

A Bell for Adano

By John Hersey

THE STORY THUS FAR: The American troops arrived in Adano, with Major Joppolo, the Amgot officer in charge. Sergeant North was in charge of security. The Major was determined to hold the confidence of the people and to replace their bell stolen by the Nazis. Despite orders issued by General Marvin, barring carts from the city, Joppolo recalled the order, to permit food and water to enter the city. Lord Runcin, high British official on the Amgot, called upon Major Joppolo, and after receiving reports on the work done at Adano, expressed himself as well satisfied with the progress made. The Major was naturally pleased. Lord Runcin told the Major how he might get a bell.

CHAPTER XVI

I found that your barbarians had smashed my terra cotta head, it was done by the Florentine Camilliani in the sixteenth century. What value can you place on that? They tore my Venus; it was by Giorgione. What is the price of that? They smashed the glasses in which my mother drank her bridal toasts in Venice. How many lira do you think they were worth to me?"

Quattrocci began to cry, and became incoherent.

Major Joppolo was furious. He called up Captain Purvis and said: "Purvis, what's the matter with your men? Did you know they'd been behaving like a bunch of wild men in their billet? This fellow was good enough to let them use his house and some of the stuff in it, why the hell did they have to abuse it? I want you to find out who busted up the stuff down at your billet and have them in your office in fifteen minutes." And he hung up without waiting for the astonished Captain to take a deep breath.

Major Joppolo walked around to the other side of his desk and patted the sobbing Quattrocci on the shoulder. He said: "Come, Quattrocci, let's go down to your house and see exactly what they did."

So the two men walked down the street to the beautiful house. Quattrocci led the Major through the rooms on the second floor and showed him the broken things.

Major Joppolo was terribly depressed by what he saw. "There is no excuse for it," he said softly to Quattrocci, who was beyond fury.

Major Joppolo took Quattrocci up to the M.P. headquarters. Captain Purvis had Chuck, Bill and Polack there. As soon as the Major came in, the three boys stood at attention.

"At ease," Major Joppolo said, "but listen."

The three boys stood at ease. "You fellows ought to be sent home to the States," he said. "What kind of an example do you think you men are for the people here? How do you think we'll ever persuade them that we're decent people if you behave like we all live in the woods and have shaggy fur?"

Polack said: "We didn't mean no hurt, Major."

The Major said: "Your intentions don't make the slightest bit of difference. It's the result that matters."

Polack said: "We was doin' it for you, Major."

"What do you mean, doing it for me? How could you think I would want you to do anything like that?"

Polack said: "We was lookin' for a present for you, sir." Polack thought that if the Major stacked up to all the boasting Chuck Schultz had done about him the night before, he ought to be able to talk their way out of this fix.

The Major said: "Why would you want to get me a present? I've never seen you before."

Polack said: "We're just enlisted men. We seen you before."

Major Joppolo said: "I still want to know how you thought you were getting me a present, and why you were."

Polack said: "It was goin' to be a goin'-away present."

The Major said: "Who's going away?"

Polack said: "Well, Corporal Schultz here said—"

Chuck Schultz said: "You let me handle this, Polack."

Major Joppolo turned on Corporal Schultz: "Say, what is this all about anyway?"

Chuck Schultz saw that there was no way out. He said: "There wasn't no excuse for what we done, Major. We was very drunk. I think Polack here's still a little drunk."

Polack raised a threatening fist and said: "Why you . . ."

Major Joppolo said: "What's all this about a present?"

Chuck said: "Sir, we just got some kind of a drunk idea that you was about the best officer we ever seen, and we figured we wanted to give you a present. We thought maybe we could find a present for you in the house. We knew you was Italian, more or less, and we thought you'd like something Italian from the house. That's all there was to it."

Major Joppolo said, and his voice was much softer: "I'm not Italian, boys. I'm American, and sometimes I'm not as proud of it as I'd like to be."

Then the Major turned to Quattrocci, and he said in Italian: "I hardly know what to tell you. I know that no apologies and no payment can ever return what you have lost. I wish to tell you that

these men who committed the crime are sorry for what they did, now that they realize how cruel they were to you. I wish to tell you, Quattrocci, that I feel less proud of being an American than I did yesterday. These men will be punished justly and severely for what they have done. I want you to file a claim for payment for what was destroyed, and I wouldn't blame you for doubling the prices. That's all I can say, Quattrocci."

Quattrocci said: "I don't know about most Americans, but I know I can always get justice from you, Mister Major."

The Major said: "Good day, Quattrocci. From now on your house will be kept nicely, I can promise you that."

Quattrocci left. The Major turned to the three boys. He said: "I don't know whether you realize yet what you've done to this Italian. It's as if you had cut his arm off. He loved those things you busted up. Now I just told him that you three would be punished severely—as severely as you have hurt him."

The three boys stiffened up a little.

The Major said: "I'm going to make this your punishment: to have this man's unhappiness on your conscience, and from now on to keep his house as clean as if everything in it belonged to your own mother. That's all. You're dismissed."

Chuck said: "Yes sir, thank you, sir."

Polack said: "Thank you, sir."

Bill said: "Thank you, sir. We'll take care of the house."

Polack said: "Yes sir, we sure will."

As soon as they were outside,

Major Joppolo was terribly depressed by what he saw.

Chuck said: "What'd I tell you about that guy?"

Polack said: "That's the best guy I ever seen in this Army."

Bill said: "The thing that got me down was what he said about my mother. Mom was always so proud of her glass. Cut glass it was. I feel like I busted it last night."

Having weathered eighty-two winters, Cacopardo was not the least cooled in his desire to help the Americans by General Marvin's behavior.

Every two or three days he would send a note to Major Joppolo. Many were silly suggestions. Many were about things Major Joppolo had already done. But one day he sent a note which caught Major Joppolo's interest.

The thing which interested Major Joppolo in this note was the fact that old Cacopardo blamed the black market on Fascist graft. Now Major Joppolo was acutely aware of the black market. He had intended for some time to investigate it. Now he did, and what he found was disturbing.

The black market was not the fault of corrupt Fascists. It was not even the fault of the merchants who jacked their prices out of all bounds. It was the fault of the invaders. Demonstrably, it was the fault of the Americans.

There were two reasons why the Americans gave Adano its black market, and the inflation which inevitably went with it. One reason was American generosity. Apparently the Italians thought the Americans were coming to their soil armed mainly with cigarettes and candies, for every grown person asked for cigarettes and every child shouted in the streets for candies. And the Americans gave what was begged. They also gave C Rations, both cans which they had opened and had been unable to finish, and unopened cans. When they bought anything, they figured the price by their heart. And the second thing was that when they bought anything, and could not find an Italian-speaking pal to decipher for them, they just paid what they figured they would have paid in the United

States.

Here are four examples that Major Joppolo dug up, which show exactly how the black market and inflation grew up:

He traced the black market in wine to the house of Carmelina, wife of the lazy Fatta. The very first person who bought wine from Carmelina, on the very first night of the invasion, was Corporal Chuck Schultz. Carmelina's story to the Major was that the Corporal had just handed her a dollar and walked away. Schultz's story was that the Italian lady had haggled and shouted and threatened to call the police. In any case, Schultz paid a dollar. The regular price for that grade of wine before the invasion had been twenty lira, or twenty cents.

Four soldiers sauntered into a barber shop one morning, and made motions with their fingers around their skulls that indicated they wanted haircuts. None of them could speak Italian, so they based their payment on what they had last paid for haircuts in the States. Each plunked down a fifty cent piece and said: "Keep the change, Joe." The regular price for haircuts had been three lira, or three cents. Shaves had cost two lira. Here in one morning's work, the barber had made two hundred lira. He retired to a life of leisure, and refused to cut any hair for three weeks, till his money gave out.

To stop, or at least to curb, the black market, Major Joppolo did three things: he put the town out of bounds to American soldiers, who from then on could enter only on business; he had the Carabinieri stop all foodstuffs from leaving the town; and he fined anyone caught selling over-price or under-measure three thousand lira—a lifetime's savings for a poor Italian peasant.

Sergeant Trapani's having addressed the purple slip reporting the countermand order on the carts to the wrong person did not help much. As soon as the wrong person opened up the envelope and read the slip, he forwarded it to the right person.

The right person was Lieut. Col. W. W. Norris, G-One Officer of the 49th Division. The wrong person put the purple slip on his desk. Col. Norris, who was burdened down with much too much paper work, did not even read it all the way through. He just read the first part, about General Marvin's issuing the order that carts should be stopped on the outskirts of Adano.

Then he wrote in pencil on the upper left hand corner of the slip: "Usual copies for Division files. One extra copy to be sent to Colonel Middleton marked 'For General Marvin's Information.'" And then he tossed the slip in his outgoing basket.

A couple of hours later a Technical Sergeant emptied Col. Norris's outgoing basket, and in time got around to making three copies of the purple slip for the files of the 49th Division, where they would be buried, never to be seen again. One copy went under M.P.'s, one copy into the Personnel file, and the third into the Intelligence files under Occupied Territory, Disciplinary Measures. The Technical Sergeant recycled the purple slip, so that he could make a clean top copy for Colonel Middleton and the General. He wanted to get ahead. He didn't want to do anything sloppy. He was so careful in his typing that he didn't even notice what the purple slip said.

The Technical Sergeant put the four copies and the original purple slip into Col. Norris's incoming basket.

It happens that Col. Norris had an assistant, one Lieutenant Butters, who was very inquisitive. He annoyed the Colonel often by reading over his shoulder. He always wanted to know what the Battle Order was the moment it was drawn up, before it even went to regimental commanders.

The only advantage of Lieutenant Butters' curiosity was that he usually read Colonel Norris's mail more carefully than either Colonel Norris or his Technical Sergeant.

The morning after the Technical Sergeant put the purple slip and the four copies into the Colonel's incoming basket, Lieutenant Butters got up bright and early, dressed, shaved out of his helmet, and before breakfast went to Colonel Norris's desk and went through his incoming basket.

When he came to the purple slip and the four copies, he took the papers out of the pile, read until he had finished, put the pile back into the incoming basket, and then tucked the purple slip and the four copies into a portfolio on his own desk.

Later in the day, when the Colonel was out to a conference, Lieutenant Butters took out the purple slip and the four copies. He called the Technical Sergeant over to his desk.

"Did you see these?" the Lieutenant asked.

The Technical Sergeant, who was afraid he had made a mistake in typing, said merely: "Yes, sir."

"Well, that Major was right," the Lieutenant said.

The Technical Sergeant, who hadn't the faintest idea what the purple slip was about, said: "He was?"

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Farm Topics

Reduce Size of Cobs By Increasing Grain

Proper Fertilization Produces Better Corn

How corn growers can avoid "shortchanging" themselves on grain yields by reducing the amount of cobs per bushel through soil improvement practices was described by H. J. Snider of the Illinois college of agriculture.

Professor Snider cited tests at the college's experimental field near Ewing, Ill., to show that the proportion of grain to cobs is increased when corn is grown on fertilized land. Since cobs have little or no feed value and are so low in plant nutrients that they have virtually no use in manure, the advantages of soil improvement are obvious.

At the Ewing field, U. S. Hybrid No. 13 was grown on land treated with limestone, phosphorus and potash and in which nitrogen-fixing legumes had been plowed under. Snider reported the same hybrid was planted on untreated land and at harvest the results were compared. The corn grown on fertilized land contained 10.5 pounds of cobs per bushel of ear corn weighing 70 pounds. The hybrid grown on untreated land contained 14 pounds per bushel.

"This means that each 100 bushels of corn grown on unfertilized land contained 350 pounds more cobs than 100 bushels of the same hybrid grown on treated land," Snider said.

"On this basis, a farmer who does not treat, shortchanges himself by 5 bushels of grain in each 100 bushels of corn produced. Moreover, when he buys ear corn grown on this type of land, he is subject to the same shortchanging process. The extra poundage of cobs must be handled out of the field into and out of the crib and into the feeders."

Grow Sugar Beets

The above is a direct appeal from the officials appointed by the Commander-in-Chief of our country calling on the farmers of America to grow the sugar that this nation so vitally needs.

To Convert Fuel Oil From Farm Crop Waste

While there has been talk and experimentation for several years about obtaining several by-products from corn stalks and other farm waste, the United States department of agriculture now comes out with a full-fledged program for extracting liquid motor fuel from corn cobs, peanut shells, flax shives, oat hulls, cottonseed hulls and burs and sugar cane bagasse and other farm waste.

The department says that experimental laboratory investigations by their chemists indicate that from 90 to 95 gallons of liquid motor fuel can be obtained from a ton of corn cobs or cottonseed hulls and that about half of this is in the form of ethyl alcohol.

Experimentations have advanced to the semi-works stage at the D. A. northern regional research laboratory at Peoria, Ill., and results are so promising that the work is to be enlarged so that it now may be evaluated on a semi-commercial scale.

Campaign Saved Lives

Thousands of human lives have been saved as a result of the nation's campaign against cattle tuberculosis, according to figures released by the American Veterinary Medical association.

Since 1930, human deaths from non-pulmonary tuberculosis in this country have decreased 54 per cent. In 1921, condemnations of swine at packing plants because of tuberculosis averaged 17 per cent, it has now been reduced to .62 per cent.



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SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Sports Bolero for Outdoors Fun Three-Piece Play Suits for Tots



1343 12-20

Sunback-Bolero Outfit

THE season's most popular style—the sunback-bolero outfit! Have fun out of doors in this attractive princess sun dress—slip on the matching bolero for smart street wear.

Pattern No. 1343 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14, dress, requires 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material; bolero, 1 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material.

Pattern No. 1344 is designed for sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 2, dress, requires 1 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; bonnet, 1/4 yard; panties, 3/4 yard; 4 1/2 yards ruffing to trim as shown.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. 149 New Montgomery St. San Francisco, Calif.

Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired.

Pattern No. Size

Name

Address

Boil a cracked dish for about three-quarters of an hour in enough sweet milk to cover it. The crack in the dish will become almost invisible.

Place a small hand brush, bristle side up, in the soap dish. Keep the soap on top of the brush and when you need to use the brush it will already be full of soap.

Two spools nailed to the wall about two inches apart makes a good place to hang the broom (upside down).

To keep slip-covers new looking, iron them on the wrong side.

Flat stones pressed beneath a porch that rests directly upon the earth will retard wood decay.

If brown sugar becomes lumpy, place a damp cloth in the jar with the sugar and cover it tightly.

Do not allow your vacuum cleaner bag to become filled with dirt before you empty it. It should be emptied frequently so as not to interfere with the flow of air.

An old turkish towel is good for removing dust from upholstered furniture. Wet the towel, wring it dry, and spread over piece to be cleaned. Beat with a broomstick. Escaping dust clings to the towel.

That old piano stool in the attic can be painted to match the kitchen and used there as an adjustable chair. It's handy.

Stretch your meat balls by adding oatmeal to the hamburger.

If your furnace has a tendency to rust in a damp cellar choose a dozen or more cool days during the summer to burn papers in the fire box. This will help prevent replacing pipes and other metal appliances every few years. A better precaution, of course, is to remove the cause of the dampness, but this is often costly since it means extensive resealing of cellar walls.

When boiling potatoes for mashing, cut them as for french fries. Much time and fuel will be saved.

Mighty Good Eating!

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

"The Grains Are Great Foods" H.A. Kellogg

Kellogg's Corn Flakes bring you nearly all the protective food elements of the whole grain declared essential to human nutrition.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

First in Rubber

In war or peace

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Gay Sunsuit

TURN her out to play in this gay checked sunsuit daintily trimmed with white ruffling. Pattern includes a jaunty bonnet and panties—all she needs for the hot weather.

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