

# A Bell for Adano

By John Hersey

W. N. U. FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: The American troops arrived at Adano, with Major Joppolo, the Amgot officer in charge. Sergeant Borth was in charge of security. The town was determined to replace the town bell stolen by the Nazis. He arranged with the navy to permit the fishermen to return to the waters. Despite orders issued by General Marvin, barring carts from the city, Major Joppolo recalled the order to permit food and water to enter the town. Tomasino, the chief fisherman, invited the major to his home for dinner. When he arrived he found Captain Purvis and the two daughters of Tomasino. Captain Purvis got drunk and the Major took him home early.

### CHAPTER XII

"I thought at first perhaps you were from Northern Italy," the Major said politely.

Tina laughed. "Tell me some more about yourself," she said.

"There's not much to tell," he said.

"Did you go to one of those American colleges? I've seen them in the movies at Vicinamare."

"No, not exactly. I went to school until I was sixteen. Then I lied about my age, I said I was eighteen so that I could get a driver's license and take a job. I worked as a truck driver until I was twenty, then I had an accident, from lifting things which were too heavy."

"What kind of an accident, Mister Major?"

"It was a rupture. After the accident I had no job for two months. It is not very exciting to be unemployed in the United States. Finally I got a job as a clerk in a grocery store at twelve dollars a week."

"How much is that?"

"Twelve hundred lira."

"Twelve hundred lira! You must have been rich."

"No, Tina, twelve hundred lira is all right for Adano—"

"All right! I should say it is all right. Six hundred is high pay. My father used to think six hundred was a very good week—and he hasn't been out for a long time," she added sadly.

"But that's not so much in the States?"

"You mean everyone is rich in the States?"

"No, I wouldn't say so, Tina. It's just that our standard of living is higher than yours."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, that's hard to explain, too. It's just that everyone has a little more than they have here. They mostly have automobiles, in peacetime, that is. The food is a little better, everyone gets orange juice and milk and things like that. They get paid a little more. They have to pay more for what they get, though."

"In other words, it's just what I said. Everyone is rich in the Bronx."

"Well, have it your own way. Anyhow, I think fate has had a lot to do with my life, because one night a friend of mine told me that they were about to have examinations for jobs in the City Government."

"The City of the Bronx?"

"No, Tina, New York City. He told me I ought to take them. I said I hadn't had enough education, but he said I ought to go ahead and try. So I did and I came out number 177 out of 1,100. That made me feel pretty good, as if I knew something after all. They gave me a job as a clerk in the Department of Taxation and Finance."

"Did this make you rich again?"

"No, being a tax collector did not make you rich in New York. I was earning twenty dollars a week. That's two thousand lira."

"Two thousand, richer than ever."

"I did all right, too, only then they elected a man named LaGuardia, and since he was a different party from the previous man, a lot of people got thrown out, and I was one. I borrowed some money from my mother-in-law—"

"Your mother-in-law? Were you married?"

"Yes, Tina, I'll tell you about that some time. I borrowed this money and bought a grocery store in the Bronx, and it was all mine. Only then about two years later things went badly, we had hard times, and I had to sell out before it was too late. I went back to the City to see if they'd have me back, because they had sent me a couple of notices while I had the grocery store, saying they wanted me. They said: 'Why didn't you answer the notices?' I said: 'I never got them, I must have been in Florida when you sent them to me.'"

"Where is Florida?"

"It's in the south, I wasn't there at all. That was the second time I lied to get a job. Since then I've tried never to lie, the truth is much better and much safer. So they gave me a job in the Sanitation Department. Later I took my examinations for advancement to Third Class Clerk, and afterwards I got to be a Second Class Clerk. I was earning forty-two dollars a week when I went into the Army."

Major Joppolo was getting a little boastful about his non-existent riches. "That was four thousand two hundred lira a week."

Tina said: "The wife, is she pretty?"

Major Joppolo said: "Yes, she is very pretty, at least she seems so

to me. I miss her very much. She has a mole on the left side of her chin, but otherwise she is very pretty. She is of Italian parentage, so she has dark skin like yours. In some ways you remind me of her."

Tina had been looking up at the stars. But now she suddenly looked down into the dark valley of the street and said: "Let's go in and dance." And she opened up the shutter doors and went inside. Major Joppolo went in after her.

Captain Purvis had gone to work on Tomasino's wine, and he was making a decided nuisance of himself, so Major Joppolo persuaded him to go home. He and Giuseppe led the Captain home.

When he got back to his own villa, and was undressed and in bed, Major Joppolo felt miserable. It wasn't until nearly three o'clock that he realized why. Giuseppe was right. It made a man feel very unhappy to be as far from home as the Bronx. New York, is from Adano, Italy.

The next morning Captain Purvis sat with his feet up on his desk. He was in a bad humor.

Sergeant Trapani was out of the office. The Captain spoke to Corporal Chuck Schultz, who was on guard. "That Major Joppolo," he said. "I was beginning to like him, but he's a wet blanket. I was just getting a wonderful buzz on last night, and he descended on me, sober as a whitefish, and he made me go home."

Corporal Schultz said: "Was you getting buzzed on that Dago red?"

The Captain said: "Yeah, there's an old fish-hound down here. Giuseppe took me to his house because

"I have received a secret message from the Mafia," the old man said, still whispering loudly. "I have the military secrets of where are the German troops. You must send your soldiers, Mister Major."

Major Joppolo said: "I have no soldiers, I'm just the administrator of Adano."

Cacopardo said: "I got to go to the General. I am ready."

"I will send you to the General, Mister Cacopardo," he said, "but I want to warn you. The General is a very impatient man. If your dope isn't straight, he'll be very angry. I don't know what he'll do to you, but it won't be nice. Also, old man, I've got to ask you not to get me in trouble with him. I'm already in Dutch with General Marvin. Promise me that you will be careful, will you?"

"I will be careful," Cacopardo said, "but the informations is important."

Major Joppolo made out a pass for Cacopardo and sent for a jeep from the motor pool.

Cacopardo stepped back, and raised his hand in a Fascist salute. Then, as his aged memory functioned, the hand wavered over to his forehead, and the salute became military. And he said: "Cacopardo is sulphur and sulphur is Cacopardo." He turned on his heel, as militarily as he could, and marched out.

Between the Palazzo in Adano and the headquarters of the Forty-Ninth Division, in a villa beyond Vicinamare, old Cacopardo did not say a word to the jeep driver. He sat leaning forward against the wind, his goggles down over his eyes and his parasol straining over his head. The jeep's windshield was down on the hood, with the canvas cover over it, as all jeep windshields should be where there is possibility of enemy strafing attacks, and so the wind was very strong. After a while old Cacopardo decided that sun was preferable to wind, and he moved the parasol down and held it in front of him, to fend off the wind.

The villa in which the Forty-Ninth Division was dug in for the time being had belonged to a friend of Cacopardo's. Cacopardo and this friend had shared an interest in Italian furniture, and the old man knew the value of the things in this villa. The friend was dead now, but Cacopardo had a hard time remembering which of his friends had died and which were still living; he therefore thought of them all as living. It was easier that way.

Because he was entering the villa of his friend, whom he considered to be living, Cacopardo approached the gate in the spirit of a cordial visit, and he expected to be received cordially. He was in for a surprise.

Anyone who has never tried to see a general could not possibly know what Cacopardo's reception was like.

A sentry stopped him at the gate. "Good morning," said Cacopardo, as if addressing a butler at his friend's door, "is my friend Salatiello here?"

The sentry said: "Ain't nobody here of that name as I know of. What is he, an M.P.?"

"Military Police, indeed. He is prefect of Vicinamare and a collector of wooden curiosities. He is my friend. This is his house. Is he here?"

"No," Buck shouted back. "No one round here with a name like that."

"No one here that name," the sentry repeated.

Cacopardo said: "Then where is General Marvin?"

M.P.'s are trained to be mysterious with strangers. "Jeez, I can't tell you that, Bud," the sentry said.

"I have a paper to see General Marvin," Cacopardo said, pulling out his pass.

"You're right I remember, and where did I tell you to send it?"

"Yes, sir," Trapani said.

"What's this?" the Captain said, and he held out the purple slip.

Trapani took it and looked at it. "That's the report on the mule cart situation, sir," Trapani said coolly.

"You told me to make out a report, remember?"

"You're right I remember, and where did I tell you to send it?"

"What's this?" the Captain said, and he held out the purple slip.

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"Hey, Schultz," he said. "Where's Trapani?"

he's got a couple of nice quail, he gave me some red stuff."

Corporal Schultz said: "That vino's bad stuff, sir, you don't want to get mixed up with that vino no more'n you can help. Had some myself last night."

Captain Purvis said: "I'm still sore at that Major."

He leaned back in his chair, and put his feet up on his desk again. As he did so, he knocked some papers on the floor.

"I suppose I might as well clean up my desk. Got to do it sooner or later."

He reached down on the floor and picked up the stray papers. He began to sort and arrange papers in piles, and he threw some away, and he got up and put some away in his files. He read some of them aloud to Corporal Schultz, who was not in the least interested.

In due course he picked up a purple slip, and he said: "What's this?" And he read: "On July 19, orders were received from General Marvin, Forty-Ninth Division, to keep all mule carts out of the town of Adano. Guards were posted at bridge over Rosso River and at Cacopardo Sulphur Refinery. Order carried out. On July 20, guards were removed on order of Major Victor Joppolo. . . ."

Captain Purvis banged the flat of a hand down on the table.

"Hey, Schultz," he said. "Where's Trapani?"

"Said he was just stepping out for a couple of minutes, sir, said he'd be right back. Anything I can do, sir?"

"No. Wait till I get that Trapani." Trapani came in in a few minutes.

"Hey, you, come over here," Captain Purvis said as soon as he arrived.

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## Need for Legume and Grass Seed Increases

### Good Profit Seen For Seed Growers

Harvesting legume and grass seed will bring a three-fold return to farmers: additional income, assurance of feed for livestock and protection for their soil, says the U.S.D.A.

An increase of 67 per cent over last year's harvested acreage of al-sike clover seed is sought in 1945, a total of 179,000 acres. One reason for the larger acreage is the urgent call for this seed from liberated areas of Europe, in addition to increasing home requirements for hay and soil protection.

Half again as much alfalfa seed is needed as was harvested in 1944, about 100,000,000 pounds.

About 120,000,000 pounds of red clover seed are needed, some 15 per cent more than was produced last year.

Hay and pasture account for more than three-quarters of the feed consumed by dairy cows and furnish a major share of the feed for other livestock.

In addition, farmers depend on legumes and grasses to check soil erosion and maintain fertility. For example, legumes used as green manure add nitrogen to the soil and when grown in mixtures, they furnish this essential element to the grasses in the mixture. When used in crop rotations, legumes maintain and increase the acre yield of

other crops. Both grasses and legumes are valuable as permanent cover for the land, holding the soil against erosion by wind and water.

Good prices and a ready market are indicated for legume and grass seed in 1945-46, pointing to additional income for farmers from properly managed fields. The first crop of many of these plants may be cut for hay or used as pasture, and the second harvested for seed.



Gathering Cash Seed Crop.

Killing Bean Beetles

Mexican bean beetle, left, and bean leaf beetle, right, can be gotten rid of by spray or dust with cryolite every 10 days until pods begin to form, then using rotenone.

For cryolite spray use 1 ounce to 1 gallon of water. For dust, 2

pounds to 1 pound of talc. For rotenone spray, use Derris or cube root powder, 5 per cent rotenone content, 1/2 ounce to 1 gallon water. For dust, use ready prepared dust mixture containing at least 1 per cent of rotenone.

Save the Tractor and Conserve Time and Life

Time, money, injuries and deaths resulting from tractor accidents may be largely prevented by proper operation. Avoid holes or ditches that may cause tractors to overturn. Drive slowly, reduce speed on turn or when applying brakes. Never ride on draw bar. Don't permit riders. Make all adjustments while tractor is idle. Stop power take-off before dismounting. Be sure that all power line shielding is in place.

Do not operate tractor in a closed building. Refuel only when motor is cool and dead. Be sure the gear shift lever is in neutral before cranking the engine.

Effect of Pregnancy

The severe price discriminations practiced by market buyers against pregnant yearling heifers are not justified when such heifers are marketed by the end of the fifth month of gestation, according to the Illinois agricultural experiment station.

Slaughtered tests and carcass show that pregnant heifers take on a higher degree of finish and that at this stage of pregnancy neither the dressing percentage nor the market grade is lowered.

What! No Roller Skates?

"LIVING room, bedroom, baby and misc. furniture. Thermos lunch set, power mower; 4 cyl. 16 hp. out-board with 16 ft. boat. Selmer saxophone and clarinet and Saprino, 120 base accordion. 274 Sunset avenue, Englewood."—Bergen Record.

Getting Really High

A proposal to operate bars in air-liners is disturbing legislators, as well it may. We winced at the invitation "See what the boys in the back-draft will have!"



## RETURNING SOLDIER

"What a country to get back to! . . . Boy, I could make love to its mud puddles, not to mention its rock and rills! . . . The first peep at that statue of Lib. . . The first look at the homefront skyline! . . . The skyscrapers! . . . The shops, the stores, the houses, even the hotdog stands! . . . The first eye-ful of signs a guy can read, of windows with American clothes in 'em, and the names of beers, cigars and people he heard of before!

"Sure I seen 'em all before, but now they're in technicolor!"

"No kiddin', even a 'No Smoking' sign in English is something beautiful. . . The words 'Hamburger and Onions' on a lunchwagon become full of poetry. . . And every dame I see becomes Hedy Lamar!"

"See all them tenements out the car window? . . . Okay, to me they're palaces! . . . See them billboards boostin' tooth pastes, stogies, motor grease, the circus and somebody's brewery? . . . Baby, to me they become the world's ten thousand greatest masterpieces of art and literature! . . . Steve's Wayside Lunch! . . . I'll take it over the Rue de la Whozzis!"

"Yeah, there's too many guys around that still got double chins and deadpans. . . Too many foul balls that don't pay no attention to uniforms, service ribbons and decorations. . . Too many creeps that give more attention to a loose dime in a train aisle than to a DSC on a marine's chest. . . Too many punks don't even know what your division insignia means. . . Yeah, and all that, but forget 'em! . . . And get a load of all the faces and smiles and voices and wisecracks and things that spell America, and I don't mean backwards!"

"All that counts is being back where the papers carry full accounts of the ball games, where nobody wrecks houses except house-wreckers, where you can grab any door knob without thinking it could be a booby trap."

"Look at that taxi driver beating his jaws out in an argument with that laundry truck driver! . . . Boy, it's like long forgotten sweet music! . . . See that old number in baggy slack setting out lettuce and tomato plants in that two-by-four backyard! . . . Kid to me it's the Queen of Sheba in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon!"

"America! Of thee I sing, and every rattle, flivver horn and every yell of 'Sock it out, kid' makes swell accompaniment! . . . Thy woods and templed hills! . . . Yowsir, even all fouled up with beaneries, tourist camps and liver pill signs, they make the best scenery on earth!"

"The home-town garbage truck seems like Cinderella's coach and four. . . The cry 'One up, with mustard!' gives me a greater thrill than 'Lafayette, we are here!' . . . The white picket fence around my house is a greater sight than all the shrubs and statues around the gardens of Versailles. . . And I'll swap the Rhine, the Po and the Thames for the water running off my sunporch roof after a June rain."

"You can have the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Mediterranean and the English channel for the brook that runs through Mulligan's Grove. . . I'll trade all the words of Churchill, Roosevelt, Truman, Stalin and Tony Eden and all the music of London and Paris for the sound of a certain party's voice. . . You take the Four Freedoms, I'll take her one smile. . . There ain't as much meanin' in the text of the Charters of Quebec, Bretton Woods, Yalta, Cairo and San Francisco as there is in seven little words from my mom, 'I've got a homemade pie for you.'"

"Well, the train is pullin' in now. Home again! Pardon me if I hug a couple of trees and kiss a few buildings. Gangway! Hey, mom! Hey, pop! Hey, honey!"

We expect to visit the place any day now and be introduced to a Vice Commodore in Charge of Fancier Cocktail Glasses and a Chairlady of the Committee to Tie Ribbons on Moorings. Skipper, an old-fashioned cuspidor, if you please!

The Japs now threaten to launch an all-out stratosphere balloon attack on the United States. Personally we think it is a lot of "ballooney."

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## Dumas Found Innkeeper To Be an Appeaser

Alexander Dumas, while traveling through England, stopped one night at a country inn for supper. Unfamiliar with the language, he tried to explain to the innkeeper in hesitant English that he wanted some mushrooms served with his meat.

Despite the dramatist's attempt, the latter did not understand.

Finally in desperation, Dumas drew a picture of a mushroom on a slip of paper. With that the innkeeper smiled, nodded his head understandingly, and withdrew.

Several minutes later, he returned and offered Dumas a good-sized umbrella.

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