

## Rebels Storm "Radio Madrid"

## Radio's Part In Bloody Warfare



**W**HILE London was rubbing sleepy eyes we had left by car in the chill December dawn in search of the sun. Folkestone, Boulogne, Paris, Bordeaux; monotonous ploughed fields gave way to sweet-smelling, warmer pine forests, the playground of Biarritz, the Pyrenees rolled back—Spain!

Past picturesque San Sebastian, with washing hanging from the windows overlooking its main streets, and through the twisting lanes of scores of outwardly dirty, but inwardly clean, little villages with chimneyless, mud-brick houses, squat as though crushed by a Gargantuan heel; and then across the granaries of Navarre, vast plateaux flanked by running hills, that now converged, now retreated, to the twin spires of Burgos Cathedral.

Sunny Spain welcomes us, but the wind is too cold for lingering, and apart from pitching camp at nights, we stop at intervals to chat with wizened peasants following bullock-drawn, primitive ploughs, on camineros (road-menders, who receive 1/6 a day), bearded shepherds, muleteers, burro (donkey) drivers, and black-garbed women drying snow-white clothes by streams, springs and puddles.

Thence through the Roman-fortified cities of ancient Castille and on to Old Madrid, city of love and laughter. In the palatial Madrid post office I noticed prominent red arrows. They

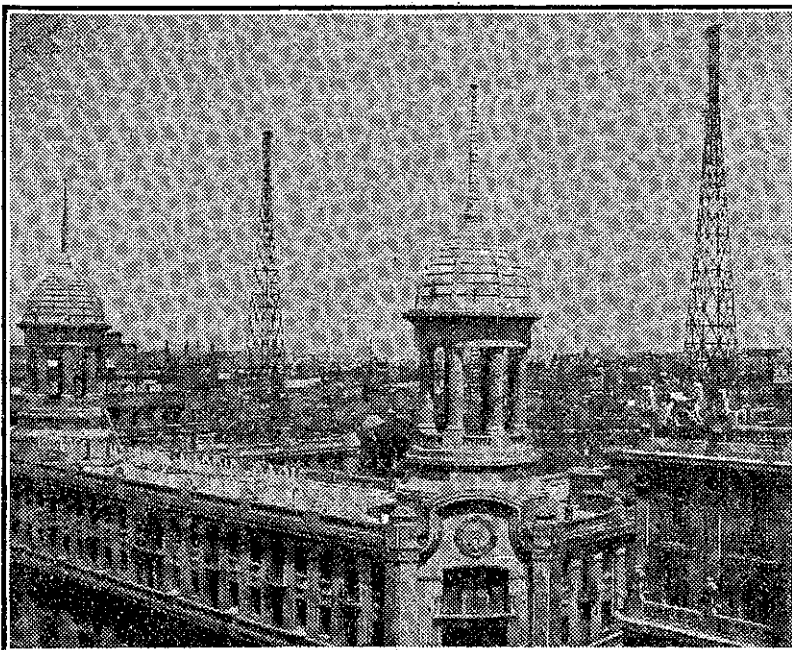
With the bloody sword of civil war—most terrible warfare of all—laying waste the fields and cities of Spain, this article, specially written for the "Radio Record" by Cecil W. Lusty, is of particular interest. Radio Madrid, the chief broadcasting station of the capital, has been of particular value to the Government during the present trouble, and several assaults have been made on the building by the rebels.

lead to a special counter reserved for issuing radio licences. Yet, paradoxical and Gilbertian as it is, out of upward of a million listeners, only 150,000 Spanish people pay the annual fee of five pesetas, or about 2/6. Such is radio in topsy-turvy Spain, where the Cadiz-Madrid fish train overtakes the "mail rapido."

**B**BROADCASTING in Spain is carried on by the well-known Union Radio chain, but a new State-controlled chain of transmitters is now in the course of construction. I learnt that the Castilian listener enjoys opera broadcasts more than anything else in the programmes. The popularity of relays of bull-fights, which the stranger invariably associates with Spain, is being threatened by football, and throughout Spain I found football to be a

chief topic of discussion. Madrid has a charming woman announcer, Senorita Lola Agullo.

And now we journey to the other great city of Spain, Barcelona, pride of the Catalans. Spain has no Broadcasting Houses, and the Barcelona studios are on the roof of a building near the Paseo de Gracia, one of those magnificent boulevards of fountains, palms and statues that have to be seen to be believed. The transmitting station is nestled among the greenery of Mount Tibidabo, (Contd. next page.)



The masts of Radio Madrid towering above the city round which many battles have been waged in the past few weeks. The rebels made determined assaults on this broadcasting station.