

549.

MADRID.

Spain's war is ended. And Madrid after more than thirty months opens her gates to the conqueror. ~~W~~ The fly above the ~~the~~ capital of this once-great European country --- the first planes that have flown over Madrid for more than two years without bombs to drop or anti-aircraft guns to fear. ~~W~~ The troops pour in --- and in the city the Fifth Column of Franco sympathisers greets the triumphant march ~~with cheers and salutes.~~

Now that the war is over Spain must bend to the task of healing her wounds; the arts of peace have been so long ~~if~~ forgotten in this land that <sup>Velazquez</sup> produced Cervantes; Don Quixote and Sancho Panza stand as usual in the midst of flags and turmoil; but they have a modern gun close handy. But we hope that the normal life of the city will spring once more into being under its new leaders; Government money must now be changed for Nationalist; and wherever your sympathies may lie, at least you may be thankful that bloodshed is finished.

Still the troops pour in and the planes roar overhead in formation. It will be many a day before Madrid may watch this spectacle without a tremor. ~~W~~ For nearly three years this unhappy land has been wracked in battle; the sufferings of its people can never be described; and soon we shall see repeated the lesson ~~th~~ that all wars teach the wise --- that victor and vanquished ~~suffer and~~ carry equal scars --- that neither side reaps any benefit from the conflict. Let the rest of the world reflect upon it and turn back to common sense before it is too late. ~~W~~