

# A Bell for Adano

By John Hersey

W.N.U. FEATURES

**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 orders, to permit food and water to enter the city. The Major placed a ceiling on all prices to stop a black market caused by the generosity of the Americans. Mayor Nasta, who had been placed in the prisoner of war cage, escaped, but was soon retaken. German prisoners, who believed him still a power, had aided his escape.

### CHAPTER XIX

On the evening of their third day, some of them went to Tomasino, and Agnello said: "Tomasino, don't you think you ought to go to the Mister Major and thank him for making it possible for us to go fishing?"

Tomasino was as happy as he could ever be, but that did not mean that he smiled, or that he would answer happily. "I have been to the Palazzo once to see him, because my wife Rosa forced me to. Never again. I hate that place."

The young man named Sconzo said: "Then don't you think we should send Agnello? We think that we owe our thanks to the Mister Major. We were talking about it while we were out today."

Tomasino was not pleased with the suggestion that Agnello should go in his place. "Is Agnello the head of the fishermen?" he said.

"No," Sconzo said, "but if you do not wish to go . . ."

"The best fishing boat in this harbor is named Tina," Tomasino said, and though he spoke gloomily, there was a kind of gaiety in his idea. "Therefore the one for whom that boat is named ought to be the one to go and thank the Mister Major."

The other fishermen thought that that was a fine idea, but Agnello said: "We would all like to be present when you give instructions to your daughter as to what she is to say to the Mister Major." He was afraid that grim old Tomasino would tell her to say something begrudging.

So all the fishermen went up to Tomasino's house and found Tina, and Tomasino said: "Tina, we have an errand for you. The fishermen of Adano want you to go to see the Mister Major for them. . . ."

Tina surprised everyone by blushing and refusing to go.

"But why not?" Agnello asked. "We thought it would be nice if a beautiful girl took our message to the Mister Major instead of a man who stinks of fish."

Tomasino did not like that remark and he said angrily: "Tomasino does not stink of fish any worse than certain other fishermen he knows."

Agnello said: "I did not have any particular fisherman in mind. Do not forget that it was suggested that I should go. I stink too."

"That is true," Tomasino said with a pucker on his face.

Tina said: "I just do not wish to go."

Tomasino turned on her: "Girl, by the same reasoning which made your mother force me to go to the Mister Major against my will, I now order you to go to him also."

Tina lowered her head and said: "Well, if you order me . . ." Agnello said afterwards that he thought by the way she said this, she really wanted to go all along.

Tomasino said: "I want you to tell him that we are glad to be able to go fishing. . . ."

"And that we are thankful to him for making it possible," Agnello said.

"And that we are very grateful for the new rigging," Merendino said.

"Also if he has had anything to do with sending so many fish into our nets, we thank him," Sconzo said.

Tomasino said: "Tell him those things but don't make a fool of yourself, daughter."

She said with more vehemence than was necessary: "Don't worry, I won't."

Tina went to see the Mister Major at eight o'clock the next morning. When Zito led her to Major Joppolo's desk, she said defiantly: "You said that if I had business with you, I should come to your office. I have come."

Major Joppolo had the discretion to wave Zito out of the room before he said: "I am sorry I said that. I have been miserable about it ever since."

Tina said: "Have you?" That much she said softly, then she added harshly: "You ought to have been. You were very rude."

The Major said: "I know I was. I'm really very sorry. I have been trying to find out the thing you wanted to know."

Tina was all softness now: "Do you mean about my Giorgio? Have you found out? Is he a prisoner?"

"I don't know yet. But I may have some word for you on all the prisoners in a few days."

"You may? Good word, Mister Major?"

"Good word, Tina."

"Oh, Mister Major, I thank you, I thank you and I kiss your hand." Major Joppolo hardly had time to think vaguely that he wouldn't mind kissing Tina's hand before she had run out.

She ran all the way home and when Tomasino asked her if she had said what the fishermen had told her, she said that she had, oh yes, she had, and she threw her arms around her father's neck and kissed him on both cheeks, and he put his arms around her and pressed her a little and said glumly: "My little Tina, I think you are crazy."

The trouble with Errante Gaetano was that he couldn't keep his mind on anything. Or to put it the other way around: whatever had his mind at the moment seized it so wholly that he couldn't think about anything else. It made no difference what his mind ought to be on; whatever it was on, it was really on.

After General Marvin ordered his good mule shot, Errante got another. This one was not as amiable as the first, and was more stubborn in its mind. But it was a mule, and it gave Errante both pleasure and work.

One afternoon Errante was driving this new mule through the town. It was late in the afternoon, the hour when most of the children of the town got out on the Via Umberto the First and shouted for caramels. American military traffic seemed to be particularly heavy at that hour each evening.

As he thought back on it later (and he had plenty of time to think it over in jail), it seemed to Errante

that all of a sudden a terrible confusion burst in on his thoughts.

Errante's slow eyes saw only a flash of uniform. The uniform hurled itself at the head of his mule, wrenching the head to one side. The mule reared and screamed.

That scream did something to Errante's mind. He saw a vision of his other, beloved mule dead beside the road. That awful thing would not happen again while Errante survived to prevent it.

He leaped from his cart. He saw the blur of a uniform running at his mule's head again. He charged at the uniform. Where a head should be at the top of the blur he struck with the heel of his hand. He hit something and heard an angry roar.

The roar, he realized in a few moments, came from Gargano the Two-Hands. It said: "Imbecile! Get out of the road, can't you see the trucks coming? Don't you know that blocking traffic is sabotage? Don't you know that you can be shot for blocking traffic?"

Errante's one-track mind played him a funny trick now. It stopped in the middle of its fury to think: "Look at Two-Hands! Trying to talk and catch my mule at the same time. He has to use his hands to catch my mule, and he has to use his hands to talk. He cannot do either."

But when Gargano gave off trying to talk and concentrated on the mule, Errante's mind went back to its business. He threw himself at Gargano again. He struck another blow with the heel of his hand that was to decorate Two-Hands with a purple spot under the left eye for several days.

Two-Hands roared again with pain and anger. But he did not try to argue now. He grabbed the mule's reins near the bit and tried to pull him to one side. The mule, however, had decided not to move until this hullabaloo was over. Two-Hands could not budge it, so he kicked the flank of the mule.

Errante decided to retaliate in kind. He kicked the flank of Two-Hands.

Gargano roared again, and beat the mule in the head.

Errante beat Gargano the Two-Hands in the head.

Errante grabbed Two-Hands by the ears, even though Two-Hands' ears were not as handy to grab as the mule's, and he pulled.

Gargano the Two-Hands would have lost this battle, for he was fighting against two beasts, but at this moment some American soldiers from the amphibious trucks came running up.

One of the soldiers pulled Gargano the Two-Hands aside. Three of the soldiers went to work on the mule, and succeeded in making it get off to one side of the street. It took four soldiers to put Errante off the street.

When these things were accomplished, the American soldiers went back to their amphibious trucks. All they wanted was to pass.

Major Joppolo enjoyed his afternoons as Joppo, partly because he liked to see the happy effect of real justice on the people of Adano, and partly because Gargano, the Chief of Carabinieri, acted out every crime as if it were a crime against himself.

Major Joppolo's trials were impressive, because he managed, by trickery, by moral pressure and by persuasion, to make the truth seem something really beautiful and necessary.

Gargano brought in the first culprit, one Monday afternoon, and as he led him in, he said: "We will take the light cases first."

"You have some serious cases, then?" Major Joppolo asked.

Gargano held up his forefinger, and said gravely: "One."

"Then maybe our ones will be high this week," the Major said. He thought he was joking, but he had become almost miserly on behalf of Adano, and each Monday afternoon he used to try to see how much he could net in fines.

"I hope so," said Gargano, vehemently. Then he said: "First case."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ters—all of them laughed with a tinkling laughter and shouted for caramels as if they really expected to be rolling them on their tongues in no time at all.

What the mind of Errante did not note was that his new mule, either following an accidental whim or fascinated, like its master, by the children, had turned at right angles to the street and had stopped walking.

Swimming War was coming up the street. Gargano the Two-Hands had a vigilant eye out for traffic on the street. The new mule of Errante stood stock-still right across the road. And Errante stared at the children, thinking only of them and not noticing that anything was wrong.

"How nice it would be to be a child!" Errante's one-track mind thought. "Look at the fat little son of the fat Craxi! Look at the thin son of stupid Erba! See how Erba's ragged child holds the hand of the rich little sulphur boy in blue! Noisy old Afronti was shouting to me the other day about democracy. He said my mind was slow. He said I would never understand. I wish he were here now. Here are the true democrats of the world. Childhood is the real democracy!"

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

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There has undoubtedly been more saluting in this war than ever before in history. And there has been a lot of argument as to how the salute with the hand originated. One story runs that it originated in England, when Sir Francis Drake invited Queen Elizabeth to come and review the ships after the defeat of the Armada.

The queen arrived in all her imperial glory, the officer in charge of the parade issued orders that "on account of the dazzling loveliness of her majesty, all seamen should shield their eyes with their right hand." This shielding of the eyes is claimed to be the original version of the naval salute.



## What are the two most important words we have learned in this war?

NOT long ago, Russian armies were lined up on the Oder, facing desperate Nazi resistance before Berlin. On the 14th of February, nearly 4,000 bombers and fighters, part British, part American, flew to that vital sector and smashed at energy strong points and concentrations. Some planes actually unloaded their bombs only 12 miles in front of the Russian spearhead!

We must add our strength to the surging movement toward unity among all men of good-will in every part of the globe. We must pledge our unswerving support to that movement, give our statesmen and legislators the support they need to make it effective. We must determine to make the necessary start, even though the first step is not as altogether perfect as we might wish.

Will you play your part in this greatest of all Combined Operations? Will you take your place in the ranks with your fellow men in the striving toward permanent peace?

First, get and keep yourself informed about the specific proposals for peace and international cooperation which are now before us. Read and listen to the discussions of them. Ask your Public Library for material on them.

Second, interest your friends in these questions. Get them discussed in any social, labor, business, religious or other groups to which you belong.

Third, say what you think—for or against—in writing, to your Congressman and Senators, to your newspaper. Declare yourself. Speak up.

Work today for peace, that your children may live tomorrow.

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BLACKBERRY pickers Aug. 15. Large clean field picking to Oct. 1. Cabins, lights, water, fuel, \$1 crate and bonus. Adults preferred. **C. H. Loeb, 1007 - 13th St. S. E., Puyallup, Wash.**

BLACKBERRY PICKERS wanted. Cabin for parties of 4 or more, whites. No school children. Phone Puyallup F2X1 or address, **Arthur Spooner, R. 1, Box 265, Orting, Wash.**

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WESTMORE Teachers' Agency, 1405 Old Nat'l Bank Bldg. Free registration. All vacancies sent by school officials. **Spokane, Washington.**

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HERE'S a 199-acre Chicken and Stock Ranch producing \$4,000 a year net. You really must see this place to appreciate the many unusual advantages. Around 4,500 chickens, 17 Cummins Diesel 100-20 tires 1 1942 Autocar lumber truck HB 6 Cummins Diesel 1200-24 Tires. This unit can be left on present contract logging lumber yard earning approximately \$1,000 per 8-hour day. 2 - 1942 GMC 453 series 2-1942 Chevrolet logging trucks and trailers. Logging trucks can also be left on present contract. **Edward Morf, Auburn, Calif., 27y12 for complete details.**

FOR SALE—Small hotel all furnished. 2 Lots, large bldg. on other lot. Good location. A home with an income. \$7,500. **Box 828, St. Ignace, Montana.**

**GAMBLERS ATTENTION**  
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