

Introduction

“War is part of the intercourse of the human race,” wrote the Prussian philosopher-soldier General Karl von Clausewitz, whom Hemingway considered to be among the greatest military thinkers of all time.¹ This provocative statement has history on its side. Since the dawn of civilization there has been war. In 323 B.C., after waging war for most of his adult life, Alexander the Great of Macedonia had formed an empire the likes of which the world had never seen before. The new kingdom stretched from the fertile plains of northern Greece across western Asia to the Indus River valley. When asked on his deathbed to whom he would leave his empire, Alexander replied, “To the strongest.” Soon thereafter, war broke out as the short-lived empire was divided into many smaller kingdoms.² This story speaks to the fundamental elements that often lead to war: opportunity, personal ambition, and the struggle for power attained through superior strength. Clausewitz viewed war as a rational instrument of national policy, essentially political in nature. In Hemingway’s *Men at War*, his anthology of the best war stories of all time, he divided the stories into sections taken from Clausewitz’s magnum opus *On War* that defined what Hemingway believed were the salient elements of war: danger, courage, physical exertion, suffering, uncertainty, chance, friction, resolution, firmness, and staunchness. To Clausewitz’s observations, Hemingway added, “War is fought by human beings.”

This volume brings together for the first time the most important works of Ernest Hemingway’s own writings on war. From his boyhood enlistment in World War I as a volunteer Red Cross ambulance driver to his remarkable career as a war correspondent and writer, Hemingway witnessed and recorded the major conflicts of the first half of the twentieth century. This book includes what I believe are the best short stories, passages from novels, and articles written by my grandfather. They provide a balanced representation from different periods throughout his career. There is much that will be of interest to anyone who wants to understand war and how it was waged in the first half of the twentieth century. His

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accounts, both fictional and journalistic, represent an extraordinarily rich depiction of war as it evolved into the modern era, through the development of machine warfare to the first deployment of the atomic bomb. Hemingway was a military expert, a student of war in its totality, from machine gun emplacements, tactics, and maneuvers to civilian morale and industrial organization.³ In my opinion, one of his greatest accomplishments as a writer, and one so evident in the collection of writings in *Hemingway on War*; is his portrayal of the physical and psychological impact of war and its aftermath.

When Ernest Miller Hemingway was born on July 21, 1899, the last major conflict involving the United States of America had been its own civil war, still the bloodiest war ever to be fought on North American soil. Both of Ernest's grandfathers had participated in the war on the Union side and they regaled the young boy with war tales. Like most boys, Ernest had a keen and naïve interest in war. My father, Gregory Hemingway, remembered Papa telling him that he loved to read the Bible when he was seven or eight because it was so full of battles. Ernest's own father, Clarence Hemingway, had also served as a corporal with the First Iowa Volunteer Cavalry and even carried a Confederate musket ball in one thigh. Clarence, however, never allowed the war to be discussed in his presence.⁴

In April of 1917, when the United States entered World War I through its declaration of war on Germany, Ernest Hemingway was in his senior year of high school. Like many of his classmates, he was keen to join the U.S. efforts overseas, but his father strongly opposed his enlistment. After graduation, Hemingway did not go on to college but joined the staff of the *Kansas City Star* as a cub reporter. In spite of defective vision in his left eye, he was able to sign on with the 7th Missouri Infantry, a "Home Guard" unit based in Kansas City. However, this was not enough action for the young reporter, as he wrote to his sister Marcelline, "I can't let a show like this go on without getting into it."⁵ By spring of the following year, Hemingway had enlisted for a six-month tour of duty with the American Red Cross as an ambulance driver.⁶ He set sail from New York on May 24, 1918, bound for Bordeaux and, after a brief layover in Paris, arrived in northern Italy by train on the seventh of June. He was assigned to Section Four of the American Red Cross and stationed at Schio.

Hemingway's active service for the Red Cross was brief. After little more than two weeks of relative inactivity driving Fiat ambulances at Schio, Ernest volunteered to run a mobile canteen dispensing chocolate and cigarettes to the wounded and the soldiers at the front at Fossalta di

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Piave. This involved visits to the line of battle by bicycle and by foot and it was on one such trip, on July 8, that Hemingway was severely wounded during an Austrian offensive. While handing out supplies in a forward listening post on the west bank of the Piave River, a projectile from an Austrian *Minenwerfer* exploded, hurling steel-rod fragments and metal junk in what Hemingway later described as a furnacelike blast: "Then there was a flash, as when a blast-furnace door is swung open, and a roar that started white and went red . . . I tried to breathe, but my breath would not come. The ground was torn up and in front of my head there was a splintered beam of wood. In the jolt of my head I heard somebody crying . . . I tried to but I could not move. I heard the machine guns and rifles firing across the river."⁷ Shrapnel from a trench mortar blast had inflicted more than two hundred separate wounds in his legs. Despite his serious injuries, he carried a wounded Italian soldier to safety, but only after a round of heavy machine gun fire tore into his right knee. In recognition of his courage, Hemingway was awarded the Silver Medal of Valor and the *Croce di Guerra*, and promoted to first lieutenant in the Italian army. While recovering from his wounds in the American Hospital in Milan, he met and fell in love with a tall, dark-haired, and beautiful American nurse named Agnes von Kurowsky. Their brief love affair was to be the inspiration for his novel *A Farewell to Arms*. When Hemingway returned to Oak Park, Illinois, alone in January 1919, he was heralded as a hero and the first American to be wounded at the Italian front.⁸

The following year Hemingway began to write freelance articles for *The Toronto Star*. The war and its impact on his own life weighed heavily on his mind. One of the first pieces that he wrote for *The Toronto Star* was "Popular in Peace—Slacker in War," which begins the selections of journalism in this book. This biting essay satirizes the reassimilation of Canadian draft dodgers who had fled to America during the war, men who were now trying to resume their lives in their native country.

Some months later Ernest met and fell in love with Elizabeth Hadley Richardson, of St. Louis. They were married on September 3, 1921, at the Hemingway family cottage in Upper Michigan and soon moved to Paris, where Ernest continued to work as a freelance reporter for *The Toronto Star*. The present volume includes only five dispatches from this time aside from the reports on the Greco-Turkish War, which are grouped separately. "Fascisti Party Half-Million" is Hemingway's exclusive interview with Benito Mussolini in 1922. Mussolini, "a big, brown-faced man with a high forehead, a slow smiling mouth, and large, expressive hands," sits behind his desk answering Hemingway's questions while stroking the ears of his wolfhound pup. Around this time,

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Hemingway made a trip with Hadley to the battlefield where he had been wounded in northern Italy. “A Veteran Visits the Old Front” describes the dissolution he felt in not being able to recognize a single landmark, finding only a rusty mortar shell in one of the hedge groves. “Did Poincaré Laugh in Verdun Cemetery?” is a very different kind of article. Hemingway explains a political smear campaign against the French premier, who was photographed in an apparent moment of disrespect at the cemetery for soldiers who died at one of the bloodiest battles of World War I.

During his time with *The Toronto Star*, Hemingway was assigned to cover the Lausanne Peace Conference in Switzerland, where world leaders were gathering in order to move forward after the devastation of World War I. “Mussolini, Europe’s Prize Bluffer” describes Hemingway’s second interview with the Fascist dictator, and already reveals the author’s strong antifascist sentiments. Hemingway reports how Mussolini, his face now contorted into the famous frown, pretended to read intently a French-English dictionary held upside down! In “War Medals for Sale,” one of the last pieces that Hemingway wrote for *The Toronto Star*, he returns to the theme of the veteran soldier, who is here reduced to selling his war medals in peacetime to make ends meet. Is it possible to put a price on valor during times of peace?

In September and October of 1922, Hemingway traveled to Constantinople to report on the Greco-Turkish War, which was coming to a head. Hemingway’s less-known coverage of this deep-rooted conflict between Christian and Muslim countries powerfully portrays its climactic moments, when Greece backed down and was forced to move out of Turkey. The tension surrounding the impending invasion of Constantinople is palpable in “Waiting for an Orgy.” “A Silent, Ghastly Procession” follows the thousands of Thracian refugees in their somber march along the road to Adrianople—twenty miles of carts, animals, and babies being born, all in freezing rain. The flight of the Thracian refugees would provide material for his later descriptive account of the retreat of the Italians at Caporetto in *A Farewell to Arms*. Hemingway gives an insightful portrayal of Mustafa Kemal, the conquering Turkish general who had raised support for his cause in the name of jihad, a holy war against Christianity, but became a more moderate, businesslike leader upon victory. Kemal became Atatürk, the revered father of modern Turkey.

Hemingway’s perceptive article “Afghans: Trouble for Britain” has astonishing parallels in light of the current political situation in Afghanistan, with the American bombing of al-Qaeda sites in retaliation

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for the terrorist attacks on New York and Washington of September 11, 2001. “Kemal’s One Submarine” reports on Allied naval activities in which British destroyers, on the side of the Greeks, cruised the Black Sea in pursuit of a single Turkish submarine provided by Soviet Russia. The Greco-Turkish War stemmed from long-standing disputes partially shrouded in the mists of time. As Hemingway put it, the Greeks lost their second siege of Troy. At the same time, it was fundamentally a war, like so many others, fought over land claimed by two different nations.

Hemingway had a deep appreciation for the Spanish people, having visited Spain many times when he lived in Europe. Spain was the setting of his first novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, and of *Death in the Afternoon*, his treatise on bullfighting, a sport that he followed passionately. So when General Francisco Franco led a revolt of fascists in the Spanish army against the government in July 1936 and the Spanish Civil War began, it was not long before Hemingway agreed to cover the conflict as a correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance (NANA). Over the course of the war, Hemingway filed some twenty dispatches for NANA, and wrote and narrated a documentary entitled *The Spanish Earth*. The film, directed by Joris Ivens, was produced in order to raise funds for the Loyalist cause. During this time, Hemingway wrote some of his best fiction about war, including the novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, his only full-length play, *The Fifth Column*, and several short stories.

Hemingway has been, I believe, fairly criticized for not portraying an unbiased representation of the Spanish Civil War as a war correspondent, siding as he did so strongly with the Republic against the Nationalists.⁹ However, his Spanish dispatches do include fine portrayals of modern warfare, as “A New Kind of War” and “The Chauffeurs of Madrid” attest. These dispatches were written in a new style of reporting that told the public about every facet of the war, especially, and most important, its effects on the common man, woman, and child.¹⁰ Nonetheless, it is the duty of a war correspondent to present both sides in his writing, and Hemingway failed to do this in many of his dispatches. This is most evident in the articles Hemingway did for *Ken* magazine, of which “Dying, Well or Badly” and “A Program for U.S. Realism” are included in this volume. The original “Dying, Well or Badly” was accompanied by extremely graphic images that my uncle, Patrick Hemingway, remembers well and which made an especially strong impression on his father as evidence of the horrors of war. I believe that Hemingway’s frank descriptions of the dead sustain the narrative power, especially in light of today’s graphically violent imagery. When the Spanish Loyalists lost the war with the Battle of the Ebro in 1938, it was a terrible defeat for

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Hemingway. Reflecting on the war, he later wrote, “There is no man alive today who has not cried at a war if he was at it long enough. Sometimes it is after a battle, sometimes it is when someone that you love is killed, sometimes it is from a great injustice to another, sometimes it is at the disbanding of a corps or a unit that has endured and accomplished together and now will never be together again. But all men at war cry sometimes, from Napoleon, the greatest butcher, down.”¹¹

Hemingway did not believe that being a journalist was as important as writing fiction. In fact, he believed that a writer had only so much creative “juice” and that, after a certain point early in one’s career, one should not waste one’s talent writing journalism when one could be writing fiction instead. In his own words, “A writer’s job is to tell the truth. His standard of fidelity to the truth should be so high that his invention, out of his experience, should produce a truer account than anything factual can be. For facts can be observed badly; but when a good writer is creating something, he has time and scope to make it of an absolute truth.”¹² So in early 1941, when Martha Gellhorn, his third wife, wanted Hemingway to go with her to the Orient to report on the Chinese army and its defenses against the Japanese, he was, she later wrote, her “unwilling companion.”¹³ Still, Hemingway recognized the potential importance of contemporary unrest in the East. As the two selections from *Esquire* magazine show, he closely followed world politics and had predicted another major world war as early as 1935. The Sino-Japanese War had been going on for several years, but the Japanese had now joined Germany and Italy in the Axis powers, and it seemed likely that Japan would start destroying the East, just as its partners were destroying the West, which could easily lead to war with the United States.

Ernest and Martha set out for Hong Kong via Hawaii in January 1941, and spent a month in Hong Kong, where Hemingway interviewed the Japanese as well as the Chinese. From Hong Kong, they traveled to Shaikwan, in mainland China, the headquarters of the 7th War Zone. For a month, they stayed on the front lines and Hemingway immersed himself in studying the organization of the Chinese war zone from its commanders down to its frontline troops. They did not see any action in the combat zone, but were buzzed by a squadron of Japanese fighter planes on one occasion. Later they traveled through various parts of China, seeing the country as well as inspecting the Chinese military system. In Chungking, they met with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his wife, Madame Chiang. Included in this volume is just one of the articles that Hemingway wrote for *PM* magazine shortly after returning from China in May 1941. “Russo-Japanese Pact” gives a

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sense of the tenuous but significant nature of alliances in war as well as the contempt that allies can feel for each other. Hemingway brilliantly sums up the situation with his story about a British officer who wears a monocle so that he will not see more than he can understand.

In March 1942, Hemingway agreed to edit and write an introduction for *Men at War*, to be published later that year. The book, a masterful compendium on war, is organized in true Hemingway style and remains a significant reference work. Hemingway dedicated *Men at War* to his three sons, John, Patrick, and Gregory, in the hopes that the cumulative experiences from the accounts within would enable them to understand the “truth about war as near as we can come by it.” He also noted, however, that “It will not replace experience.”¹⁴ Quotes from Hemingway’s introduction are interspersed throughout this book.

That same year, Hemingway volunteered to help with the war effort in Cuba by organizing a private spy network to gather information about Nazi sympathizers on the island. The group was code-named the Crook Factory. This venture into espionage led to one of Hemingway’s most unusual military exploits—hunting German submarines in the Caribbean. Hemingway convinced the American ambassador to Cuba that his forty-foot fishing boat, the *Pilar*, could be converted into a sub destroyer and that she could easily sink one of the German submarines that were preying on Allied ships in the Straits of Florida. The following summer, in 1943, when my father was twelve and my uncle Patrick was turning fifteen, my father remembered joining Papa on the *Pilar*, which was armed to the teeth: “Two men were stationed in the bow with sub-machine guns and two in the stern with BARs and hand grenades. Papa steered on the bow and up there with him was ‘The Bomb,’ a huge explosive device, shaped like a coffin, with handles on each end. The idea was to maneuver the *Pilar* next to a sub—how exactly was not clear—whereupon a pair of over-the-hill jai alai players with more guts than brains would heave ‘The Bomb’ into the open hatch of the conning tower. And then ‘The Bomb’ would presumably blow the submarine to kingdom come.” Papa was reluctant to take the boys along on sub patrols, but on their way down to Cayo Confites, their base island, my father recalled seeing a whale shark, the largest fish in the sea, sixty feet long, with black and white polka dots on its dorsal side. Since the giant fish was just basking on the surface, and appeared docile and harmless, they pulled up alongside it. The first mate, Gregorio Fuentes, poked it in the side with an oar to see if he could make it move. As my father remembered it, it was like poking the side of a building. “Christ,” Gregorio said, “that thing is enormous.” “Yes,” Papa replied, “almost a

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third of the size of the sub we are looking for.”¹⁵ There certainly were German submarines running throughout the Caribbean and even along the coast of North America at this time. Although Hemingway never closed on one, he did report useful intelligence on U-boat movements.¹⁶

By the fall of 1943, Hemingway, again at the instigation of his wife, Martha Gellhorn, began to think about covering the war in Europe as a correspondent. In spring of the following year, he signed on with *Collier's* magazine and flew to London. While living at the Dorchester Hotel, he met and began an amorous liaison with his future wife, my godmother, Mary Welsh, who was, at that time, a correspondent for *Time* magazine. Despite suffering a concussion from a car crash after a party given by the photographer Robert Capa, Hemingway flew on reconnaissance missions with the Royal Air Force. Over the course of ten months, he would witness the relentless German bombing of London, the D-day landing at Normandy, the liberation of Paris, and the final breaking of the Siegfried Line by the Allied infantry and their movement into Germany. The three dispatches from this time included in this volume vividly depict pivotal events in the war. “Voyage to Victory” powerfully recalls the D-day landing at Normandy on June 6, 1944. As a civilian correspondent and something of a national treasure, Hemingway was not allowed to land with the infantry at Normandy; nonetheless, he captures the extreme conditions and heroic measures undertaken by the soldiers in order to secure the beaches on that gray, windy day.

While in France, Hemingway joined up with the 22nd regiment of the First Army's 4th Infantry Division, the famous “Ivy Leaf.” There he became fast friends with the regimental commander, Colonel “Buck” Lanham. A second concussion left Hemingway recuperating in Mont-Saint-Michel, separated from the division for a couple of days. It was shortly after this that Hemingway made his way to Rambouillet, outside of Paris, and together with a group of French partisans, his so-called irregulars, he gathered intelligence about enemy defenses around the capital city. In a controversial decision, Hemingway, with written military authorization, put aside his correspondent's duties and took up arms for the cause.¹⁷ The article “How We Came to Paris” describes this period and Hemingway's emotional return to the city he loved best in all the world.

When I was a boy, the artist John Groth told me stories of meeting Hemingway during the war while Groth was gathering material for his book of war sketches, *Studio Europe*. Groth, Hemingway, Buck Lanham, and some other soldiers were all having dinner together at Lanham's command post when a German 88 shell landed near the house, spraying

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plaster and shattering glass all over the dining room. Everyone at the table made a dive for cover—except Ernest. Sitting calmly at the table, he continued eating cheese and drinking wine. Amazed, Groth asked afterwards, “How could you just sit there?” To which Ernest replied, “Groth, if you hit the deck every time you hear a pop, you’ll wind up with chronic indigestion.” This became a famous wartime anecdote.¹⁸ For Hemingway, the war climaxed at the brutal Battle of Hürtgenwald and the taking of the heavily fortified Siegfried Line. “War in the Siegfried Line,” the last article in this volume, describes the final days of that long engagement in the last months of 1944.

Hemingway was back in Cuba at the Finca Vigía, his farmhouse just outside San Francisco de Paula, when World War II finally came to an end with the dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He wrote down his thoughts on the advent of atomic warfare, which were published as the foreword to a book entitled *Treasury for the Free World*:

We have waged war in the most ferocious and ruthless way that it has ever been waged. We waged it against fierce and ruthless enemies that it was necessary to destroy. Now we have destroyed one of our enemies and forced the capitulation of the other. For the moment we are the strongest power in the world. It is very important that we do not become the most hated. . . . We need to study and understand certain basic problems of our world as they were before Hiroshima to be able to continue, intelligently, to discover how some of them have changed and how they can be settled justly now that a new weapon has become a property of part of the world. We must study them more carefully than ever now and remember that no weapon has ever settled a moral problem. It can impose a solution but it cannot guarantee it to be a just one. . . . An aggressive war is the great crime against everything good in the world. A defensive war, which must necessarily turn to aggressive at the earliest moment, is the necessary great counter-crime. But never think that war, no matter how necessary, nor how justified, is not a crime. Ask the infantry and the dead.

When Ernest Hemingway returned from World War II he was arguably the most famous writer in the world. In 1947, he was awarded the U.S. Bronze Star for his meritorious service as a war correspondent during 1944 in France and Germany. The medal citation stated that “he displayed a broad familiarity with modern military science, interpreting and evaluating the campaigns and operations of friendly and enemy forces, circulating freely under fire in combat areas in order to obtain an

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accurate picture of conditions. Through his talent of expression, Mr. Hemingway enabled readers to obtain a vivid picture of the difficulties and triumphs of the front-line soldier and his organization in combat.”¹⁹ Hemingway’s public now expected him to write a novel about World War II that would be bigger in every way than *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. However, it was not until 1950 that he completed his next novel, *Across the River and Into the Trees*, a bittersweet love story set in Venice about an American colonel in the twilight of his life. Although the book has many telling recollections of World War II, many of which are included in this volume, *Across the River and Into the Trees* was a critical failure. It took the writing of his subsequent novella, *The Old Man and the Sea*, and his receipt of the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1954 to regain his “title.”

Hemingway would not go to war again but it came to him. The revolution in Cuba in 1959 and the American Cold War diplomacy that ensued forced him to leave the island and his home of twenty-some years. Ernest, however, believed he would return to the Finca Vigía someday. Still, when one visits the house, as my wife and I did recently, there is a strong feeling of the man and his home, a good place where he could write. In many ways, Hemingway was a casualty of that last war—he retreated to Idaho, where he took up residence in a bunkerlike home, a concrete fortress perched on a hill on the outskirts of Ketchum. This is the place where he took his life only two years later after battling depression and the onset of old age, after a lifetime of physical excess, and the fear of not being able to write. To this day the house emits an aura of sadness. It is the final chapter of one extraordinary man’s extraordinary life.

The lion’s share of this book is devoted to selections of Ernest Hemingway’s fiction writings, the medium that counted most to him. Included among these are some of the best writings on the subject of war in the twentieth century. The material is presented roughly chronologically and primarily according to the different wars that Hemingway wrote about: World War I, the Spanish Civil War, and World War II. There are many more short stories and even other novels written by Hemingway that touch on the subject of war. For those interested in reading more, a bibliography of relevant works has been included at the end of this book.

The title of the first section, “May There Be Peace in Our Time,” is taken from the Book of Common Prayer, the source for the title of Hemingway’s first book of short stories, *In Our Time*, which was published in New York in 1925. The selection of writings begins with a very early and undistinguished short story, “The Mercenaries,” that was not

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published in Hemingway's lifetime and only appeared in *The New York Times Magazine* in 1985. It was written in 1919, shortly after Hemingway returned from the war, and when you compare it with the other stories in this volume, you can see how quickly Hemingway developed his talent for writing.²⁰ "On the Quai at Smyrna" was also not written from personal experience but it, nonetheless, evokes a strong sense of the Greek retreat through Smyrna at the end of the Greco-Turkish War. Hemingway added this story to the second edition of *In Our Time*, intending it to be a kind of author's introduction to the book. The horrors of the war, mothers clinging to their dead babies and the graphic description of mules being maimed and left to die in the water by the dock, present realities that contrast so markedly with the notion of peace offered in the title of the book.

"A Very Short Story" describes a soldier who falls in love with his nurse while recovering from a battle wound in Italy and is jilted afterwards. The story contains many elements of Hemingway's own love affair with Agnes von Kurowsky during World War I and makes for an interesting comparison to the novel *A Farewell to Arms*. "Soldier's Home" is the troubling story of a young veteran of World War I who has returned home safely and the difficulties that he faces reassimilating to civilian life. In "The Revolutionist," a Hungarian Communist wanders through Italy after having been tortured in and exiled from his own country for his beliefs. The young revolutionist, a lover of art and nature, believes almost religiously in his "world revolution," only to end up in a prison in Switzerland.

In Our Time interspersed the vignettes between short stories. Hemingway wrote to Edmund Wilson that the effect was meant "to give the picture of the whole between examining it in detail. Like looking with your eyes at something, say a passing coastline, and then looking at it with 15X binoculars. Or rather, maybe, looking at it and then going in and living in it—and then coming out and looking at it again."²¹ When Nick Adams, the narrator, after having been injured in the spine, turns to the Italian soldier Rinaldi and says, "You and me, we've made a separate peace," he is stating that he is psychologically, as well as physically, ready to stop fighting, and is expressing the disillusionment that can come with being wounded in war.

In some ways, the pieces from *In Our Time* could have been grouped with the later stories in the second section of this collection, as they predominantly relate to World War I and its aftermath. "In Another Country" opens with one of the most powerful sentences ever to begin a war story: "In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any

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more.” Hemingway returns to the theme of the wounded soldier and the hardships and uncertainties of rehabilitation. “Now I Lay Me” presents another aspect of surviving battle, difficulty sleeping at night with the memory of a near-death experience. It is sometimes hard to appreciate today how revolutionary the author’s now famous writing style was in those early years. In a highly critical review of *Men Without Women*, his book of short stories that included “In Another Country” and “Now I Lay Me,” as well as other notable works such as “The Killers,” Virginia Woolf compared Hemingway’s laconic writing style to “winter days when the boughs are bare against the sky.”²² Hemingway described his philosophy of writing years later in an interview with George Plimpton: “I always try to write on the principle of the iceberg. There is seven-eighths of it underwater for every part that shows. Anything you know you can eliminate and it only strengthens your iceberg. It is the part that doesn’t show. If a writer omits something because he does not know it then there is a hole in the story.”²³

“A Natural History of the Dead” is an unusual experimental story that depicts the dead on a battlefield as a naturalist objectively describes a plant or animal. This gruesome yet tongue-in-cheek portrayal is contrasted with a moving and incredibly perceptive tale of a dispute between a doctor and an artillery officer over the humane treatment in the midst of war of a badly wounded soldier on the verge of death. In “A Way You’ll Never Be,” Nick Adams is a shell-shocked soldier who has been severely wounded and is supposed to be building morale among the Italian troops by wearing his American uniform.

Along with Erich Maria Remarque’s *All Quiet on the Western Front* and the account of the British “Private 19022” (Frederic Manning), *Her Privates We*, Hemingway’s *A Farewell to Arms*, first published in 1929, is among the best novels ever written about World War I. It is the story of an American, Frederic Henry, who has volunteered as a lieutenant in the Italian army in 1918. Wounded in the line of duty while, ironically, doing nothing more than eating cheese, Henry recuperates in a hospital in Milan, where he falls in love with his English nurse, Catherine Barkley. He eventually returns to duty and participates in the retreat at Caporetto, one of the major defeats for the Italian army in northern Italy during the war. After abandoning his broken-down vehicle and realizing that he may be shot as a deserter or a suspected Austrian infiltrator because of his foreign accent, Frederic Henry meets Catherine at Lake Maggiore and flees to Switzerland with her. Just three passages from *A Farewell to Arms* are included in this volume; anyone who enjoys these should read the book in its entirety. “Self-Inflicted Wounds,” an early

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episode from the novel, tells of Frederic meeting a wandering Italian-American soldier who has ruptured an old injury in order to avoid combat. Sympathetic to his cause, Frederic advises the soldier to bump his head as well, assuring him that he will take him to the hospital when he returns this way. Upon Frederic's return, however, he finds that the soldier, with a dusty and bleeding head, is being hauled back to the front by his unit, which remains unconvinced by the soldier's false red badge of courage.

"At the Front" sets the stage for "The Retreat from Caporetto" and contains strong words about the glory of war: "I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We had heard them, sometimes standing in the rain almost out of earshot, so that only the shouted words came through, and had read them, on proclamations that were slapped up by billposters over other proclamations, now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it. There were many words that you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity." In a very careful analysis, Michael Reynolds has shown that Hemingway did considerable research to describe the conditions at the front and provides a historically accurate account of the sequence of events leading up to the retreat.²⁴ Likewise, in "The Retreat from Caporetto" Hemingway goes way beyond his correspondent's treatment of the Greek retreat of 1922 by including a range of precise topographical and meteorological details.

To give an example of Hemingway's "iceberg philosophy" masterfully executed in *A Farewell to Arms*, Frederic Henry sees a German staff car heading into the city of Udine during the retreat. This car can be identified historically as carrying General von Berrer, commander of the German Alpenkorps, who was killed by the Italian rear guard (the same rear guard that shoots Frederic's companion Aymo) in his staff car as he entered Udine on October 27, 1918. Although the general is never named in *A Farewell to Arms*, Hemingway singles him out in the short story "A Natural History of the Dead."²⁵ When you have read "The Retreat from Caporetto" you will know a part of World War I and what it was like to have been there.

The selection "Immortal Youth" from *Across the River and Into the Trees* provides an interesting contrast to the passages from *A Farewell to Arms*, looking back as it does on the war in northern Italy many years later. It is a moving recollection by the protagonist of the novel, Colonel Richard Cantwell, who reflects on being seriously wounded during World War I

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and his first true understanding as a young man that he could and would eventually die. As Hemingway wrote in *A Farewell to Arms*: “If people bring so much courage to this world the world has to kill them to break them, so of course it kills them. The world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too but there will be no special hurry.”

Hemingway wrote some of his best war stories during the years of the Spanish Civil War. When “The Butterfly and the Tank” was first published in *Esquire* magazine in 1938, John Steinbeck called it “one of the very few finest stories of all time.”²⁶ Based on an actual incident at Chicote’s Bar, Madrid, in the fall of 1937, it is the story of a tragic misunderstanding that leads to the senseless killing of a man. His only crime is to try to bring some levity to the oppressive atmosphere that pervades everyone’s lives in the midst of prolonged war. In “Night Before Battle,” a tank commander, who knows his orders for battle the coming morning and that the odds of victory are slim, has a feeling that he is going to die “tomorrow.” The play *The Fifth Column* presents an entirely different aspect of war: espionage, the systematic use of spies by a government to discover military and political secrets. The title takes its name from the fascist sympathizers in Madrid who were prepared to betray the city, under attack by four columns of the insurgents’ army. These spies within the city were considered an invisible fifth column of the army working from within. The protagonist of the play, Philip Rawlings, is an undercover agent working against this fifth column.

By all accounts, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is Hemingway’s masterpiece of the Spanish Civil War. Hemingway achieves a synoptic view of the war and its protagonists in this novel about Robert Jordan, a young American in the International Brigades attached to an antifascist guerrilla unit in the mountains. It is a story of loyalty and courage, love and defeat, and the tragic death of an ideal. Four passages from *For Whom the Bell Tolls* are included in this collection. “Flying Death Machines” is a brief but poignant account of the fascists’ Heinkel fighter planes, “wide-finned in silver, roaring, the light mist of their propellers in the sun,” which brought strategic warfare into the third dimension. Indeed, the innovative use of the fighter plane by the Germans in Spain as close support for infantry operations was devastatingly effective and served as a proving ground for their World War II tactics.²⁷ Hemingway wrote to his Russian colleague Ivan Kashkin, “In stories about the war I try to show all the different sides of it, taking it slowly and honestly and examining

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it from many ways. So never think one story represents my viewpoint because it is much too complicated for that.”²⁸ “Small Town Revolution” is a piercing and frank account of the Loyalist takeover of a small provincial town in Spain. It reveals in incredible detail the brutalities of war and the horrific executions of Nationalist sympathizers by Loyalists.

For Whom the Bell Tolls is so accurate in its details that it might even be used as a textbook on guerrilla warfare. I was in Cuba recently, attending a ceremony to inaugurate a joint American-Cuban project to preserve the remaining papers of Ernest Hemingway at the Finca, and had the rare and fortunate opportunity to spend the day with President Fidel Castro. Castro told me that he had read *For Whom the Bell Tolls* several times and had committed parts of it to memory. Having had no formal military training, Castro considered it a kind of manual and had learned from it guerrilla tactics that he put to use during the Cuban revolution of 1959. “Guerrilla Warfare,” which describes the placement and making of a machine gun blind in the mountains, is one of the passages that Castro specifically recalled as having been instructional for him. “El Sordo’s Last Stand,” which Hemingway dubbed “The Fight on the Hilltop” when he included it in *Men at War*; is equally riveting and, as a counterpart to “Small Town Revolution,” displays the brutality of the fascists who cut off the heads of Sordo and his band as trophies after their battle.

The last section of fiction in this collection features works relating to World War II, specifically the Allied invasion of 1944. “Black Ass at the Cross Roads,” a short story published posthumously, was written sometime between the end of World War II and 1961. The phrase “black ass” is one that Hemingway used for depression, a clinical disease that he himself suffered from at the end of his life. The story is a dark reflection on combat duty by a depressed American soldier who fatally wounds a young German soldier and watches him die.

Across the River and Into the Trees is Hemingway’s last major war novel. I believe its critical failure is due in large part to his extremely realistic portrayal of two people in love and the monotonous dialogue that lovers often slip into, filled with the same frequent terms of endearment. Nonetheless, the novel contains remarkable passages on warfare that were written when Hemingway was at the pinnacle of his military expertise. The protagonist, Colonel Cantwell, is partially based on Ernest’s old friend and career soldier “Chink” Dorman-Smith, and on Hemingway himself. Cantwell is a cantankerous but distinguished old colonel with a keen mind who likes his martinis dry. He calls them “Montgomerys” because the proportion of gin to vermouth should be fifteen or twenty to one, like the odds, he says, that the British General

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Montgomery required to go to battle. “The Taking of Paris” and “The Valhalla Express” offer glimpses of World War II through the eyes of Colonel Cantwell. “Pistol-Slappers” are military officers who enjoy the power of command, but never engage in battle themselves. The image of an officer who does not use his pistol but gets sexual pleasure from feeling it against his thigh is a sharp contrast to the scene during the retreat from Caporetto in *A Farewell to Arms* when Frederic Henry draws and shoots his pistol at two sergeants who desert their posts, killing one of them. A comparison between the necessity of following orders in the army and the need to obey the female in a relationship is played out in “The Chain of Command.” In “The Ivy Leaf,” the nickname of the U.S. Army’s 4th Infantry Division, to which Cantwell (and Hemingway) belonged, Hemingway portrays the deep camaraderie among soldiers, while in “The Dead” he offers a final reflection on the commonplace of death in wars and the difficulty of living with the memory of horrors impossible to communicate to others.

The culminating passage of fiction in this collection is taken from Hemingway’s posthumous novel *Islands in the Stream*, which follows the fortunes of Thomas Hudson from his experiences as a painter on Bimini through his antisubmarine activities off the coast of Cuba during World War II. “Losing Your Son to War” describes one of the most painful experiences a parent can have. Hemingway’s first son, my uncle Jack, parachuted into Nazi-occupied France as part of the Allied invasion of 1944 and was lost behind enemy lines. Ernest had plenty of time to contemplate Jack’s death before it was reported that his son was, in fact, still alive and being held in a prisoner-of-war camp. *Islands in the Stream* presents a much darker, more difficult outcome faced by families across the globe in times of war.

As I write this Introduction, American troops are fighting in Iraq and war again haunts us. It seems impossible that the destruction and devastation of lives could be forgotten: the awful contrasts between peace and war in Hemingway’s first book, *In Our Time*, are as relevant today as they were shockingly modern in 1925. Yet as Hemingway once correctly observed, even soldiers “as they get further and further away from a war they have taken part in have the tendency to make it more as they wish it had been rather than how it really was.”²⁹

Seán Hemingway
Brooklyn, New York
April 2003

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Notes

1. Hemingway used this quote as the title of the first chapter division of his war anthology, *Men at War*.
2. Arrian, *Anabasis of Alexander* 7.26.3.
3. Ralph Ingersoll, "Hemingway Interviewed by Ralph Ingersoll," *PM*, June 9, 1941, reprinted in *By-Line: Ernest Hemingway* (New York: Scribner, 1967), p. 304.
4. Carlos Baker, *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* (New York: Scribner, 1969), p. 98.
5. Carlos Baker, *supra*, p. 36, n. 4. Copyright © 1969. Printed with permission of the Ernest Hemingway Foundation.
6. James Nagel, "Hemingway and the Italian Legacy," in Henry S. Villard and James Nagel, *Hemingway in Love and War: The Lost Diary of Agnes von Kurowsky* (Boston: Northeastern University Press, 1989), p. 202.
7. Carlos Baker, *supra*, pp. 44–45, n. 4.
8. "Has 227 Wounds, but Is Looking for a Job," *New York Sun*, January 22, 1919, p. 8. It has been shown that, in fact, at least one other American working for the Red Cross was killed at the Italian front before Hemingway was wounded. See Villard and Nagel, *supra*, pp. 22–23, n. 6.
9. See, for example, Philip Knightly, *The First Casualty: From the Crimea to Vietnam: The War Correspondent as Hero, Propagandist, and Myth Maker* (New York and London: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975), pp. 212–14.
10. Richard Holmes, ed., *The Oxford Companion to Military History* (Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 2001), p. 973.
11. Ernest Hemingway, preface to Gustav Regler, *The Great Crusade* (New York and Toronto: Longmans, Green, 1940).
12. Ernest Hemingway, ed., *Men at War* (first published 1942; Bramhall House edition, New York, 1979), p. xiv.
13. Martha Gellhorn, *Travels with Myself and Another* (first published 1978 by Eland; Putnam, 2001), p. 10. Chapter two, "Mr. Ma's Tigers," is an account of their trip to Hong Kong and China.
14. Ernest Hemingway, *supra*, p. xxiii, n. 12.
15. Gregory H. Hemingway, *Papa: A Personal Memoir* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1976), pp. 70–74.
16. Leicester Hemingway describes one near encounter in his book, *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway* (Cleveland: World Publishing Co., 1962), pp. 208–10. The day log of the *Pilar* for 1942, given to the National Archives by Mary Hemingway, and accessible at the Hemingway Room of the Kennedy Library in Boston, also makes clear that contact was not common, but Hemingway keeps detailed records of the territory that he covered and occasionally makes reference to military sightings. See also Jeffrey Meyers, *Hemingway: A Biography* (New York: Da Capo Press, 1999), chapter 18, especially p. 388.
17. A note authorizing Hemingway to requisition small arms and grenades is preserved in the Hemingway Collection at the Kennedy Library in Boston. An official U.S. Army investigation two months later cleared Hemingway of charges of carrying arms that had been made against him. For a transcript of the inquiry, see Robert W. Trogdon, *Ernest Hemingway: A Literary Reference* (New York: Carroll and Graf, 1999), pp. 256–61.
18. This story was widely publicized at the time, as WWII veterans have told me, and

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- has appeared in many places. See, for example, Carlos Baker, *supra*, p. 427, n. 4; A. E. Hotchner, *Hemingway and His World: An Illustrated Biography* (New York: Viking, 1989), p. 9.
19. Carlos Baker, *supra*, pp. 461–62, n. 4.
 20. Peter Griffin, *Along with Youth: Hemingway, the Early Years* (Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1985), p. 104.
 21. Ernest Hemingway to Edmund Wilson, Paris, October 18, 1924. Carlos Baker, ed., *Ernest Hemingway, Selected Letters, 1917–1961* (New York: Scribner, 1981), p. 128.
 22. Virginia Woolf, “An Essay in Criticism,” *New York Herald Tribune Books*, October 9, 1927, pp. 1, 8.
 23. “The Art of Fiction XXI: Ernest Hemingway,” *Paris Review* 18 (1950), p. 84.
 24. Michael Reynolds, *Hemingway’s First War: The Making of A Farewell to Arms* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1976), especially pp. 87–104.
 25. Michael Reynolds, *supra*, pp. 121–23, n. 24. Hemingway spells the general’s name Behr.
 26. Carlos Baker, *supra*, p. 337, n. 4.
 27. Major General J. F. C. Fuller, *Machine Warfare* (Washington, D.C.: Infantry Journal, 1943), p. 41.
 28. Ernest Hemingway to Ivan Kashkin, Key West, March 23, 1939. Carlos Baker, *supra*, p. 480, n. 21. Copyright © 1981. Printed with permission of the Ernest Hemingway Foundation.
 29. Ernest Hemingway, *supra*, pp. xiv–xv, n. 12.

WORKS OF
FICTION

I

May There Be Peace in Our Time

“You and me, we’ve made a separate peace.”

—From *In Our Time*

“I have seen much war in my lifetime and I hate it profoundly.”

—From *Men at War*

The Mercenaries

If you are honestly curious about pearl fishing conditions in the Marquesas, the possibility of employment on the projected Trans Gobi Desert Railway, or the potentialities of any of the hot tamale republics, go to the Cafe Cambrinus on Wabash Avenue, Chicago. There at the rear of the dining room where the neo-bohemians struggle nightly with their spaghetti and ravioli is a small smoke-filled room that is a clearinghouse for the camp followers of fortune. When you enter the room, and you will have no more chance than the zoological entrant in the famous camel-needle's eye gymkana of entering the room unless you are approved by Cambrinus, there will be a sudden silence. Then a varying number of eyes will look you over with that detached intensity that comes of a periodic contemplation of death. This inspection is not mere boorishness. If you're recognized favourably, all right; if you are unknown, all right; Cambrinus has passed on you. After a time the talk picks up again. But one time the door was pushed open, men looked up, glances of recognition shot across the room, a man half rose from one of the card tables, his hand behind him, two men ducked to the floor, there was a roar from the doorway, and what had had its genesis in the Malay Archipelago terminated in the back room of the Cambrinus. But that's not this.

I came out of the wind scoured nakedness of Wabash Avenue in January into the cosy bar of the Cambrinus and, armed with a smile from Cambrinus himself, passed through the dining room where the waiters were clearing away the debris of the table d'hotes and sweeping out into the little back room. The two men I had seen in the café before were seated at one of the three tables with half empty bottles of an unlabeled beverage known to the initiates as "Kentucky Brew" before them. They nodded and I joined them.

"Smoke?" asked the taller of the two, a gaunt man with a face the color of half-tanned leather, shoving a package of cheap cigarettes across the table.

"It is possible the gentleman would prefer one of these," smiled the other with a flash of white teeth under a carefully pointed mustache, and

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pushed a monogrammed cigarette box across to me with a small, well-manicured hand.

“Shouldn’t wonder,” grunted the big man, his adam’s apple rising and falling above his flannel shirt collar. “Can’t taste em myself.” He took one of his own cigarettes and rolled the end between thumb and forefinger until a tiny mound of tobacco piled up on the table before him, then carefully picked up the stringy wad and tucked it under his tongue, lighting the half-cigarette that remained.

“It is droll, that manner of smoking a cigarette, is it not?” smiled the dark little man as he held a match for me. I noted a crossed-cannon monogram on his box as I handed it back to him.

“Artigliere français?” I questioned.

“Mais oui, Monsieur; le soixante-quinze!” he smiled again, his whole face lighting up.

“Say,” broke in the gaunt man, eyeing me thoughtfully; “Artill’ry ain’t your trade, is it?”

“No, takes too much brains,” I said.

“That’s too darn bad. It don’t,” the leather-faced man replied to my answer and observation.

“Why?” said I.

“There’s a good job now.” He rolled the tobacco under his tongue and drew a deep inhalation on his cigarette butt. “For gunners. Peru verustus and against Chile. Two hundred dollars a month—”

“In gold,” smiled the Frenchman, twisting his mustache.

“In gold,” continued the leather-face. “We got the dope from Cambrinus. Artillery officers they want. We saw the consul. He’s fat and important and oily. ‘War with Chile? Reedicolous!’ he says. I talked spiggotty to him for awhile and we come to terms. Napoleon here—”

The Frenchman bowed, “Lieutenant Denis Ricaud.”

“Napoleon here—,” continued leather-face unmoved, “and me are officers in the Royal Republican Peruvian Army with tickets to New York.” He tapped his coat pocket. “There we see the Peruvian consul and present papers,” he tapped his pocket again, “and are shipped to Peru via way of the Isthmus. Let’s have a drink.”

He pushed the button under the table and Antonio the squat Sardinian waiter poked his head in the door.

“If you haven’t had one, perhaps you’d try a cognac-benedictine?” asked the leather-faced man. I nodded, thinking. “Tre martell-benedictine, Nino. It’s all right with Cambrinus.”

Antonino nodded and vanished. Ricaud flashed his smile at me, “And you will hear people denounce the absinthe as an evil beverage!”

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I was puzzling over the drink leather-face had ordered, for there is only one place in the world where people drink that smooth, insidious, brain-rotting mixture. And I was still puzzling when Antonino returned with the drinks, not in liqueur glasses, but in big full cock-tail containers.

"These are mine altogether in toto," said the leather-face, pulling out a roll of bills. "Me and Napoleon are now being emolumated at the rate of two hundred dollars per month—"

"Gold!" smiled Ricaud.

"Gold!" calmly finished leather-face. "Say, my name is Graves, Perry Graves." He looked across the table at me.

"Mine's Rinaldi, Rinaldi Renaldo," I said.

"Wop?" asked Graves, lifting his eyebrows and his adam's apple simultaneously.

"Grandfather was Italian," I replied.

"Wop, eh," said Graves unhearingly, then lifted his glass. "Napoleon, and you, Signor Resolvo, I'd like to propose a toast. You say 'A bas Chile!' Napoleon. You say 'Delenda Chile!' Risotto. I drink 'To Hell with Chile!'" We all sipped our glasses.

"Down with Chile," said Graves meditatively, then in an argumentative tone, "They're not a bad lot, those Chillies!"

"Ever been there?" I asked.

"Nope," said Graves, "a rotten bad lot those dirty Chillies."

"Captain Graves is a propagandiste to himself," smiled Ricaud, and lit a cigarette.

"We'll rally round the doughnut. The Peruvian doughnut," mused Graves, disembowelling another cigarette. "Follow the doughnut, my boys, my brave boys. Vive la doughnut. Up with the Peruvian doughnut and down with the chile concarne. A dirty rotten lot those Chillies!"

"What is the doughnut, mon cher Graves?" asked Ricaud, puzzled.

"Make the world safe for the doughnut, the grand old Peruvian doughnut. Don't give up the doughnut. Remember the doughnut. Peru expects every doughnut to do his duty," Graves was chanting in a monotone. "Wrap me in the doughnut, my brave boys. No, it doesn't sound right. It ain't got something a slogum ought to have. But those Chillies are a rotten lot!"

"The Capitain is très patriotic, n'est-ce pas? The doughnut is the national symbol of Peru, I take it?" asked Ricaud.

"Never been there. But we'll show those dirty Chillies they can't trample on the grand old Peruvian doughnut though, Napoleon!" said Graves, fiercely banging his fist on the table.

"Really, we should know more of the country at whose disposal we

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have placed our swords,” murmured Ricaud, apologetically. “What I wonder is the flag of Peru?”

“Can’t use the sword myself,” said Graves dourly, raising his glass. “That reminds me of something. Say, you ever been to Italy?”

“Three years,” I replied.

“During the war?” Graves shot a look at me.

“Durante la guerra,” I said.

“Good boy! Ever hear of Il Lupo?”

Who in Italy has not heard of Il Lupo, the Wolf? The Italian ace of aces and second only to the dead Baracca. Any school boy can tell the number of his victories and the story of his combat with Baron Von Hauser, the great Austrian pilot. How he brought Von Hauser back alive to the Italian lines, his gun jammed, his observer dead in the cockpit.

“Is he a brave man?” asked Graves, his face tightening up.

“Of course!” I said.

“Certainment!” said Ricaud, who knew the story as well as I did.

“He is not,” said Graves, quietly the leather mask of his face crinkled into a smile. “I’ll leave it to you Napoleon, and to you, Signor Riposso, if he is a brave man. The war is over—”

“I seem to have heard as much somewheres,” murmured Ricaud.

“The war is over,” calmly proceeded Graves. “Before it, I was a top kicker of field artillery. At the end I was a captain of field artillery, acting pro tempore for the time being. After awhile, they demoted us all to our pre-war rank and I took a discharge. It’s a long tumble from captain to sergeant. You see, I was an officer, but not a gentleman. I could command a battery, but I’ve got a rotten taste in cigarettes. But I wasn’t no worse off than lots of other old non-coms. Some were majors even and lieutenant colonels. Now they’re all non-coms again or out. Napoleon here is a gentleman. You can tell it to look at him. But I ain’t. That ain’t the point of this, and I ain’t kicking if that’s the way they want to run their army.” He raised his glass.

“Down with the Chillies!”

“After the Armistice I rated some leave and got an order of movement good for Italy, and went down through Genoa and Pisa and hit Rome, and a fella said it was good weather in Sicily. That’s where I learned to drink this.” He noted his glass was empty and pushed the button under the table. “Too much of this ain’t good for a man.”

I nodded.

“You go across from a place called Villa San Giovanni on a ferry to Messina, where you can get a train. One way it goes to Palermo. The other way to Catania. It was just which and together with me which way

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to go. There was quite a crowd of us standing there where the two trains were waiting, and a woman came up to me and smiled and said, 'You are the American captain, Forbes, going to Taormina?'

"I wasn't, of course, and a gentleman like Napoleon here would have said how sorry he was but that he was not Captain Forbes, but I don't know. I saluted and when I looked at her I admitted that I was that captain enroute on the way to nowhere by Taormina, wherever it should be. She was so pleased, but said that she had not expected me for three or four days, and how was dear Dyonisia?"

"I'd been out at the Corso Cavalli in Rome and had won money on a dog named Dyonisia that came from behind in the stretch and won the prettiest race you ever saw, so I said without lying any that Dyonisia was never better in her life. And Bianca, how was she, dear girl? Bianca, so far as I knew, was enjoying the best of health. So all this time we were getting into a first class compartment and the Signora, whose name I hadn't caught, was exclaiming what a funny and lucky thing it was that we had met up. She had known me instantly from Dyonisia's description. And wasn't it fine that the war was over and we could all get a little pleasure again, and what a fine part we Americans had played. That was while some of the Europeans still admitted that the United States had been in the war.

"It's all lemon orchards and orange groves along the right-hand side of the railway, and so pretty that it hurts to look at it. Hills terraced and yellow fruit shining through the green leaves and darker green of olive trees on the hills, and streams on the hills, and streams with wide dry pebbly beds cutting down to the sea and old stone houses, and everything all color. And over on the left-hand side you've got the sea, lots bluer than the Bay of Naples, and the coast of Calabria over across is purple like no other place there is. Well, the Signora was just as good to look at as the scenery. Only she was different. Blue-black hair and a face colored like old ivory and eyes like inkwells and full red lips and one of those smiles, you know what they're like, Signor Riscossa."

"But what has this most pleasant adventure to do with the valor of the Wolf, Captain?" asked Ricaud, who had his own ideas about the points of women.

"A whole lot, Napoleon," continued Graves. "She had those red lips, you know—"

"To the loup! Curse her red lips!" exclaimed Ricaud, impatiently.

"God bless her red lips, Napoleon. And after awhile the little train stopped at a station called Jardini, and she said that this was our getting off place, and that Taormina was the town up on the hill. There was a car-

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riage waiting, and we got in and drove up the pipe elbow road to the little town way up above. I was very gallant and dignified. I'd like to have had you see me, Napoleon.

“That evening we had dinner together, and I'm telling you it wasn't no short order chow. First a martell-benedictine and then an antipasto di magro of all kind of funny things you couldn't figure out but that ate great. Then a soup, clear, and after, these little flat fish like baby flounders cooked like those soft-shelled crabs you get at Rousseau's in New Orleans. Roast young turkey with a funny dressing and the Bronte wine that's like melted up rubies. They grow the grapes on Aetna and they're not allowed to ship it out of the country, off the island, you know. For dessert we had these funny crumpily things they call *pasticceria* and black turkish coffee, with a liqueur called cointreau.

“After the meal, we sat out in the garden under the orange trees, jasmine matted on the walls, and the moon making all the shadows blue-black and her hair dusky and her lips red. Away off you could see the moon on the sea and the snow up on the shoulder of Aetna mountain. Everything white as plaster in the moonlight or purple like the Calabria coast, and away down below the lights of Jardini blinking yellow. It seemed she and her husband didn't get along so well. He was a flyer up in Istery of Hystery or somewheres, I didn't care much, with the Wop army of preoccupation, and she was pleased and happy that I had come to cheer her up for a few days. And I was too.

“Well, the next morning we were eating breakfast, or what they call breakfast, rolls, coffee, and oranges, with the sun shining in through the big swinging-door windows, when the door opens and in rushed—an Eyetalian can't come into a room without rushing, excuse me, Signor Disolvo—a good-looking fellow with a scar across his cheek and a beautiful blue theatrical-looking cape and shining black boots and a sword, crying 'Carissima!'

“Then he saw me sitting at the breakfast table, and his 'Carissima!' ended in a sort of gurgle. His face got white, all except that scar that stood out like a bright red welt.

“‘What is this?’ he said in Eyetalian, and whipped out his sword. Then I placed him. I seen that good-looking, scarred face on the covers of lots of the illustrated magazines. It was the Lupo. The signora was crying among the breakfast dishes, and she was scared. But the Lupo was magnificent. He was doing the dramatic, and he was doing it great. He had anything I ever seen beat.

“‘Who are you, you son of a dog?’ he said to me. Funny how that expression is international, ain't it, among all countries?

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“‘Captain Perry Graves, at your service,’ I said. It was a funny situation, the dashing, handsome, knock em dead Wolf full of righteous wrath, and opposite him old Perry Graves, as homely as you see him now. I didn’t look like the side of a triangle, but there was something about me she liked, I guess.

“‘Will you give me the satisfaction of a gentleman?’ he snapped out.

“‘Certainly,’ I said, bowing.

“‘Here and now?’ he said.

“‘Surely,’ I said, and bowed again.

“‘You have a sword?’ he asked, in a sweet tone.

“‘Excuse me a minute,’ I said, and went and got my bag and my belt and gun.

“‘You have a sword?’ he asked, when I came back.

“‘No,’ said I.

“‘I will get you one,’ says he, in his best Lupo manner.

“‘I don’t wish a sword,’ I said.

“‘You won’t fight me? You dirty dog. I’ll cut you down!’”

Graves’s face was as hard as his voice was soft.

“‘I will fight you here and now,’ I said to him. ‘You have a pistol, so have I. We will stand facing each other across the table with our left hands touching.’ The table wasn’t four feet across. ‘The Signora will count one, two, three. We will start firing at the count of three. Firing across the table.’

“Then the control of the situation shifted from the handsome Lupo to Perry Graves. Cause just as sure as it was that he would kill me with a sword was the fact that if he killed me at that three foot range with his gun I would take him with me. He knew it too, and he started to sweat. That was the only sign. Big drops of sweat on his forehead. He unbuckled his cape and took out his gun. It was one of those little 7.65 mm. pretty ugly, short little gats.

“We faced across the table and rested our hands on the board, I remember my fingers were in a coffee cup, our right hands with the pistols were below the edge. My big forty-five made a big handful. The Signora was still crying. The Lupo said to her, ‘Count, you slut!’ She was sobbing hysterically.

“‘Emeglio!’ called the Lupo. A servant came to the door, his face scared and white. ‘Stand at the end of the table,’ commanded the Wolf, ‘and count slowly and clearly. Una-Dua-Tre!’

“The servant stood at the end of the table. I didn’t watch the Wolf’s eyes like he did mine. I looked at his wrist where his hand disappeared under the table.

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“‘Una!’ said the waiter. I watched the Lupo’s hand.

“‘Dua!’ and his hand shot up. He’d broken under the strain and was going to fire and try and get me before the signal. My old gat belched out and a big forty-five bullet tore his out of his hand as it went off. You see, he hadn’t never heard of shooting from the hip.

“The Signora jumped up, screaming, and threw her arms around him. His face was burning red with shame, and his hand was quivering from the sting of the smash. I shoved my gun into the holster and got my musette bag and started for the door, but stopped at the table and drank my coffee standing. It was cold, but I like my coffee in the morning. There wasn’t another word said. She was clinging to his neck and crying, and he was standing there, red and ashamed. I walked to the door and opened it, and looked back, and her eye flickered at me over his shoulder. Maybe it was a wink, maybe not. I shut the door and walked out of the courtyard down the road to Jardini. Wolf, hell no, he was a coyote. A coyote, Napoleon, is a wolf that is not a wolf. Now do you think he was a brave man, Signor Disporto?”

I said nothing. I was thinking of how this leather-faced old adventurer had matched his courage against admittedly one of the most fearless men in Europe.

“It is a question of standards,” said Ricaud, as the fresh glasses arrived. “Lupo is brave, of course. The adventure of Von Hauser is proof. Also, mon capitain, he is Latin. That you cannot understand, for you have courage without imagination. It is a gift from God, monsieur.” Ricaud smiled, shaking his head sadly. “I wish I have it. I have died a thousand times, and I am not a coward. I will die many more before I am buried, but it is, what you call it, Graves, my trade. We go now to a little war. Perhaps a joke war, eh? But one dies as dead in Chile as on Montfaucon. I envy you, Graves, you are American.

“Signor Rinaldi, I like you to drink with me to Captain Perry Graves, who is so brave he makes the bravest flyer in your country look like a coward!” He laughed, and raised his glass.

“Aw, say, Napoleon!” broke in Graves, embarrassedly, “Let’s change that to ‘Vive la doughnut!’”

On the Quai at Smyrna

The strange thing was, he said, how they screamed every night at midnight. I do not know why they screamed at that time. We were in the harbor and they were all on the pier and at midnight they started screaming. We used to turn the searchlight on them to quiet them. That always did the trick. We'd run the searchlight up and down over them two or three times and they stopped it. One time I was senior officer on the pier and a Turkish officer came up to me in a frightful rage because one of our sailors had been most insulting to him. So I told him the fellow would be sent on ship and be most severely punished. I asked him to point him out. So he pointed out a gunner's mate, most inoffensive chap. Said he'd been most frightfully and repeatedly insulting; talking to me through an interpreter. I couldn't imagine how the gunner's mate knew enough Turkish to be insulting. I called him over and said, "And just in case you should have spoken to any Turkish officers."

"I haven't spoken to any of them, sir."

"I'm quite sure of it," I said, "but you'd best go on board ship and not come ashore again for the rest of the day."

Then I told the Turk the man was being sent on board ship and would be most severely dealt with. Oh most rigorously. He felt topping about it. Great friends we were.

The worst, he said, were the women with dead babies. You couldn't get the women to give up their dead babies. They'd have babies dead for six days. Wouldn't give them up. Nothing you could do about it. Had to take them away finally. Then there was an old lady, most extraordinary case. I told it to a doctor and he said I was lying. We were clearing them off the pier, had to clear off the dead ones, and this old woman was lying on a sort of litter. They said, "Will you have a look at her, sir?" So I had a look at her and just then she died and went absolutely stiff. Her legs drew up and she drew up from the waist and went quite rigid. Exactly as though she had been dead over night. She was quite dead and absolutely rigid. I told a medical chap about it and he told me it was impossible.

They were all out there on the pier and it wasn't at all like an earth-

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quake or that sort of thing because they never knew about the Turk. They never knew what the old Turk would do. You remember when they ordered us not to come in to take off any more? I had the wind up when we came in that morning. He had any amount of batteries and could have blown us clean out of the water. We were going to come in, run close along the pier, let go the front and rear anchors and then shell the Turkish quarter of the town. They would have blown us out of water but we would have blown the town simply to hell. They just fired a few blank charges at us as we came in. Kemal came down and sacked the Turkish commander. For exceeding his authority or some such thing. He got a bit above himself. It would have been the hell of a mess.

You remember the harbor. There were plenty of nice things floating around in it. That was the only time in my life I got so I dreamed about things. You didn't mind the women who were having babies as you did those with the dead ones. They had them all right. Surprising how few of them died. You just covered them over with something and let them go to it. They'd always pick out the darkest place in the hold to have them. None of them minded anything once they got off the pier.

The Greeks were nice chaps too. When they evacuated they had all their baggage animals they couldn't take off with them so they just broke their forelegs and dumped them into the shallow water. All those mules with their forelegs broken pushed over into the shallow water. It was all a pleasant business. My word yes a most pleasant business.

A Very Short Story

One hot evening in Padua they carried him up onto the roof and he could look out over the top of the town. There were chimney swifts in the sky. After a while it got dark and the searchlights came out. The others went down and took the bottles with them. He and Luz could hear them below on the balcony. Luz sat on the bed. She was cool and fresh in the hot night.

Luz stayed on night duty for three months. They were glad to let her. When they operated on him she prepared him for the operating table; and they had a joke about friend or enema. He went under the anæsthetic holding tight on to himself so he would not blab about anything during the silly, talky time. After he got on crutches he used to take the temperatures so Luz would not have to get up from the bed. There were only a few patients, and they all knew about it. They all liked Luz. As he walked back along the halls he thought of Luz in his bed.

Before he went back to the front they went into the Duomo and prayed. It was dim and quiet, and there were other people praying. They wanted to get married, but there was not enough time for the banns, and neither of them had birth certificates. They felt as though they were married, but they wanted every one to know about it, and to make it so they could not lose it.

Luz wrote him many letters that he never got until after the armistice. Fifteen came in a bunch to the front and he sorted them by the dates and read them all straight through. They were all about the hospital, and how much she loved him and how it was impossible to get along without him and how terrible it was missing him at night.

After the armistice they agreed he should go home to get a job so they might be married. Luz would not come home until he had a good job and could come to New York to meet her. It was understood he would not drink, and he did not want to see his friends or any one in the States. Only to get a job and be married. On the train from Padua to Milan they quarrelled about her not being willing to come home at once. When they had to say good-bye, in the station at Milan, they kissed good-bye, but

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were not finished with the quarrel. He felt sick about saying good-bye like that.

He went to America on a boat from Genoa. Luz went back to Pordenone to open a hospital. It was lonely and rainy there, and there was a battalion of *arditi* quartered in the town. Living in the muddy, rainy town in the winter, the major of the battalion made love to Luz, and she had never known Italians before, and finally wrote to the States that theirs had been only a boy and girl affair. She was sorry, and she knew he would probably not be able to understand, but might some day forgive her, and be grateful to her, and she expected, absolutely unexpectedly, to be married in the spring. She loved him as always, but she realized now it was only a boy and girl love. She hoped he would have a great career, and believed in him absolutely. She knew it was for the best.

The major did not marry her in the spring, or any other time. Luz never got an answer to the letter to Chicago about it. A short time after he contracted gonorrhea from a sales girl in a loop department store while riding in a taxicab through Lincoln Park.

Soldier's Home

Krebs went to the war from a Methodist college in Kansas. There is a picture which shows him among his fraternity brothers, all of them wearing exactly the same height and style collar. He enlisted in the Marines in 1917 and did not return to the United States until the second division returned from the Rhine in the summer of 1919.

There is a picture which shows him on the Rhine with two German girls and another corporal. Krebs and the corporal look too big for their uniforms. The German girls are not beautiful. The Rhine does not show in the picture.

By the time Krebs returned to his home town in Oklahoma the greeting of heroes was over. He came back much too late. The men from the town who had been drafted had all been welcomed elaborately on their return. There had been a great deal of hysteria. Now the reaction had set in. People seemed to think it was rather ridiculous for Krebs to be getting back so late, years after the war was over.

At first Krebs, who had been at Belleau Wood, Soissons, the Champagne, St. Mihiel and in the Argonne did not want to talk about the war at all. Later he felt the need to talk but no one wanted to hear about it. His town had heard too many atrocity stories to be thrilled by actualities. Krebs found that to be listened to at all he had to lie, and after he had done this twice he, too, had a reaction against the war and against talking about it. A distaste for everything that had happened to him in the war set in because of the lies he had told. All of the times that had been able to make him feel cool and clear inside himself when he thought of them; the times so long back when he had done the one thing, the only thing for a man to do, easily and naturally, when he might have done something else, now lost their cool, valuable quality and then were lost themselves.

His lies were quite unimportant lies and consisted in attributing to himself things other men had seen, done or heard of, and stating as facts certain apocryphal incidents familiar to all soldiers. Even his lies were not sensational at the pool room. His acquaintances, who had heard

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detailed accounts of German women found chained to machine guns in the Argonne forest and who could not comprehend, or were barred by their patriotism from interest in, any German machine gunners who were not chained, were not thrilled by his stories.

Krebs acquired the nausea in regard to experience that is the result of untruth or exaggeration, and when he occasionally met another man who had really been a soldier and they talked a few minutes in the dressing room at a dance he fell into the easy pose of the old soldier among other soldiers: that he had been badly, sickeningly frightened all the time. In this way he lost everything.

During this time, it was late summer, he was sleeping late in bed, getting up to walk down town to the library to get a book, eating lunch at home, reading on the front porch until he became bored and then walking down through the town to spend the hottest hours of the day in the cool dark of the pool room. He loved to play pool.

In the evening he practised on his clarinet, strolled down town, read and went to bed. He was still a hero to his two young sisters. His mother would have given him breakfast in bed if he had wanted it. She often came in when he was in bed and asked him to tell her about the war, but her attention always wandered. His father was non-committal.

Before Krebs went away to the war he had never been allowed to drive the family motor car. His father was in the real estate business and always wanted the car to be at his command when he required it to take clients out into the country to show them a piece of farm property. The car always stood outside the First National Bank building where his father had an office on the second floor. Now, after the war, it was still the same car.

Nothing was changed in the town except that the young girls had grown up. But they lived in such a complicated world of already defined alliances and shifting feuds that Krebs did not feel the energy or the courage to break into it. He liked to look at them, though. There were so many good-looking young girls. Most of them had their hair cut short. When he went away only little girls wore their hair like that or girls that were fast. They all wore sweaters and shirt waists with round Dutch collars. It was a pattern. He liked to look at them from the front porch as they walked on the other side of the street. He liked to watch them walking under the shade of the trees. He liked the round Dutch collars above their sweaters. He liked their silk stockings and flat shoes. He liked their bobbed hair and the way they walked.

When he was in town their appeal to him was not very strong. He did not like them when he saw them in the Greek's ice cream parlor. He did

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not want them themselves really. They were too complicated. There was something else. Vaguely he wanted a girl but he did not want to have to work to get her. He would have liked to have a girl but he did not want to have to spend a long time getting her. He did not want to get into the intrigue and the politics. He did not want to have to do any courting. He did not want to tell any more lies. It wasn't worth it.

He did not want any consequences. He did not want any consequences ever again. He wanted to live along without consequences. Besides he did not really need a girl. The army had taught him that. It was all right to pose as though you had to have a girl. Nearly everybody did that. But it wasn't true. You did not need a girl. That was the funny thing. First a fellow boasted how girls mean nothing to him, that he never thought of them, that they could not touch him. Then a fellow boasted that he could not get along without girls, that he had to have them all the time, that he could not go to sleep without them.

That was all a lie. It was all a lie both ways. You did not need a girl unless you thought about them. He learned that in the army. Then sooner or later you always got one. When you were really ripe for a girl you always got one. You did not have to think about it. Sooner or later it would come. He had learned that in the army.

Now he would have liked a girl if she had come to him and not wanted to talk. But here at home it was all too complicated. He knew he could never get through it all again. It was not worth the trouble. That was the thing about French girls and German girls. There was not all this talking. You couldn't talk much and you did not need to talk. It was simple and you were friends. He thought about France and then he began to think about Germany. On the whole he had liked Germany better. He did not want to leave Germany. He did not want to come home. Still, he had come home. He sat on the front porch.

He liked the girls that were walking along the other side of the street. He liked the look of them much better than the French girls or the German girls. But the world they were in was not the world he was in. He would like to have one of them. But it was not worth it. They were such a nice pattern. He liked the pattern. It was exciting. But he would not go through all the talking. He did not want one badly enough. He liked to look at them all, though. It was not worth it. Not now when things were getting good again.

He sat there on the porch reading a book on the war. It was a history and he was reading about all the engagements he had been in. It was the most interesting reading he had ever done. He wished there were more maps. He looked forward with a good feeling to reading all the really

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good histories when they would come out with good detail maps. Now he was really learning about the war. He had been a good soldier. That made a difference.

One morning after he had been home about a month his mother came into his bedroom and sat on the bed. She smoothed her apron.

"I had a talk with your father last night, Harold," she said, "and he is willing for you to take the car out in the evenings."

"Yeah?" said Krebs, who was not fully awake. "Take the car out? Yeah?"

"Yes. Your father has felt for some time that you should be able to take the car out in the evenings whenever you wished but we only talked it over last night."

"I'll bet you made him," Krebs said.

"No. It was your father's suggestion that we talk the matter over."

"Yeah. I'll bet you made him," Krebs sat up in bed.

"Will you come down to breakfast, Harold?" his mother said.

"As soon as I get my clothes on," Krebs said.

His mother went out of the room and he could hear her frying something downstairs while he washed, shaved and dressed to go down into the dining-room for breakfast. While he was eating breakfast his sister brought in the mail.

"Well, Hare," she said. "You old sleepy-head. What do you ever get up for?"

Krebs looked at her. He liked her. She was his best sister.

"Have you got the paper?" he asked.

She handed him *The Kansas City Star* and he shucked off its brown wrapper and opened it to the sporting page. He folded *The Star* open and propped it against the water pitcher with his cereal dish to steady it, so he could read while he ate.

"Harold," his mother stood in the kitchen doorway, "Harold, please don't muss up the paper. Your father can't read his *Star* if it's been mussed."

"I won't muss it," Krebs said.

His sister sat down at the table and watched him while he read.

"We're playing indoor over at school this afternoon," she said. "I'm going to pitch."

"Good," said Krebs. "How's the old wing?"

"I can pitch better than lots of the boys. I tell them all you taught me. The other girls aren't much good."

"Yeah?" said Krebs.

"I tell them all you're my beau. Aren't you my beau, Hare?"

"You bet."

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"Couldn't your brother really be your beau just because he's your brother?"

"I don't know."

"Sure you know. Couldn't you be my beau, Hare, if I was old enough and if you wanted to?"

"Sure. You're my girl now."

"Am I really your girl?"

"Sure."

"Do you love me?"

"Uh, huh."

"Will you love me always?"

"Sure."

"Will you come over and watch me play indoor?"

"Maybe."

"Aw, Hare, you don't love me. If you loved me, you'd want to come over and watch me play indoor."

Krebs's mother came into the dining-room from the kitchen. She carried a plate with two fried eggs and some crisp bacon on it and a plate of buckwheat cakes.

"You run along, Helen," she said. "I want to talk to Harold." She put the eggs and bacon down in front of him and brought in a jug of maple syrup for the buckwheat cakes. Then she sat down across the table from Krebs.

"I wish you'd put down the paper a minute, Harold," she said.

Krebs took down the paper and folded it.

"Have you decided what you are going to do yet, Harold?" his mother said, taking off her glasses.

"No," said Krebs.

"Don't you think it's about time?" His mother did not say this in a mean way. She seemed worried.

"I hadn't thought about it," Krebs said.

"God has some work for every one to do," his mother said. "There can be no idle hands in His Kingdom."

"I'm not in His Kingdom," Krebs said.

"We are all of us in His Kingdom."

Krebs felt embarrassed and resentful as always.

"I've worried about you so much, Harold," his mother went on. "I know the temptations you must have been exposed to. I know how weak men are. I know what your own dear grandfather, my own father, told us about the Civil War and I have prayed for you. I pray for you all day long, Harold."

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Krebs looked at the bacon fat hardening on his plate.

"Your father is worried, too," his mother went on. "He thinks you have lost your ambition, that you haven't got a definite aim in life. Charley Simmons, who is just your age, has a good job and is going to be married. The boys are all settling down; they're all determined to get somewhere; you can see that boys like Charley Simmons are on their way to being really a credit to the community."

Krebs said nothing.

"Don't look that way, Harold," his mother said. "You know we love you and I want to tell you for your own good how matters stand. Your father does not want to hamper your freedom. He thinks you should be allowed to drive the car. If you want to take some of the nice girls out riding with you, we are only too pleased. We want you to enjoy yourself. But you are going to have to settle down to work, Harold. Your father doesn't care what you start in at. All work is honorable as he says. But you've got to make a start at something. He asked me to speak to you this morning and then you can stop in and see him at his office."

"Is that all?" Krebs said.

"Yes. Don't you love your mother, dear boy?"

"No," Krebs said.

His mother looked at him across the table. Her eyes were shiny. She started crying.

"I don't love anybody," Krebs said.

It wasn't any good. He couldn't tell her, he couldn't make her see it. It was silly to have said it. He had only hurt her. He went over and took hold of her arm. She was crying with her head in her hands.

"I didn't mean it," he said. "I was just angry at something. I didn't mean I didn't love you."

His mother went on crying. Krebs put his arm on her shoulder.

"Can't you believe me, mother?"

His mother shook her head.

"Please, please, mother. Please believe me."

"All right," his mother said chokily. She looked up at him. "I believe you, Harold."

Krebs kissed her hair. She put her face up to him.

"I'm your mother," she said. "I held you next to my heart when you were a tiny baby."

Krebs felt sick and vaguely nauseated.

"I know, Mummy," he said. "I'll try and be a good boy for you."

"Would you kneel and pray with me, Harold?" his mother asked.

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They knelt down beside the dining-room table and Krebs's mother prayed.

"Now, you pray, Harold," she said.

"I can't," Krebs said.

"Try, Harold."

"I can't."

"Do you want me to pray for you?"

"Yes."

So his mother prayed for him and then they stood up and Krebs kissed his mother and went out of the house. He had tried so to keep his life from being complicated. Still, none of it had touched him. He had felt sorry for his mother and she had made him lie. He would go to Kansas City and get a job and she would feel all right about it. There would be one more scene maybe before he got away. He would not go down to his father's office. He would miss that one. He wanted his life to go smoothly. It had just gotten going that way. Well, that was all over now, anyway. He would go over to the schoolyard and watch Helen play indoor baseball.

The Revolutionist

In 1919 he was travelling on the railroads in Italy, carrying a square of oilcloth from the headquarters of the party written in indelible pencil and saying here was a comrade who had suffered very much under the Whites in Budapest and requesting comrades to aid him in any way. He used this instead of a ticket. He was very shy and quite young and the train men passed him on from one crew to another. He had no money, and they fed him behind the counter in railway eating houses.

He was delighted with Italy. It was a beautiful country, he said. The people were all kind. He had been in many towns, walked much, and seen many pictures. Giotto, Masaccio, and Piero della Francesca he bought reproductions of and carried them wrapped in a copy of *Avanti*. Mantegna he did not like.

He reported at Bologna, and I took him with me up into the Romagna where it was necessary I go to see a man. We had a good trip together. It was early September and the country was pleasant. He was a Magyar, a very nice boy and very shy. Horthy's men had done some bad things to him. He talked about it a little. In spite of Hungary, he believed altogether in the world revolution.

"But how is the movement going in Italy?" he asked.

"Very badly," I said.

"But it will go better," he said. "You have everything here. It is the one country that every one is sure of. It will be the starting point of everything."

I did not say anything.

At Bologna he said good-bye to us to go on the train to Milano and then to Aosta to walk over the pass into Switzerland. I spoke to him about the Mantegnas in Milano. "No," he said, very shyly, he did not like Mantegna. I wrote out for him where to eat in Milano and the addresses of comrades. He thanked me very much, but his mind was already looking forward to walking over the pass. He was very eager to walk over the pass while the weather held good. He loved the mountains in the autumn. The last I heard of him the Swiss had him in jail near Sion.

Selected Vignettes

(from *In Our Time*)

CHAPTER I

Everybody was drunk. The whole battery was drunk going along the road in the dark. We were going to the Champagne. The lieutenant kept riding his horse out into the fields and saying to him, "I'm drunk, I tell you, mon vieux. Oh, I am so soused." We went along the road all night in the dark and the adjutant kept riding up alongside my kitchen and saying, "You must put it out. It is dangerous. It will be observed." We were fifty kilometers from the front but the adjutant worried about the fire in my kitchen. It was funny going along that road. That was when I was a kitchen corporal.

CHAPTER II

Minarets stuck up in the rain out of Adrianople across the mud flats. The carts were jammed for thirty miles along the Karagatch road. Water buffalo and cattle were hauling carts through the mud. No end and no beginning. Just carts loaded with everything they owned. The old men and women, soaked through, walked along keeping the cattle moving. The Maritza was running yellow almost up to the bridge. Carts were jammed solid on the bridge with camels bobbing along through them. Greek cavalry herded along the procession. Women and kids were in the carts crouched with mattresses, mirrors, sewing machines, bundles. There was a woman having a kid with a young girl holding a blanket over her and crying. Scared sick looking at it. It rained all through the evacuation.

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CHAPTER III

We were in a garden at Mons. Young Buckley came in with his patrol from across the river. The first German I saw climbed up over the garden wall. We waited till he got one leg over and then potted him. He had so much equipment on and looked awfully surprised and fell down into the garden. Then three more came over further down the wall. We shot them. They all came just like that.

CHAPTER IV

It was a frightfully hot day. We'd jammed an absolutely perfect barricade across the bridge. It was simply priceless. A big old wrought-iron grating from the front of a house. Too heavy to lift and you could shoot through it and they would have to climb over it. It was absolutely topping. They tried to get over it, and we potted them from forty yards. They rushed it, and officers came out along and worked on it. It was an absolutely perfect obstacle. Their officers were very fine. We were frightfully put out when we heard the flank had gone, and we had to fall back.

CHAPTER V

They shot the six cabinet ministers at half-past six in the morning against the wall of a hospital. There were pools of water in the courtyard. There were wet dead leaves on the paving of the courtyard. It rained hard. All the shutters of the hospital were nailed shut. One of the ministers was sick with typhoid. Two soldiers carried him downstairs and out into the rain. They tried to hold him up against the wall but he sat down in a puddle of water. The other five stood very quietly against the wall. Finally the officer told the soldiers it was no good trying to make him stand up. When they fired the first volley he was sitting down in the water with his head on his knees.

CHAPTER VI

Nick sat against the wall of the church where they had dragged him to be clear of machine-gun fire in the street. Both legs stuck out awkwardly. He had been hit in the spine. His face was sweaty and dirty. The sun

Selected Vignettes

shone on his face. The day was very hot. Rinaldi, big backed, his equipment sprawling, lay face downward against the wall. Nick looked straight ahead brilliantly. The pink wall of the house opposite had fallen out from the roof, and an iron bedstead hung twisted toward the street. Two Austrian dead lay in the rubble in the shade of the house. Up the street were other dead. Things were getting forward in the town. It was going well. Stretcher bearers would be along any time now. Nick turned his head carefully and looked at Rinaldi. "Senta Rinaldi. Senta. You and me we've made a separate peace." Rinaldi lay still in the sun breathing with difficulty. "Not patriots." Nick turned his head carefully away smiling sweetly. Rinaldi was a disappointing audience.

CHAPTER VII

While the bombardment was knocking the trench to pieces at Fossalta, he lay very flat and sweated and prayed oh jesus christ get me out of here. Dear jesus please get me out. Christ please please please christ. If you'll only keep me from getting killed I'll do anything you say. I believe in you and I'll tell every one in the world that you are the only one that matters. Please please dear jesus. The shelling moved further up the line. We went to work on the trench and in the morning the sun came up and the day was hot and muggy and cheerful and quiet. The next night back at Mestre he did not tell the girl he went upstairs with at the Villa Rossa about Jesus. And he never told anybody.

