehow they always made do, devising whatever would work.

Quality and the driver carried several additional boxes to the car, for later distribution. This might be considered a final bribe for the privilege of being allowed to depart freely--or as an act of additional compassion. Distinctions were blurring. The local children would be fed next day by the volunteers, and on the following days, while the food lasted. But what of the next week, when the truck would still be going to different villages, and these children would not have a meal?

"You will be checking to see that the food is distributed properly," the driver said. "You will have to enforce it. Hungry people can not afford honesty."

"But these ones here," she asked. "This is not a regular stop. What of them?"

"They have been fed today," he said. She knew that that was all that could be said.

When the truck was fixed, they drove on to the regular station. But it felt as if the day's work had already been done.

Quality was thoroughly tired by the time she got back to Barcelona. So she relaxed in her own fashion: she wrote a long letter to Lane, telling him all about it.

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The Republicans were losing. Day by day the battle line changed, coming closer to Barcelona. The sound of the big guns and bombs grew louder, and the stream of refugees passing through the city increased.

But the relief work continued. When Quality drove out to a village near the territory of the Nationalists, there was a check point on the road. She had to stop and explain what she was doing. They were about to demand that the car be opened for inspection, suspecting contraband, but an officer put a halt to that. "Those are Quakers. They don't fight. They don't lie. The children need the food. If they bring food from other nations for our children, we will not stop them. We will send a man along to help."

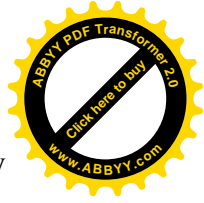
"I do have some food in the car," Quality said. Because the village she was going to had not been supplied in some time, and the next truck was delayed. "Also some cloth and thread. We have workshops for refugees; the women and girls make clothing, and the boys make sandals from rope."

The car was allowed to proceed, but a Republican soldier rode his motorcycle along behind it. Quality realized that the officer was not entirely trusting; if her mission turned out to be anything other than what she had said, she would be in trouble.

But of course it was legitimate. She delivered the meager supplies she had been able to fit in the car, and helped feed the children. The soldier nodded and departed. In due course Quality returned to the city. The check point had moved during the day, and there were different soldiers, but they had been given the word. "Do you have any contraband?" the officer demanded.

"Contraband?"

"Drugs. Weapons. Subversive literature. Dirty pictures."



She laughed. "No, only milk, bread, cloth and bandages on the way out, and empty on the way back." She waited in case they decided to inspect the car, but the man simply waved her on.

After that her car was not challenged in either direction, and no soldier followed it. The word of the Quakers was good.

Personnel changed, equipment failed, and Quality had to start driving a truck. The Republican government supplied some trucks for the relief efforts, but the service was inadequate. The Quakers had to rely on their own trucks, but they did not have enough vehicles to fulfill their needs. Experience made clear that light trucks did not carry enough or stand up well enough to the constant driving on wretched roads. The best trucks were three tons or more, equipped with four rear driving wheels and double springs. But they used a lot of petrol, which was in short supply. Even so, in the course of a year they managed to distribute several tens of thousands of tons of assorted foods.

Quality's deliveries consisted variously of the three basic relief foods, milk, bread and chocolate, supplemented by preserved meat, peanut butter, cheese, egg powder, dried fish, and dried vegetables: beans, peas and lentils. Cod liver oil was also distributed as supplies allowed. From Switzerland came Farina Lactal, a mixture of cereal flours, powdered milk, sugar and malt extracts which made a nutritious porridge when mixed with water and cooked. The Friends made every effort to buy food from outside Spain, because that added to the supply instead of merely shifting it within the country, and to avoid giving foreign currency to either Spanish government. It was too likely to be used to buy weapons.

The battle line continued to change. It was evident that only months remained before Barcelona itself would be under siege and would fall. The Nationalists were too strong, and their borrowed weapons were too effective. The refugees were now a pitiful horde.

Then a wounded, bandaged man waved down the car as it returned to the city in the afternoon on a routine trip without food. "I must reach to my home," he said. "My family needs me. Give me a ride."

"But must pass a check point," Quality protested. "You cannot go there."

"The war is lost. I must go home. I have given up my weapon. Just take me through, and let me go, and I will be with my family."

So this was a deserter. Quality didn't like this, but found herself unable to deny the man. "If they stop the car, and inspect it, you will be in trouble," she warned him. So would she. Neither side took kindly to deserters.

"They will not stop a Quaker car," he replied.

That was probably true. Most days now the soldiers at the check points simply waved the trucks and cars on by. So she let him climb into the back and hide under blankets. Ill at ease, she drove on. Probably there would be no inspection.

But as it happened, this time she was challenged. "Are you carrying any contraband?" the soldier asked.

"No," Quality said, before she thought. Then it occurred to her that the man would surely be considered contraband; she had been thinking of the usual objects. But if she told them about the man, he might be taken and killed.





The soldier was already waving her on. She was moving forward before she got her thoughts organized. But then she was horrified. She had told a lie! She had never intended to do that.

Yet if she had told them, and the man had been taken and killed, after trusting her, what then?

She mulled it over as she drove, but the conclusion was inescapable: she had lied more or less by oversight and confusion, but she would have lied outright, rather than sacrifice a life.

She came to the section of the countryside the man had mentioned, and stopped. The passenger door opened and he jumped out. "*Gracias!*" he called, waving as he moved away.

Quality sat for a moment, and shed a tear. The man had cost her her honor, without ever knowing it.

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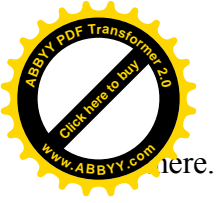
The Nationalists advanced inexorably, and the Republican retreat became a rout. Now they were fleeing not to Barcelona, but from it, for any of them caught here would be massacred. The war was ugly, and atrocities were being committed on both sides. The Nationalists bombed innocent regions, simply because they were not Nationalist; the Republicans dug the bodies of priests and nuns from their graves and put them on grotesque public display, because of the Church's support for the other side. The Republican coalition was widely divergent, including even anarchists: those who believed in no government at all, though some of them held government positions. It also included Communists, who did support it well with men and with arms from Russia, but who also sought to make of it a Communist state. "First we must win the war; then we can settle between ourselves," one leader said, but there was endless quarreling between the factions. They were not winning the war.

The International Brigade, composed of volunteer soldiers from more than fifty other countries, had fought valiantly, but had been overpowered. It retreated through Barcelona, and on north to the French border, the Nationalists in hot pursuit. There was no talk now of the four insurgent generals hanging; the generals had won. General Franco had assumed the leadership of the Nationalists, and it was apparent that he would be the new ruler of the country.

News was not always easy to obtain, or reliable. Often it was too old to be of use. They needed to know where the line was, and where the fighting was, to avoid it. They would hear the explosions of bombs, but it might be two weeks before they saw a newspaper report of any action in that region. There was also a difference between units, of either side; some were best avoided, lest they steal the food. Quality had learned to dress unattractively, even mannishly, so as to represent no obvious target. When there was danger, and he could be spared, a man would ride with her and be near, discouraging problems. Even so, it was increasingly nervous business.

In July 1938 the Republicans launched a massive counterattack west from the Barcelona area. They had amassed almost a hundred thousand troops and improved equipment. They surged across the line, which had become relatively stable, and reconquered land in the interior. But they could not maintain their momentum, and the offensive ground to a halt in August. For three months the line stabilized again, neither side advancing. But the Quaker trucks no longer approached it; the war in this section had become uglier.

She received a letter from Lane, who had completed his training in Canada and was now in England. It brightened her week, though she was sorry he had not come to England in time to see her



here.

In September the Republican government agreed to have wheat from the U.S. Government's Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation distributed under Quaker control. The Nationalist government had already agreed to this. The International Commission for the Assistance of Child Refugees in Spain was formed to administer contributions from governments, headed by a commissioner, but the actual distribution was carried out by existing organizations in the field. The Red Cross distributed it to the American Friends Service Committee, requiring affidavits to the effect that it was to be used only for the relief of the civilian population. The American Friends shared it with the British Friends. The wheat started arriving near the end of the year. The shipments were not as large as hoped, but were significant. They were, in their fashion, a godsend.

"Perhaps thee could bring some supplies in thy plane," she wrote to Lane. But the humor didn't work; there was precious little humor in war, to her mind.

One morning in November Quality drove a truck out toward a distant village near the Ebro River, southwest of Barcelona. There had been the sounds of artillery and bombing, but that had been almost continuous for months. She discovered that it had been the site of an artillery bombardment that the Friends had not known about. There was rubble across the streets, buildings had collapsed, and fires were blazing many places. A pall of smoke hung overall. It looked like a scene from Dante's *Inferno*. Or like her vision of Guernica. She had of course seen many bombed-out villages, but this was horribly fresh.

As she picked her way through the debris, she came up to the bodies. There was one in the middle of the road. She stopped and got out, thinking to help the man, but as she approached she saw that he was dead. He had to be, because half of his head was missing.

At first she couldn't believe it. But when she turned her face away, stunned, she saw an arm. No body, just the arm. Beyond it were other objects that had to be human because they were covered with blood.

Quality vomited before she even realized she was being sick. The stuff just spewed out of her and splashed on the drying blood on the road. Oddly, that made her feel better. Except that it was an unfortunate waste of food.

She wiped her mouth, then walked around the man, took hold of his feet, and hauled him off the road. Then she returned to the truck and resumed driving. She felt the diminution of her innocence. War was hell on innocence, as she was to write to Lane.

In the center of the village the people were trying to care for the survivors. The job seemed almost hopeless. Many of them were dying where they lay, and there was nothing to be done for them except to make them comfortable while their blood leaked out. There was no electric power in the village, and no running water, and whatever medical supplies were available were so phenomenally inadequate as to be a mockery. The village authorities were performing triage: determining whom to try to treat and whom to ignore because the injuries were slight or death was inevitable. It was the borderline cases that were the problem.

But through this hell came the children, hungry as they always were. Numbly, Quality helped serve them, and they were appreciative. When she had done what she could, and the main portion of the supplies were put away in the canteen she drove away, taking along three who could probably be saved



y more competent bandaging and care in Barcelona. There was nothing else to do.

The battle line had been stable; now it collapsed. Yet the children had to be served, so the trucks went out on ever more limited rounds. Even so, it was dangerous. Quality heard the sound of airplanes, and ahead the bombs exploded. She pulled over to the side, hoping to wait out the raid, but she was in the wrong place. The planes came right over her, and the bombs landed on either side. She hunched down inside the truck as the detonations shook it. She was terrified. She knew that only chance separated her from eternity.

How had she gotten into such a situation? She, who deplored war and all the artifacts of war! Here she was, literally, in the middle of it. Yet she could not retrace her life and discern where she had gone wrong. She had done what she believed was best throughout, and she knew she had helped many children to survive. If God saw fit to punish her for that, it was nothing she understood.

Then the planes passed. It had seemed an eternity, but it had been perhaps only a minute. She had been spared, in body. Only her faith had been shaken.

She started the truck and put it in gear. She moved slowly forward, watching for bomb craters. This was after all a routine day.

But it was evident that the battle line was getting too close. The trucks were no longer allowed to go out.

Quality was now trapped in Barcelona. She had not intended to leave anyway, because there was too much need for her here, but the choice had been usurped by the advancing forces. She wanted to huddle deep in the building, fearing that the shells would crash amidst the city and the power would fail, but she made herself get out and help where she could. It was no longer food she dispensed, but medicine and first aid, sadly inadequate. Refugees were everywhere, dragging themselves on through the city, sleeping huddled on the street, some of them dying there from their injuries and exposure.

In January 1939 Barcelona surrendered without a fight. The Nationalists marched in and put on a victory parade, and all the people had to come out and cheer. Because any who did not would be deemed to be enemies.

Then it was worse. The Nationalists combed through the city, routing out all enemies real or suspected, and shot them. The women and children they left alone, if they did not try to interfere. An officer recognized Quality, or perhaps her Quaker emblem, and showed her the wounded Nationalist men being trucked in who needed attention. She was officially neutral, though her private sympathy had been with the Republicans. It was her business to help whoever needed it, and so she did what she could for these men too.

Perhaps it was just as well, for her loyalty to the new order was not questioned, and she was treated well. When she sought to load her truck with what supplies remained and drive to a village where children were in need--which was any and every village!--they did not prevent her. For her it was business as usual. "But it is a tearful business," she wrote to Lane. "The need is so much greater than the ability."

Thus it was that she made the transition. In the following days and weeks the shipments of food continued to come, and the Friends Service continued to distribute it to the children. Now it was done under Nationalist auspices. There was not enough for the need, but it was far better than nothing.



Quality was doing what she had come to do: helping people in a peaceful way. Yet her heart was not easy. She had never imagined that there could be so much grief in the world, so pointlessly wreaked. It was as if she were putting little bits of salve on a man who was burning to death. Sometimes that was literally the case.

But soon this became academic. The new bureaucracy caught up with this minor aspect of things, and the Quakers were no longer allowed to distribute food directly. They had to turn their supplies over to the state relief organization, *Asistencia Social*. The state had to be responsible for everything. The canteens and shelters faded away. Quality was allowed to give parcels individually, and did what she could, but it was sadly inadequate.

Where was her idealism now? She had no suitable answer.

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