

**BY-LINE:
ERNEST HEMINGWAY**

—*Spanish Civil War, 1937–1939*—

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by

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は し が き

世界中が不況に苦しんだ1930年代の谷間は第二次大戦の勃発をもってカタストロフィーを迎えることになったが、スペイン内乱はそれに先立つこと3年、1936年7月のフランコ將軍の軍事革命宣言をもって始まった。それ以来3年間にわたるロイヤリスト（共和派、人民戦線内閣）とナショナリスト（保守派、軍事政権）との間にくりひろげられた死闘は凄絶をきわめ、罪なき民衆は有史以来初の大量殺戮兵器による無差別攻撃の犠牲となり、その悲惨な有様は筆舌に尽し難いものがあった。ヘミングウェイはアメリカの通信員として前後四回にわたりスペインを訪れ、ロイヤリスト側に立って“戦うスペイン共和派”の姿をリアルに報道したが、ここに集められたものはその一部である。

敵機の来襲におののく最前線の緊張やナショナリスト軍に追われながら家財道具、家畜はおろか、生まれたばかりの赤ん坊までも荷車に積んで避難していく百姓たちの姿、そしてまた「戦争とは何か？」ではじまる暴力に対する省察など、どれ一つをとってみても歴史的な内戦に参加した一通信員の生々しいドキュメンタリー報道である。それがヘミングウェイ独特の乾いた筆でたんとと綴られていくところに小説とはまた別の味わいが出ているし、今は故人となった筆者の戦争あるいは人間に対する見方が随所にちりばめられていて、注目に値する。 *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940年) はヘミングウェイのスペイン内戦ものの集大成であるが、この報道記事は他のいくつかの小品とともにあの大作を生み出すための貴重な素描となっているといえよう。

末尾にスペインの地名、人名その他の固有名詞の発音の便にと簡単なノートを付けることにしたが、必ずしも十分ではない。ご参考の一部になれば幸いである。

編 注 者

CONTENTS

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The First Glimpses of War	1
A New Kind of War	4
The Chauffeurs of Madrid	13
A Brush with Death	23
The Flight of Refugees	26
Bombing of Tortosa.....	30
Tortosa Calmly Awaits Assault	34
A Program for U.S. Realism	38
Fresh Air on an Inside Story	44
スペイン語の発音について	50
Notes	51



The First Glimpses of War

NANA Dispatch • MARCH 18, 1937

VALENCIA, SPAIN.—As our Air Force plane from Toulouse flew down over the business section of Barcelona, the streets were empty. It looked as quiet as downtown New York on a Sunday morning.

The plane hit smoothly on a concrete runway and roared around to a stop before a little building, where, chilled through by our trip over the edge of the snow-covered Pyrenees, we warmed our hands around bowls of coffee and milk while three pistol-armed, leather jacketed guards joked outside. There we learned why Barcelona looked so momentarily quiet.

A trimotor bomber had just come over, with two pursuit planes as escort, and had dropped its load of bombs on the town, killing seven and wounding thirty-four. Only by a half-hour had we missed flying into the dog-fight in which the Insurgent planes were driven off by Government pursuit ships. Personally, I didn't mind. We were a trimotor job ourselves, and there might have been confusion.

Flying low down the coast toward Alicante, along white beaches, past gray-castled towns or with the sea

curling against rocky headlands, there was no sign of war. Trains were moving, cattle were plowing the fields, fishing boats were setting out and factory chimneys were belching smoke.

5 Then, above Tarragona, all the passengers were crowded over on the landside of the ship, watching through the narrow windows the careened hulk of a freighter, visibly damaged by shellfire, which had driven ashore to beach her cargo. She lay aground, looking against the
10 sand in that clear water like a whale with smokestacks that had come to the beach to die.

We passed the rich, flat, dark-green fields of Valencia spotted with white houses, the busy port and the great, yellow, sprawling town. We crossed rice marshes, and up
15 over a wild mountain chain where we had an eagle's view of civilization, and down, ear-crackingly, to the bright blue sea and the palm-lined, African-looking shoreline of Alicante.

The plane roared on toward Morocco, while I rattled
20 into Alicante from the airport in a ramshackle bus. I arrived in the midst of a celebration that packed the beautiful sea promenade, lined with date palms, and filled the streets with a milling crowd.

Recruits between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-
25 six were being called up, and they, their girls and their families were celebrating their enlistment and the victory over Italian regular troops on the Guadalajara front.

Walking four abreast, arms linked, they were singing, shouting, playing accordions and guitars. Pleasure boats in Alicante harbor were packed with couples holding hands, taking their last rides together, but ashore, where long lines formed in front of jammed recruiting stations, 5 the atmosphere was one of wild celebration.

All along the coast to Valencia, we passed through celebrating crowds that reminded me more of the old days of ferias and fiestas than of war. It was only the convalescent wounded, limping along in heavy, shoddy 10 militia uniforms, who made war seem real.

Food, meat especially, was being rationed at Alicante, but, in small towns between, I saw butcher shops open and meat being sold with no lines formed outside. Our driver resolved to get himself a good steak on the way 15 home.

Coming into Valencia in the dark through miles of orange groves in bloom, the smell of orange blossoms, heavy and strong even through the dust of the road, made it seem to this half-asleep correspondent like a 20 wedding. But, even half asleep, watching the lights out through the dust, you knew it wasn't an Italian wedding they were celebrating.

A New Kind of War

NANA Dispatch • APRIL 14, 1937

MADRID.—The window of the hotel is open and, as you lie in bed, you hear the firing in the front line seventeen blocks away. There is a rifle fire all night long. The rifles go tacrong, capong, craang, tacrong, and then
5 a machine gun opens up. It has a bigger calibre and is much louder, rong, cararong, rong, rong. Then there is the incoming boom of a trench mortar shell and a burst of machine gun fire. You lie and listen to it and it is a great thing to be in bed with your feet stretched out
10 gradually warming the cold foot of the bed and not out there in University City or Carabanchel. A man is singing hard-voiced in the street below and three drunks are arguing when you fall asleep.

In the morning, before your call comes from the desk,
15 the roaring burst of a high explosive shell wakes you and you go to the window and look out to see a man, his head down, his coat collar up, sprinting desperately across the paved square. There is the acrid smell of high explosive you hoped you'd never smell again, and, in a
20 bathrobe and bedroom slippers, you hurry down the marble stairs and almost into a middleaged woman, wound-

ed in the abdomen, who is being helped into the hotel entrance by two men in blue workmen's smocks. She has her two hands crossed below her big, old-style Spanish bosom and from between her fingers the blood is spurting in a thin stream. On the corner, twenty yards away, is a heap of rubble, smashed cement and thrown up dirt, a single dead man, his torn clothes dusty, and a great hole in the sidewalk from which the gas from a broken main is rising, looking like a heat mirage in the cold morning air. 5 10

"How many dead?" you ask a policeman.

"Only one," he says. "It went through the sidewalk and burst below. If it would have burst on the solid stone of the road there might have been fifty."

A policeman covers the top of the trunk, from which the head is missing; they send for someone to repair the gas main and you go in to breakfast. A charwoman, her eyes red, is scrubbing the blood off the marble floor of the corridor. The dead man wasn't you nor anyone you know and everyone is very hungry in the morning after a cold night and a long day the day before up at the Guadalajara front. 15 20

"Did you see him?" asked someone else at breakfast.

"Sure," you say.

"That's where we pass a dozen times a day. Right on that corner." Someone makes a joke about missing teeth and someone else says not to make that joke. And 25

everyone has the feeling that characterizes war. It wasn't me, see? It wasn't me.

The Italian dead up on the Guadalajara front weren't you, although Italian dead, because of where you had spent your boyhood, always seemed, still, like our dead. No. You went to the front early in the morning in a miserable little car with a more miserable little chauffeur who suffered visibly the closer he came to the fighting. But at night, sometimes late, without lights, with the big trucks roaring past, you came on back to sleep in a bed with sheets in a good hotel, paying a dollar a day for the best rooms on the front. The smaller rooms in the back, on the side away from the shelling, were considerably more expensive. After the shell that lit on the sidewalk in front of the hotel you got a beautiful double corner room on that side, twice the size of the one you had had, for less than a dollar. It wasn't me they killed. See? No. Not me. It wasn't me anymore.

Then, in a hospital given by the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, located out behind the Morata front along the road to Valencia, they said, "Raven wants to see you."

"Do I know him?"

"I don't think so," they said, "but he wants to see you."

"Where is he?"

"Upstairs."

In the room upstairs they are giving a blood transfusion to a man with a very gray face who lay on a cot with his arm out, looking away from the gurgling bottle and moaning in a very impersonal way. He moaned mechanically and at regular intervals and it did not seem 5 to be him that made the sound. His lips did not move.

"Where's Raven?" I asked.

"I'm here," said Raven.

The voice came from a high mound covered by a shoddy gray blanket. There were two arms crossed on the 10 top of the mound and at one end there was something that had been a face, but now was a yellow scabby area with a wide bandage cross where the eyes had been.

"Who is it?" asked Raven. He didn't have lips, but he talked pretty well without them and with a pleasant 15 voice.

"Hemingway," I said. "I came up to see how you were doing."

"My face was pretty bad," he said. "It got sort of burned from the grenade, but it's peeled a couple of times 20 and it's doing better."

"It looks swell," I said. "It's doing fine."

I wasn't looking at it when I spoke.

"How are things in America?" he asked. "What do they think of us over there?" 25

"Sentiment's changed a lot," I said. "They're beginning to realize the government is going to win this war."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure," I said.

"I'm awfully glad," he said. "You know, I wouldn't mind any of this if I could just watch what was going
5 on. I don't mind the pain, you know. It never seemed important really. But I was always awfully interested in things and I really wouldn't mind the pain at all if I could just sort of follow things intelligently. I could even be some use. You know, I didn't mind the war at all.
10 I did all right in the war. I got hit once before and I was back and rejoined the battalion in two weeks. I couldn't stand to be away. Then I got this."

He had put his hand in mine. It was not a worker's hand. There were no callouses and the nails on the long,
15 spatulate fingers were smooth and rounded.

"How did you get it?" I asked.

"Well, there were some troops that were routed and we went over to sort of reform them and we did and then we had quite a fight with the fascists and we beat
20 them. It was quite a bad fight, you know, but we beat them and then someone threw this grenade at me."

Holding his hand and hearing him tell it, I did not believe a word of it. What was left of him did not sound like the wreckage of a soldier somehow. I did not know
25 how he had been wounded, but the story did not sound right. It was the sort of way everyone would like to have been wounded. But I wanted him to think I believed

it.

"Where did you come from?" I asked.

"From Pittsburgh. I went to the University there."

"What did you do before you joined up here?"

"I was a social worker," he said. Then I knew it 5
couldn't be true and I wondered how he had really been
so frightfully wounded and I didn't care. In the war that
I had known, men often lied about the manner of their
wounding. Not at first; but later. I'd lied a little myself
in my time. Especially late in the evening. But I was 10
glad he thought I believed it, and we talked about books,
he wanted to be a writer, and I told him about what
happened north of Guadalajara and promised to bring
some things from Madrid next time we got out that way.
I hoped maybe I could get a radio. 15

"They tell me Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis are coming over, too," he said.

"Yes," I said, "And when they come I'll bring them up to see you."

"Gee, that will be great," he said. "You don't know 20
what that will mean to me."

"I'll bring them," I said.

"Will they be here pretty soon?"

"Just as soon as they come I'll bring them."

"Good boy, Ernest," he said. "You don't mind if I call 25
you Ernest, do you?"

The voice came very clear and gentle from that face

that looked like some hill that had been fought over in muddy weather and then baked in the sun.

“Hell, no,” I said. “Please. Listen, old-timer, you’re going to be fine. You’ll be a lot of good, you know. You
5 can talk on the radio.”

“Maybe,” he said. “You’ll be back?”

“Sure,” I said. “Absolutely.”

“Goodbye, Ernest,” he said.

“Goodbye,” I told him.

10 Downstairs they told me he’d lost both eyes as well as his face and was also badly wounded all through the legs and in the feet.

“He’s lost some toes, too,” the doctor said, “but he doesn’t know that.”

15 “I wonder if he’ll ever know it.”

“Oh, sure he will,” the doctor said. “He’s going to get well.” And it still isn’t you that gets hit but it is your countryman now. Your countryman from Pennsylvania, where once we fought at Gettysburg.

20 Then, walking along the road, with his left arm in an airplane splint, walking with the gamecock walk of the professional British soldier that neither ten years of militant party work nor the projecting metal wings of the splint could destroy, I met Raven’s commanding officer,
25 Jock Cunningham, who had three fresh rifle wounds through his upper left arm (I looked at them, one was septic) and another rifle bullet under his shoulder blade

that had entered his left chest, passed through, and lodged there. He told me, in military terms, the history of the attempt to rally retiring troops on his battalion's right flank, of his bombing raid down a trench which was held at one end by the fascists and at the other end by the government troops, of the taking of this trench and, with six men and a Lewis gun, cutting off a group of some eighty fascists from their own lines, and of the final desperate defense of their impossible position his six men put up until the government troops came up and, attacking, straightened out the line again. He told it clearly, completely convincingly, and with a strong Glasgow accent. He had deep, piercing eyes sheltered like an eagle's, and, hearing him talk, you could tell the sort of soldier he was. For what he had done he would have had a V.C. in the last war. In this war there are no decorations. Wounds are the only decorations and they do not award wound stripes.

"Raven was in the same show," he said. "I didn't know he'd been hit. Ay, he's a good mon. He got his after I got mine. The fascists we'd cut off were very good troops. They never fired a useless shot when we were in that bad spot. They waited in the dark there until they had us located and then opened with volley fire. That's how I got four in the same place."

We talked for a while and he told me many things. They were all important, but nothing was as important

as what Jay Raven, the social worker from Pittsburgh with no military training, had told me was true. This is a strange new kind of war where you learn just as much as you are able to believe.

The Chauffeurs of Madrid

NANA Dispatch • MAY 22, 1937

WE had a lot of different chauffeurs in Madrid. The first one was named Tomás, was four feet eleven inches high and looked like a particularly unattractive, very mature dwarf out of Velásquez put into a suit of blue dungarees. He had several front teeth missing and seethed with 5 patriotic sentiments. He also loved Scotch whisky.

We drove up from Valencia with Tomás and, as we sighted Madrid rising like a great white fortress across the plain from Alcalá de Henares, Tomás said, through missing teeth, “Long live Madrid, the Capital of my Soul!” 10

“And of my heart,” I said, having had a couple myself. It had been a long cold ride.

“Hurray!” shouted Tomás and abandoned the wheel temporarily in order to clap me on the back. We just missed a lorry full of troops and a staff car. 15

“I am a man of sentiment,” said Tomás.

“Me, too,” I said, “but hang on to that wheel.”

“Of the noblest sentiment,” said Tomás.

“No doubt of it, comrade,” I said, “but just try to watch where you are driving.” 20

“You can place all confidence in me,” said Tomás.

But the next day we were stalled on a muddy road up near Brihuega by a tank, which had lurched around a little too far on a hairpin bend, and held up six other tanks behind it. Three rebel planes sighted the tanks and
5 decided to bomb them. The bombs hit the wet hillside above us, lifting mud geysers in sudden, clustered, bumping shocks. Nothing hit us and the planes went on over their own lines. In the field glasses, standing by the car, I could see the little Fiat fighter planes that protected
10 the bombers, very shining looking, hanging up in the sun. We thought some more bombers were coming and everybody got away from there as fast as possible. But no more came.

Next morning Tomás couldn't get the car to start.
15 And every day when anything of that sort happened, from then on, no matter how well the car had run coming home at night, Tomás never could start her in the morning. The way he felt about the front became sort of pitiful, finally, along with his size, his patriotism, and
20 his general inefficiency, and we sent him back to Valencia, with a note to the press department thanking them for Tomás, a man of the noblest sentiments and the finest intentions; but could they send us something just a little braver.

25 So they sent one with a note certifying him as the bravest chauffeur in the whole department. I don't know what his name was because I never saw him. Sid Franklin

(the Brooklyn bullfighter), who bought us all our food, cooked breakfasts, typed articles, wangled petrol, wangled cars, wangled chauffeurs, and covered Madrid and all its gossip like a human dictaphone, evidently instructed this chauffeur very strongly. Sid put forty liters of petrol in 5 the car, and petrol was the correspondents' main problem, being harder to obtain than Chanel's and Molyneux's perfumes or Bols gin, took the chauffeur's name and address, and told him to hold himself ready to roll 10 whenever he was called. We were expecting an attack.

Until we called him he was free to do whatever he wanted. But he must leave word at all times where we could reach him. We did not want to use up the precious petrol riding around Madrid in the car. We all felt good now, because we had transport. 15

The chauffeur was to check in at the hotel the next night at seven-thirty to see if there were any new orders. He didn't come and we called up his rooming house. He had left that same morning for Valencia with the car and the forty liters of petrol. He is in jail in Valencia now. 20 I hope he likes it.

Then we got David. David was an Anarchist boy from a little town near Toledo. He used language that was so utterly and inconceivably foul that half the time you could not believe what your ears were hearing. Being with 25 David has changed my whole conception of profanity.

He was absolutely brave and he had only one real

defect as a chauffeur. He couldn't drive a car. He was like a horse which has only two gaits; walking and running away. David could sneak along, in second speed, and hit practically no one in the streets, due to his clearing
5 a swathe ahead of him with his vocabulary. He could also drive with the car wide open, hanging to the wheel, in a sort of fatalism that was, however, never tinged with despair.

We solved the problem by driving for David ourselves.
10 He liked this and it gave him a chance to work with his vocabulary. His vocabulary was terrific.

He liked the war and he thought shelling was beautiful. "Look at that! Olé! That's the stuff to give the unmentionable, unspeakable, absolutely unutterables," he would
15 say in delight. "Come on, let's get closer!" He was watching his first battle in the Casa del Campo and it was like a super-fireworks show to him. The spouting clouds of stone and plaster dust that pulsed up as the Government shells landed on a house the Moors held with
20 machine guns and the great, tremendous, slither automatic rifles, machine guns and rapid fire combine into at the moment of the assault moved David very deeply. "Ayee! Ayee!" he said. "That's war. That's really war!"

He liked the tearing rush of the incomers just as much
25 as the crack and the chu-chu-chu-ing air-parting rustle of sound that came from the battery which was firing over our heads on to the rebel positions.

Notes

The First Glimpses of War

- | <i>Page</i> | <i>Line</i> | |
|-------------|--|--|
| 1 | 2 | Toulouse [tu:lú:z] フランス南部 Garonne 河畔の都市で, Haute-Garonne 県の首都. |
| | 2 | business section 「商業地区」 cf. down-town section |
| 12 | trimotor bomber 「三発爆撃機」 エンジン, プロペラの三つある飛行機. 現在ではほとんどみられないが, 当時は, たとえば, ドイツのエンケル社製のものなどがあつた. | |
| 16 | dog-fight (口語)「(主として小型機の) 空中戦」 | |
| 16 | Insurgent planes スペイン市民戦争における反乱軍とはフランコ側, 政府軍は共和派を指す. 大文字で始まっているのは, そのためである. | |
| 17 | pursuit ships ships=planes | |
| 18 | job job=object, target | |
| 20 | Alicante [ælikænte] スペイン南東部, 地中海に臨む海港. | |
| 2 | 5 Tarragona [tæ̀rəgónə] スペイン東部, カタロニアの地名. 地中海に面している. | |
| | 15 we had an eagle's view of ~ cf. ~have a very good view of~ | |
| | 27 Guadalajara [gwá:da:la:há:ra:; Am. Sp. gwàdahlára] スペイン中部, マドリード北東の地名. 激戦地として有名. | |
| 3 | 9 days of ferias feria [fiəriə] (pl. feriae [—ri:])=festival days, holidays | |

A New Kind of War

- | <i>Page</i> | <i>Line</i> | |
|-------------|-------------|---|
| 4 | 4 | tacrong, capong, craang 銃声, 砲声である. |
| | 5 | opens up open up=begin firing |
| | 6 | rong, cararong, ~ P.4 L.4 参照. |

- | <i>Page</i> | <i>Line</i> | |
|-------------|-------------|---|
| 4 | 7 | trench mortar 「迫撃砲」 |
| | 11 | University City in Carabanchel [kærəbántʃel] カラバン
チェルはマドリード近くの町で、上町、下町がある。「大学
都市」または「大学町」とよばれるこの地域には、大学の各
学部、研究所、病院などが集っている。激戦地。 |
| | 21 | almost into ~ almost ran into ~ |
| 5 | 25-6 | Right on that corner <i>cf.</i> right on time (きっかり時間ど
おりに) |
| 6 | 19-20 | American Friends of Spanish Democracy 「スペイン・ア
メリカ民主主義友好協会」 |
| | 20 | Morata [mourá:tə] マドリード東南の戦線。 |
| | 21 | Raven [réivn] |
| 7 | 19 | sort of (口語) 副詞的に挿入されたもので、somewhatぐら
いの意味でよく用いられる。 |
| 8 | 9 | be some use be of some use |
| | 18 | to sort of reform いわゆる split infinitive (分離不定詞)。
P.7 L.19 参照。 |
| 9 | 4 | joined up join up は口語で「入隊する」の意。 |
| | 16 | Dos Passos [dɒs pá:sɒs] John Roderigo [rɔːderiːgou]
Dos Passos [1896—] アメリカの小説家、劇作家。代表
作に「U.S.A.」三部作などがある。スペイン市民戦争に際し
ては、積極的に共和派を支援したが、その後転向した。
Sinclair Lewis [sɪnkliə lú:is] Harry Sinclair Lewis [188
5—] アメリカのノーベル文学賞受賞(1930)作家。代表
作に <i>Main Street</i> (1929) などがある。やはり共和派を支持、
支援した。 |
| 10 | 3 | "Hell, no" 「ああ、もちろん、いいとも」くらいの意。 |
| | 20-1 | with his left arm in an airplane splint 複製の飛行機の
翼のように左腕に沿え木をして。 |
| | 25 | Jock Cunningham [dʒɒk kʌniŋəm; (Am.) hæm] |
| 11 | 7 | Lewis gun 「ルイス式軽機関銃」 Lewis machine gun, Lewis
automatic rifle ともいわれる。アメリカ人 Colonel I.S. Lewis |

Page Line

[1851—1931] が発明した。

12-3 **Glasgow accent** 「グラスゴーなまり」16 **V.C.** [vi:si:] Victoria Cross, 「ビクトリア勲章」 イギリス軍人で武勲をたてたものに与えられる最高の勲章。1856年、ビクトリア女王により制定された。19 **show** (軍・俗) battle, attack20 **mon**=man24 **valley fire** 「一斉射撃」

The Chauffeurs of Madrid

Page Line

13 2 **Tomás** [toumá:s]4 **Velásquez** [vilæskwiz; (Sp.) beláskeθ] Diego Rodriguez de Silvay [diégo rodrígeθ silbai] Velásquez (1599—1660) スペインの有名な画家。9 **Alcala de Henares** アルカラ・デ・エナーレスは、スペイン中部、マドリード東北東約20マイルにある町。11 **having had a couple** 「(自分自身)どちらも相応わしく思われたので」 a couple=my Soul and my heart13 **wheel** =steering wheel14 2 **Brihuega** [brihé:ga] ブリウエガは、スペイン中部、ガダラハーラ北東の町。9 **Fiat fighter planes** イタリアのフィアット社製の戦闘機。23 **could they send us~** asking them to send us~15 7-8 **Chanel's and Mobyneux's perfumes** ともにフランスの有名な香水。8 **Bols gin** ヨーロッパの有名なジン。23 **Toledo** [toléidou; (Sp.) tolédo] スペイン中央部、マドリード南方の都市。ローマ統治時代には首府であった。16 13 **Olé!** 「しっかり!」(Sp.) (int.)16 **Casa del Campo** カーサ・デル・カンポ (カサ・デ・カン

Page Line

- ポ) は、マドリード西南部にあり、マドリード攻防戦における激戦地として知られている。
- 16 17 **super-fireworks show** 「花火大会」
- 19 **Moors Moor** [muə/muə] アフリカ西北部モロッコ地方に住むムーア人は、バーバリ人とアラビア人の混血種で回教人種。8世紀にスペインを侵略してそこに定住したものが多く、スペイン市民戦争では、その多くがフランコ反乱軍の兵隊として働いた。
- 22 **Aye** [ai]=aye(int.)
- 25 **chu-chu-chu-ing air-parting rustle of sound** 「シューシューという風を切るような音」
- 17 1 **a 75** 「75ミリ砲弾」 seventy-five は、第1次大戦でも多く用いられたフランス、アメリカの75ミリ野砲。
- 7-8 **Plaza Mayor** プエルタ・デル・ソルに近いマドリード中心部の広場。
- 8-9 **dispatch** 「至急報, 至急便」
- 18 8 **going into** go into=論じる
Hipolito [i(:)póuli(:)tou]
- 13 **so big it came** so big as to come, so big that it came
- 14 **Salud** [salú] good-bye, good luck などの意だが、内戦時には、「敬礼!」の意味で多く用いられていたようである。
- 19 **Montana barracks** 「モンターニャ兵舎」 マドリード王宮近くにあった。
- 22-3 **Socialist Union, the U.G.T.** 「労働者総同盟—社会主義労働組合」(Unión General de Trabajadores)
- 24 **Republic** ここではスペイン共和国のこと。
- 19 3 **Franco** [fráenko; Sp. fráŋko] Francisco [franbisko] Franco (1892—1975) 反乱軍の統帥。1939年より総統。
- 10-11 **Anarchists** 大文字を用いたのは、当時スペインで影響力が強かった「労働国民連合 (CNT) —アナルコ・サンディカリスト労働組合」や「イベリア・アナキスト連合 (FAI) —アナキスト秘密結社」などの人達を指しているからであろう。

- Page Line*
- 19 13 **the way the Italians do** =as the Italians do. アメリカ口語では the way がこのように副詞節を導くことがある。
- 20 2 **I was fairly average breathless** average = averagely
15 **Hotel Gran Via** Gran Via [gran vía] はマドリードの「大通り」。日本なら、さしずめ、「銀座通り」といったところであろう。
- 21 4-5 **which had been, always, Madrid's**~ 「かつては、いつも、(5番街とブロードウェイをつきませたようににぎやかな)マドリードの街だった……」 五番街とブロードウェイはニューヨークの目抜き通り。
- 24-5 **wiped a yawn on the back**~ 「手の甲で口をかくすようにしながらあくびをした」
- 26 **“Qué va, hombre”** [ké va, ómbre] (Sp.)=Where you go, senôr?
- 22 1 **Chicote's Bar** 「チコーテの酒場」 マドリード滞在中、ヘミングウェイは足しげくここに通ったらしく、スペイン市民戦争に関する彼の短篇にはよくこの酒場がでてくる。

A Brush with Death

- Page Line*
- 23 15 **Usera** [úserə] ウセラはマドリード郊外の地名。
- 24 4 **Milords Ecosse Whisky** 「ミロード・スコッチ・ウィスキー」 Ecosse [ekose:z]
15 **no man's land** 相対持する両軍のざんごう線の間にある無人地帯, 空地。
15 **Cuenca** [kwéŋka] クエンカは, スペイン中東部にある。
24 **water snake** 「水へび」 水中, 水辺にすむへび。
- 25 5 **deep sided** 「体高のある, 幅広の」
11 **worth fighting for** 「つりをする値打のある」

The Flight of Refugees

- Page Line
- 26 1 **false** 「一時的の」 =not permanent
 7 **Reus** [rú:əs] Barcelona の西南, 地中海岸に近い小都市.
 9 **rubber** 「ゴムタイヤ」
 14 **wing over** 「上を飛ぶ」
 15 **turning his eight machine guns loose on** 「その八基の機
 関銃をぶっ放す」 turn loose=turn off
- 27 4 **Falset** [fólset] Reusの西の小都会.
- 28 11 **for** 「なぜなら, というのは・・・だから」接続詞
- 14-15 **But perhaps it was the day** =Perhaps it was (owing to)
 the day.
- 28 20 **Gandesa** [guændé:sə] Falset の西, Ebro河にちかい小都会.
 21 **Mora** [móu:rə] トルトサ北方エプロ河沿いの村
 26 **them** =the enemy

Boming of Tortosa

- 30 1 **Tortosa** [tortóusə] Ebro 河デルタ地帯にある都市.
- 1-2 **Heinkel light bombers** [háinkəl] 「ハインケル軽爆撃機」
 第二次大戦中活躍したドイツの爆撃機. Heinkel(1888-1958)
 はドイツの航空機製作者. ジェット機を最初に飛ばした (19
 39).
- 2 **Messerschmidt pursuit planes** [mésə[mit] 「メッサーシ
 ュミット追撃機」 messerschmidt (1898-) はドイツの航空機
 製作者.
- 19 **Savoia-marchetti bombers** [savóia-markéti] 第二次大戦中
 活躍したイタリアの爆撃機
- 31 7 **San Mateo and La Jana** [sæn matéo: la hía:na] San Mateo,
 Ebro 河デルタ地帯南方の小都会. La Jana は不詳.
- 8 **La Tancada** [la tænká:də] 不詳