

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 Borth 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 prices to stop a black market caused by the generosity of the Americans. The fishermen sent Tina to the Major to thank him for arranging for the renewal of their fishing rights. The Major told her he would soon have good news about her sweetheart.

CHAPTER XX

The case which Gargano considered serious was the case of Errante and his mule cart.

Errante was sworn in. The Major asked for the accusation. Gargano pushed Errante to one side and stood before the Major.

"Honorable Mister Major," he began, "this is a case of interference with the American military. I consider it one of the most serious we have yet had to handle."

The Major said: "That is for me to judge, Gargano. What is the accusation?"

Then Gargano told, or rather acted out, the story of how Errante Gaetano's cart had blocked traffic on Via Umberto the First. Gargano the Two-Hands leaped and swore and shook his two fists at Errante, and he made Zito act as the mule, and he attacked Zito fiercely, and then he reeled back from sham blow after sham blow. He did not ask anyone to act out the part of Errante, but let his own dodging and staggering give the idea.

"I am poor, Mister Major," Errante began. "I have a cart. A cart is all I have."

He looked around the room and thought.

"My wife died of the malaria," he said. "My wife was a serious woman. She did not laugh for eighteen years. However, she cooked rabbit well. She died of the malaria."

After another pause he said: "It seems to me that I have heard more laughter since the disembarkation. This is especially true among the children. You see, I have been trying to think out what made me stop and listen to the children the other afternoon, when I did not notice the Swimming War."

"The what, cartman?"

"I call them Swimming War. They are American vehicles which swim."

"Amphibious trucks, yes, go ahead."

Errante Gaetano paused. This time it did not look as if he would come out of the pause. He frowned. Major Joppolo covered up this embarrassment by saying to Gargano: "We are going to have to dismiss this case, Gargano. I regret that it caused you embarrassment. But after what this man has said, could you see any justice in punishing him?"

Gargano protested: "American soldiers might have been killed by the delay."

The Major said: "I doubt it, Gargano. All he was guilty of was being too interested in the children's laughter."

Errante had recovered from his moment of emotion. He said: "There is more laughter. I think my wife would have laughed at my description of this man"—he looked at Gargano—"talking about my cart. It is too bad she died of the malaria. Now that you Americans are here, I think she would have laughed. In spite of the mistake about the mule. Yes, I think so, Mister Major."

"Oh dear," said Private First Class Everett B. Banto, clerk in A.P.O. 917, in a second floor room in one of the annexes of the Saint George Hotel in Algiers.

He was reading somebody else's V-mail letter, the envelope of which was open. Private Banto was a mail clerk. He had also been a mail clerk in Greenont, Vermont, before the war. Even in Greenont, he had been very concerned about the way America was behaving herself in the world.

"Oh dear," he said, "I don't see how we're ever going to win the war."

"What's itching your pants now?" said Sergeant Walter Frank, another clerk, who was reading somebody else's copy of Collier's.

"Listen to this," said Private Banto. "It says here: 'Why the hell do we have to give the Frogs and the Limeys and the Chinks all the stuff we make? Seems to me we've played Santa Claus long enough.' Oh dear."

"Says who," said Sergeant Frank, "what's a matter with that? It makes me vomit to see these Frenchmen driving all over the place when my folks at home can hardly even drive to the A. & P. to get their food."

Walter, that's not a very good attitude, is it? We won't make many friends in the world that way."

memoranda, not enclosed in envelopes.

"Gosh, Walter," he said, "we Americans certainly go in for a lot of paper work. Look at this stuff from the front—from the front, where they're supposed to be fighting. I don't see how we're ever going to win the war."

Sergeant Frank, who was trying to read a story, said testily: "So what's the matter with a little paper work?"

"And look at this. Gosh, but we're inefficient. Look here, this is supposed to be addressed to someone in the 49th Division which is over there, and it's from someone else in the 49th Division, right there too, and they sent it all the way back to Algiers. Isn't that terrible?"

"Oh yes, it's just terrible!" said Sergeant Frank, imitating Private Banto's voice.

"Well, what should I do about it, Walter?"

"You can jam it in the ash can for all I care," Sergeant Frank said harshly.

"Why, Walter," Private Banto said. When he had recovered from



"I think the Major's falling for the blonde."

the shock, he said: "Seriously, Walter, what should I do with it?"

"Well, if it don't look important, you can throw it in the dead letter basket, that's what we usually do."

"You couldn't do that, Walter."

"You just said yourself there's too much paper work. What's one paper more or less?"

"It might be important."

"Well, look at it. What is it about?"

"It says: 'For information. Re carts, Adano.' And then it has something about an order that General Marvin issued, and then apparently a certain Major Joppolo countermanded the order, or something."

"It's about General Marvin? Throw it away!"

"Oh no, I wouldn't dare." And Walter put the memorandum in the pouch to go back to the front.

"Now don't bother me," Sergeant Frank said. "I'm reading."

Private Banto kept on sorting. "Oh dear," he said in a few minutes, "listen to this, here's a thing about a captain that's being sent back because of behavior unbecoming to an officer. I don't see how we're ever going to win, dear me."

The idea of a party for Major Joppolo grew up in a peculiar way. It came up partly because of real affection for the Major. But it was also partly because Captain Purvis wanted to see if he couldn't make some time with one of the daughters of Tomasino.

Giuseppe the interpreter stopped in to see Captain Purvis at the M.P. command post one afternoon. Giuseppe was just keeping his butter evenly spread. "How's a thing, a Cap?" he asked. He called Purvis Cap because his tongue always tripped on Captain.

"Okay," the Captain said. "You like Adano?"

"Okay," the Captain said. "You like a little more fun?"

"Who wouldn't?"

"Why you don't go see Francesca no more?"

"There's nothing there, Giuseppe, the family's always hanging around."

"I'm a no so sure. You don't a try very hard."

"Besides, I think the Major's falling for the blonde. He's a good guy, I wouldn't want to mess him up any."

"How you mess him up? You fool around a Francesca."

"No, Giuseppe, I think the Major's serious. I don't know, he didn't say anything, I just got a hunch. If I fooled around with those girls, it would be strictly for fish. No, I don't think it's a good idea."

fun without a fall over like a that?"

"Doesn't look to me like you can have much fun with a whole bunch around, including you, Giuseppe, and having to eat that awful candy, and the old lady sitting there. No, Giuseppe, if I play house with a little dolly, I like a little privacy."

"Giuseppe's a fix."

"I doubt if you could."

"Francesca's not a scrupulous. Tina's not a scrupulous. You can have a some fun."

"How? What can you fix, Giuseppe?"

"Fix a party."

"There you go with a crowd again. No, let's have a little privacy."

"How about a Major?"

"Yeah, I suppose we got to think of him. You know, Giuseppe, he's a funny guy. Sometimes I think he's an awful wet blanket, and sometimes I can't help liking him. He was telling me the other day at lunch that the main thing he really wants around here is to have these Italian people like him. You know what I think we ought to do? I think we ought to throw a party for him. Or rather I think we ought to rig it so these Italians throw a party for him."

"Captain Purvis never thought of Giuseppe as an Italian, because he spoke English."

"Giuseppe's a fix."

"I mean a real good party, Giuseppe. With people like the Mayor and that old sulphur crackpot, and some nice girls of course."

"Giuseppe's a fix."

"And some wine. Couldn't we get some champagne for a change?"

"Giuseppe's a fix."

"If we really had a big party, then a certain Captain and a certain young lady could do a disappearing act, couldn't they?"

Giuseppe winked again.

"That's what I hate about a small party, anyone goes out, everyone else notices it. We ought to have a big party for a change."

Giuseppe said: "How many you want, a Cap?"

"Oh, I don't know, you can get some of these Italians together and decide. I'll put up whatever dough you need. We could have it down at the villa where my men stay, that Quattrochi guy's house."

"When you want a party?" Giuseppe asked.

"Well, pretty soon, how about next Friday?"

"Giuseppe's a fix."

And so it happened that in his mail, two or three days later, Major Joppolo got a card, on which was written in Italian: "A Committee of the people of Adano request the pleasure of your company at a party in honor of His Excellency the Mister Major Victor Joppolo on Friday evening, July 29th, at Villa Rossa, 71 Via Umberto the First, at 8:30 p.m."

Major Joppolo propped the card on the inkstand on his desk where he could read it, and often did: "... in honor of His Excellency."

General Marvin believed in what he called "keeping in touch." He liked to know what was going on, both in the world and in the Army.

That Monday morning, the Lieutenant read him Ernie Pyle's column and Pup Tent Poets from the Stars & Stripes, an article on Teller mines and S-mines in the Infantry Journal, a condensation of birth control in the Reader's Digest, three situation reports from A.F.H.Q., a handful of fan letters arising from an article about the General in some magazine, and a letter of commendation of the General from Secretary Stimson, referring to a battle in Tunisia. This last had arrived several days before, and without being told, Lieutenant Byrd had had the sense to read it to the General every morning.

By the time these things were finished, the General was in an excellent mood. But as always seemed to be the case, when Lieutenant Byrd started in on the memoranda from various officers, the old man gradually got angry.

Memoranda always seemed to be written about things that had gone wrong. This morning there was one about how some signal corps telephone wire had been lost on an LST, so that one unit was very badly off for communications; there was another about the need for gasoline dumps to be established closer behind a certain division so that trucks would not have to run so far for fuel; a third about the way close air support was occasionally attacking friendly troops . . . and so they went.

After some of the memoranda, the General would bellow directions to Colonel Middleton, sitting in the next room. After others he would roar: "The hell with 'em. They're no worse off than all the others. The answer is no."

Lieutenant Byrd picked up one of the memoranda and read: "To General Marvin for information etcetera etcetera, routing address, and so forth. Subject: Mule carts, town of Adano."

The General rumbled: "Dam mule carts."

Lieutenant Byrd read: "On July 19, orders were received from General Marvin, 49th Division, to keep all mule carts out of the town of Adano. Guards were posted at the bridge over Rosso River and at Capardo Sulphur Refinery. Order carried out . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



EMPEROR ONCE DEMOCRATIC

Twenty-three years ago, this writer, visiting in Japan, got considerable first-hand information about the emperor from a young Japanese Quaker, Renzo Sawada, who had been picked to accompany Hirohito, then crown prince, on a trip to see the western world.

Why Sawada, educated in a Quaker school in Tokyo, was chosen to accompany the young prince on this history-making trip, I do not know, except that the Imperial council of education wanted a commoner of Hirohito's age who spoke English and French to travel with the future emperor.

Never before had a ruler of Japan left its shores. In the past scarcely was the emperor even seen by his subjects. Some idea of his isolation can be gained from the fact that the word "mika" means "awful"; the word "do" means "place"; and the name "Mikado" means "awful-place."

In the old days, priests came to worship at the "awful place," but they never saw the emperor whose other name even today is "Tenno," meaning "son of Heaven." The emperor is synonymous with the sun and from this comes the Japanese flag, with 16 spreading rays symbolic of the rising sun and the emperor.

In those days, the Mikado was the theoretical owner of all the land and all the people and their possessions. He was their God and protector. His lance and shield came from Ama, "the ancestral region." Thus arose the cult of Shintoism which actually means "rule of the superiors" or "way of the Gods." Even the word for government in Japan, "matsurigoto" means "shrine visiting" or "religion."

Modernizing the Emperor. Thus during most of Japanese history; in fact, up until just after the arrival of Commander Perry in 1852, the Mikado was an ethereal spiritual being, not a ruler; and it came as a definite shock to many Japanese that their emperor-to-be should sail off to England and France to absorb western culture.

In fact, some of the more intense patriots actually threw themselves on the railroad tracks in front of the train carrying Hirohito to Yokohama in protest against the departure.

Naturally Hirohito may have changed a lot during the 25 years since his trip. Naturally, also my friend Sawada was prejudiced in his favor. However, the story of that voyage was one of a young man anxious to mingle with his fellowmen, astound the emperor-worshippers by wrestling on the deck with his aides, get a bloody nose, and dance democratically with the servants of the Duke of Atholl in the same "barbaric" Scotland, which, according to Shinto priests, is made from the mud and seafoam left over after creation of the "heavenly isles"—Japan.

Hirohito even managed to deliver a public speech to the lord mayor of London; and no emperor in all the history of Japan had ever delivered a public speech before. In all Japanese history, furthermore, no emperor had purchased an article of any shape, size or form. In Paris, however, Hirohito insisted on going alone and buying a necktie, and later a pearl for his mother.

Hirohito Goes Underground.

His greatest ambition, however, was to ride on the Paris subway or "metro." Before leaving Tokyo, Hirohito's staff had been strictly forbidden to let the heir to the throne ride on any subway; but despite this, the crown prince bolted most of his staff and ventured underground. He insisted on buying the tickets himself and handed them to the fat lady guarding the gate.

But he handed them to her in a bunch, instead of spreading them out fan shape, so that she could not punch them quickly. All of which brought forth a storm of abuse in metro French, heaped on the head of the future ruler of Japan.

EXCELLENT PROPERTY INVESTMENT—Extra fine farm, 640 a., fertile, in grains, alfalfa, seed peas, Old water right. House, barns, mach. sheds, orchards, Nr. railroad, schools, shopping ctr. Also a 640 A. ranch, approx. 200 a. hay, bal. pasture. Plenty of water. Ideal for cattle operations. On U. P. R. R. and Oregon Trail. Incl. tenant's hse. and lge. owner's home in city limits. For details write P. O. Box 1027, Haines, Oregon.

SPECIAL

HEALTH TO YOU!

Correct Rectal, Colon Ailments
Hemorrhoids (Piles), Fissure, Flatule, Herms (Rupture) destroy health-power to earn-ability to enjoy life. Our method of treatment without hospital operation successfully employed for 33 years. Liberal credit terms. Call for examination or send for FREE booklet.

Open Evenings, Mon., Wed., Fri., 7 to 8:30

Dr. C. J. DEAN CLINIC

Physician and Surgeon
N. E. Cor. E. Burnside and Grand Ave
Telephone EAst 3518, Portland 14, Oreg.



(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLECRAFT

Lovely Doily Is Easy to Crochet



JUST one look at this lovely doily tells any crocheter, beginner or expert, that it's one of those very easy ones. Make a luncheon set.

The easiest crochet that's a pleasure to do. There are two dollies—one 18 inches, the other 12½. Pattern 7055 has directions and stitches.

Household Hints

When threading a sewing machine needle, hold something white under the needle and it will thread more easily.

Put a few pieces of charcoal into glass in which a hyacinth bulb is planted to keep the water sweet.

Don't throw away lemon and orange skins. Bake them in a moderate oven until very crisp. When cold grate or grind them and store in a well corked bottle. A pinch in a pudding or cake makes a great improvement.

To clean fireplace bricks, cover them with paste made of powdered pumice and household ammonia. Let dry for an hour, then scrub the bricks with warm, soapy water.

Wash burners on gas stove once a week in a solution made of one gallon water, two tablespoons washing soda and soap flakes. Rinse and dry well.

To exterminate white flies on house plants, cover with a newspaper canopy and have someone blow smoke under it.

Keep cooked meat covered. Chopped and sliced cooked meats spoil more quickly than meat in the piece. Cut or chop just before using. Keep meat sandwiches and salads cold right up to time of serving.

Moderate heat should be used to preserve the life of your porcelain enameled utensils. When the contents have reached the boiling point, the flame may be lowered even more. This is a fuel saving tip also.

Wipe off the fruit you have bought with a clean, slightly damp cloth before putting it away. This will clean it and check any rot that may have gotten on it from other fruits.

To keep a hem even, in a dress or other garment, after you have sewn an inch or two, insert a piece of cardboard the width of the hem and about six inches long and slip it along as you sew.

Ball Players' Weight

In major-league baseball this year, the 554 players range in weight from 140 to 230 pounds, averaging 183 pounds; and they range in height from five feet five inches to six feet six inches, averaging exactly six feet.

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 Needlecraft Dept.
Box 3217 San Francisco 5, Calif.
Enclose 16 cents for Pattern
No. _____
Name _____
Address _____

JUST AS YOU ARE

For Parents Only
Little Jill approached her teacher as the other children were leaving for home. "Miss Blivens," she inquired diffidently, "what did I learn in school today? My daddy always wants to know."

When a man boasts of having an open mind perhaps it's because it's too porous to hold an opinion.

Tweet, Tweoo!
Naive Nellie—I think it's wonderful that our servicemen are such a happy lot.

Mother—What makes you say that?
Naive Nellie—Why, whenever you pass them they're always whistling!

Stand at Ease
The landlady stopped the new lodger on his way to the dining room. "How did you sleep last night?" she asked. "I'm afraid the bed in No. 13 is a trifle hard."

"Oh, it was all right," the lodger answered wearily. "I got up every now and again during the night and rested a bit."

Not in Reverse
Mrs. Katz—I want to know how much money my husband has drawn out this month.
Teller—Sorry, Mrs. Katz, but I can't give you that information.
Mrs. Katz—Aren't you the paying teller?
Teller—Yes, but I'm not the telling payer.

MAKE ICE CREAM
At home—Any flavor—Delicious—Smooth—No ice crystals—No cooking—No re-whipping—No scorched flavor—Easy—Inexpensive—20 recipes in each 15¢ pkg. Please send this ad for free full-size sample offer, or buy from your grocer.

LONDONDERRY
Brand Homemade Ice Cream
STABILIZER
LONDONDERRY - 835 HOWARD, SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIF.

Golden Goodness!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

"The Grains Are Great Foods"
K. Kellogg
Kellogg's Corn Flakes bring you nearly all the protective food elements of the whole grain declared essential to human nutrition.

HERE'S Today's Baking Powder...
The Baking Powder with the BALANCED Double Action
CLABBER GIRL BAKING POWDER

For years and years, a favorite, yet modern as tomorrow... describes Clabber Girl Baking Powder... balanced double action... tested and proved in both mixing bowl and oven... the natural choice for the modern baking recipe.

CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder