

July 13, 1986

Dear Joe Brandt:

I was notified of the untimely death of comrade Hy Wallach on Sunday morning July 3, 1986, and I was asked to say a few words, because we were close friends in Spain and all during the 48 years that followed. It took me over 2 hours to reach the Funeral Parlour and the ceremony was over when I got there, but I had been prepared to read this poem.

The Abraham Lincoln Brigade and its friends,  
Were the conscience of all America,  
And Hy Wallach was our standard bearer  
Throughout these many years.

Hy had the patience of a saint,  
And he was always there.  
We could gamble on his wisdom,  
And be assured of his love and care.

Our world cannot be the same without him,  
But there is no reason to complain,  
Because the world itself is changing,  
And our fight has not been in vain.  
Long live the fight against Fascism!

Vaughn Love