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Ernest Hemingway

For Whom the Bell Tolls

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FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

Ernest Miller Hemingway was born in 1899 at Oak Park, a highly respectable suburb of Chicago, where his father, a keen sportsman, was a doctor. He was the second of six children. The family spent holidays in a lakeside hunting lodge in Michigan, near Indian settlements. Although energetic and successful in all school activities, Ernest twice ran away from home before joining the Kansas City *Star* as a cub reporter in 1917. Next year he volunteered as an ambulance driver on the Italian front and was badly wounded. Returning to America he began to write features for the Toronto *Star Weekly* in 1919 and was married in 1921. That year he came to Europe as a roving correspondent and covered several large conferences. In France he came into contact with Gertrude Stein – later they quarrelled – Ezra Pound, and James Joyce. He covered the Graeco-Turkish war in 1922. *Three Stories and Ten Poems* was given a limited publication in Paris in 1923. Thereafter he gradually took to a life of bull-fighting, big-game hunting, and deep-sea fishing. He visited Spain during the Civil War. Latterly he lived mostly in Cuba, and he died in July 1961. His best-known books were *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), *Death in the Afternoon* (1932), *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940), and *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952). In 1954 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. Ernest Hemingway had three sons.

FOR WH
THE BELL TOLLS

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the *Continent*, a part of the *maine*; if a *Clod* bee washed away by the *Sea*, *Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *Promontorie* were, as well as if a *Mannor* of thy *friends* or of *thine owne* were; any mans *death* diminishes *me*, because I am involved in *Mankinde*; And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for *thee*

JOHN DONNE

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This book is for
MARTHA GELLHORN

CHAPTER I

He lay flat on the brown, pine-needle floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the pine trees. The mountainside sloped gently where he lay; but below it was steep and he could see the dark of the oiled road winding through the pass. There was a stream alongside the road and far down the pass he saw a mill beside the stream and the falling water of the dam, white in the summer sunlight.

'Is that the mill?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'I do not remember it.'

'It was built since you were here. The old mill is farther down; much below the pass.'

He spread the photostated military map out on the forest floor and looked at it carefully. The old man looked over his shoulder. He was a short and solid old man in a black peasant's smock and grey iron-stiff trousers and he wore rope-soled shoes. He was breathing heavily from the climb and his hand rested on one of the two heavy packs they had been carrying.

'Then you cannot see the bridge from here?'

'No,' the old man said. 'This is the easy country of the pass where the stream flows gently. Below, where the road turns out of sight in the trees, it drops suddenly and there is a steep gorge –'

'I remember.'

'Across the gorge is the bridge.'

'And where are their posts?'

'There is a post at the mill that you see there.'

The young man, who was studying the country, took his glasses from the pocket of his faded, khaki flannel shirt, wiped the lenses with a handkerchief, screwed the eyepieces around until the boards of the mill showed suddenly clearly and he saw the wooden bench beside the door; the huge pile of sawdust that rose behind the open shed where the circular saw was, and a stretch of the flume that brought the logs down from the mountainside on the other bank of the stream. The stream showed clear and smooth-looking

in the glasses and, below the curl of the falling water, the spray from the dam was blowing in the wind.

'There is no sentry.'

'There is smoke coming from the millhouse,' the old man said. 'There are also clothes hanging on a line.'

'I see them, but I do not see any sentry.'

'Perhaps he is in the shade,' the old man explained. 'It is hot there now. He would be in the shadow at the end we do not see.'

'Probably. Where is the next post?'

'Below the bridge. It is at the roadmender's hut at kilometre five from the top of the pass.'

'How many men are here?' He pointed at the mill.

'Perhaps four and a corporal.'

'And below?'

'More. I will find out.'

'And at the bridge?'

'Always two. One at each end.'

'We will need a certain number of men,' he said. 'How many men can you get?'

'I can bring as many men as you wish,' the old man said. 'There are many men now here in the hills.'

'How many?'

'There are more than a hundred. But they are in small bands. How many men will you need?'

'I will let you know when we have studied the bridge.'

'Do you wish to study it now?'

'No. Now I wish to go to where we will hide this explosive until it is time. I would like to have it hidden in utmost security at a distance no greater than half an hour from the bridge, if that is possible.'

'That is simple,' the old man said. 'From where we are going it will all be downhill to the bridge. But now we must climb a little in seriousness to get there. Are you hungry?'

'Yes,' the young man said. 'But we will eat later. How are you called? I have forgotten.' It was a bad sign to him that he had forgotten.

'Anselmo,' the old man said. 'I am called Anselmo and I come from Barco de Avila. Let me help you with that pack.'

The young man, who was tall and thin, with sun-streaked fair

hair, and a wind- and sun-burned face, who wore the sun-faded flannel shirt, a pair of peasant's trousers and rope-soled shoes, leaned over, put his arm through one of the leather pack straps and swung the heavy pack up on to his shoulders. He worked his arm through the other strap and settled the weight of the pack against his back. His shirt was still wet from where the pack had rested.

'I have it up now,' he said. 'How do we go?'

'We climb,' Anselmo said.

Bending under the weight of the packs, sweating, they climbed steadily in the pine forest that covered the mountainside. There was no trail that the young man could see, but they were working up and around the face of the mountain and now they crossed a small stream and the old man went steadily on ahead up the edge of the rocky stream bed. The climbing now was steeper and more difficult, until finally the stream seemed to drop down over the edge of a smooth granite ledge that rose above them and the old man waited at the foot of the ledge for the young man to come up to him.

'How are you making it?'

'All right,' the young man said. He was sweating heavily and his thigh muscles were twitchy from the steepness of the climb.

'Wait here now for me. I go ahead to warn them. You do not want to be shot at carrying that stuff.'

'Not even in a joke,' the young man said. 'Is it far?'

'It is very close. How do they call thee?'

'Roberto,' the young man answered. He had slipped the pack off and lowered it gently down between two boulders by the stream bed.

'Wait here, then, Roberto, and I will return for you.'

'Good,' the young man said. 'But do you plan to go down this way to the bridge?'

'No. When we go to the bridge it will be by another way. Shorter and easier.'

'I do not want this material to be stored too far from the bridge.'

'You will see. If you are not satisfied, we will take another place.'

'We will see,' the young man said.

He sat by the packs and watched the old man climb the ledge. It was not hard to climb and from the way he found hand-holds without searching for them the young man could see that he had

climbed it many times before. Yet whoever was above had been very careful not to leave any trail.

The young man, whose name was Robert Jordan, was extremely hungry and he was worried. He was often hungry but he was not usually worried because he did not give any importance to what happened to himself and he knew from experience how simple it was to move behind the enemy lines in all this country. It was as simple to move behind them as it was to cross through them, if you had a good guide. It was only giving importance to what happened to you if you were caught that made it difficult; that and deciding whom to trust. You had to trust the people you worked with completely or not at all, and you had to make decisions about the trusting. He was not worried about any of that. But there were other things.

This Anselmo had been a good guide and he could travel wonderfully in the mountains. Robert Jordan could walk well enough himself and he knew from following him since before daylight that the old man could walk him to death. Robert Jordan trusted the man, Anselmo, so far, in everything except judgement. He had not yet had an opportunity to test his judgement, and, anyway, the judgement was his own responsibility. No, he did not worry about Anselmo, and the problem of the bridge was no more difficult than many other problems. He knew how to blow any sort of bridge that you could name and he had blown them of all sizes and constructions. There was enough explosive and all equipment in the two packs to blow this bridge properly even if it were twice as big as Anselmo reported it, as he remembered it when he had walked over it on his way to La Granja on a walking trip in 1933, and as Golz had read him the description of it the night before last in that upstairs room in the house outside of the Escorial.

'To blow the bridge is nothing,' Golz had said, the lamplight on his scarred, shaved head, pointing with a pencil on the big map. 'You understand?'

'Yes, I understand.'

'Absolutely nothing. Merely to blow the bridge is a failure.'

'Yes, Comrade General.'

'To blow the bridge at a stated hour based on the time set for the attack is how it should be done. You see that naturally. That is you right and how it should be done.'

Golz looked at the pencil, then tapped his teeth with it.

Robert Jordan had said nothing.

'You understand that is your right and how it should be done,' Golz went on, looking at him and nodding his head. He tapped on the map now with the pencil. 'That is how I should do it. That is what we cannot have.'

'Why, Comrade General?'

'Why?' Golz said angrily. 'How many attacks have you seen and you ask me why? What is to guarantee that my orders are not changed? What is to guarantee that the attack is not annulled? What is to guarantee that the attack is not postponed? What is to guarantee that it starts within six hours of when it should start? Has *any* attack ever been as it should?'

'It will start on time if it is your attack,' Robert Jordan said.

'They are never my attacks,' Golz said. 'I make them. But they are not mine. The artillery is not mine. I must put in for it. I have never been given what I ask for even when they have it to give. That is the least of it. There are other things. You know how those people are. It is not necessary to go into all of it. Always there is something. Always someone will interfere. So now be sure you understand.'

'So when is the bridge to be blown?' Robert Jordan had asked.

'After the attack starts. As soon as the attack has started and not before. So that no reinforcements will come up over that road.' He pointed with his pencil. 'I must know that nothing will come up over that road.'

'And when is the attack?'

'I will tell you. But you are to use the date and hour only as an indication of a probability. You must be ready for that time. You will blow the bridge after the attack has started. You see?' he indicated with the pencil. 'That is the only road on which they can bring up reinforcements. That is the only road on which they can get up tanks, or artillery, or even move a truck toward the pass which I attack. I must know that bridge is gone. Not before, so it can be repaired if the attack is postponed. No. It must go when the attack starts and I must know it is gone. There are only two sentries. The man who will go with you has just come from there. He is a very reliable man, they say. You will see. He has people in the mountains. Get as many men as you need. Use as

few as possible, but use enough. I do not have to tell you these things.'

'And how do I determine that the attack has started?'

'It is to be made with a full division. There will be aerial bombardment as preparation. You are not deaf, are you?'

'Then I may take it that when the planes unload, the attack has started?'

'You could not always take it like that,' Golz said and shook his head. 'But in this case, you may. It is my attack.'

'I understand it,' Robert Jordan had said. 'I do not say I like it very much.'

'Neither do I like it very much. If you do not want to undertake it, say so now. If you think you cannot do it, say so now.'

'I will do it,' Robert Jordan had said. 'I will do it all right.'

'That is all I have to know,' Golz said. 'That nothing comes up over that bridge. That is absolute.'

'I understand.'

'I do not like to ask people to do such things and in such a way,' Golz went on. 'I could not order you to do it. I understand what you may be forced to do through my putting such conditions. I explain very carefully so that you understand and that you understand all of the possible difficulties and the importance.'

'And how will you advance on La Granja if that bridge is blown?'

'We go forward prepared to repair it after we have stormed the pass. It is a very complicated and beautiful operation. As complicated and as beautiful as always. The plan has been manufactured in Madrid. It is another of Vicente Rojo, the unsuccessful professor's masterpieces. I make the attack and I make it, as always, not in sufficient force. It is a very possible operation, in spite of that. I am much happier about it than usual. It can be successful with that bridge eliminated. We can take Segovia. Look, I show you how it goes. You see? It is not the top of the pass where we attack. We hold that. It is much beyond. Look – Here – Like this –'

'I would rather not know,' Robert Jordan said.

'Good,' said Golz. 'It is less of baggage to carry with you on the other side, yes?'

'I would always rather not know. Then, no matter what can happen, it was not me that talked.'

'It is better not to know,' Golz stroked his forehead with the pencil. 'Many times I wish I did not know myself. But you do know the one thing you must know about the bridge?'

'Yes. I know that.'

'I believe you do,' Golz said. 'I will not make you any little speech. Let us now have a drink. So much talking makes me very thirsty, Comrade Hordan. You have a funny name in Spanish, Comrade Hordown.'

'How do you say Golz in Spanish, Comrade General?'

'Hotze,' said Golz grinning, making the sound deep in his throat as though hawking with a bad cold. 'Hotze,' he croaked. 'Comrade Heneral Khotze. If I had known how they pronounced Golz in Spanish I would pick me out a better name before I come to war here. When I think I come to command a division and I can pick out any name I want and I pick out Hotze. Heneral Hotze. Now it is too late to change. How do you like *partizan* work?' It was the Russian term for guerrilla work behind the lines.

'Very much,' Robert Jordan said. He grinned. 'It is very healthy in the open air.'

'I like it very much when I was your age, too,' Golz said. 'They tell me you blow bridges very well. Very scientific. It is only hearsay. I have never seen you do anything myself. Maybe nothing ever happens really. You really blow them?' He was teasing now. 'Drink this.' He handed the glass of Spanish brandy to Robert Jordan. 'You *really* blow them?'

'Sometimes.'

'You better not have any sometimes on this bridge. No, let us not talk any more about this bridge. You understand enough now about that bridge. We are very serious, so we can make very strong jokes. Look, do you have many girls on the other side of the lines?'

'No, there is no time for girls.'

'I do not agree. The more irregular the service, the more irregular the life. You have very irregular service. Also you need a haircut.'

'I have my hair cut as it needs it,' Robert Jordan said. He would be damned if he would have his head shaved like Golz. 'I have enough to think about without girls,' he said sullenly.

'What sort of uniform am I supposed to wear?' Robert Jordan asked.

'None,' Golz said. 'Your haircut is all right. I tease you. You are very different from me,' Golz had said and filled up the glasses again.

'You never think about only girls. I never think at all. Why should I? I am *Général Soviétique*. I never think. Do not try to trap me into thinking.'

Someone on his staff, sitting on a chair working over a map on a drawing board, growled at him in the language Robert Jordan did not understand.

'Shut up,' Golz had said, in English. 'I joke if I want. I am so serious is why I can joke. Now drink this and then go. You understand, huh?'

'Yes,' Robert Jordan had said. 'I understand.'

They had shaken hands and he had saluted and gone out to the staff car where the old man was waiting asleep and in that car they had ridden over the road past Guadarrama, the old man still asleep, and up the Navacerrada road to the Alpine Club hut where he, Robert Jordan, slept for three hours before they started.

That was the last he had seen of Golz with his strange white face that never tanned, his hawk eyes, the big nose and thin lips and the shaven head crossed with wrinkles and with scars. Tomorrow night they would be outside the Escorial in the dark along the road; the long lines of trucks loading the infantry in the darkness; the men, heavy loaded, climbing up into the trucks; the machine-gun sections lifting their guns into the trucks; the tanks being run up on the skids on to the long-bodied tank trucks; pulling the Division out to move them in the night for the attack on the pass. He would not think about that. That was not his business. That was Golz's business. He had only one thing to do and that was what he should think about and he must think it out clearly and take everything as it came along, and not worry. To worry was as bad as to be afraid. It simply made things more difficult.

He sat now by the stream watching the clear water flowing between the rocks and, across the stream, he noticed there was a thick bed of watercress. He crossed the stream, picked a double handful, washed the muddy roots clean in the current and then sat down again beside his pack and ate the clean, cool green leaves and the crisp, peppery-tasting stalks. He knelt by the stream and, pushing his automatic pistol around on his belt to the small of

his back so that it would not be wet, he lowered himself with a hand on each of two boulders and drank from the stream. The water was achingly cold.

Pushing himself up on his hands he turned his head and saw the old man coming down the ledge. With him was another man, also in a black peasant's smock and the dark grey trousers that were almost a uniform in that province, wearing rope-soled shoes and with a carbine slung over his back. This man was bareheaded. The two of them came scrambling down the rock like goats.

They came up to him and Robert Jordan got to his feet.

'*Salud, Camarada,*' he said to the man with the carbine and smiled.

'*Salud,*' the other said, grudgingly. Robert Jordan looked at the man's heavy, beard-stubbled face. It was almost round and his head was round and set close on his shoulders. His eyes were small and set too wide apart and his ears were small and set close to his head. He was a heavy man about five feet ten inches tall and his hands and feet were large. His nose had been broken and his mouth was cut at one corner and the line of the scar across the upper lip and lower jaw showed through the growth of beard over his face.

The old man nodded his head at this man and smiled.

'He is the boss here,' he grinned, then flexed his arms as though to make the muscles stand out and looked at the man with the carbine in half-mocking admiration. 'A very strong man.'

'I can see it,' Robert Jordan said and smiled again. He did not like the look of this man and inside himself he was not smiling at all.

'What have you to justify your identity?' asked the man with the carbine.

Robert Jordan unpinned a safety pin that ran through his pocket flap and took a folded paper out of the left breast pocket of his flannel shirt and handed it to the man, who opened it, looked at it doubtfully, and turned it in his hands.

So he cannot read, Robert Jordan noted.

'Look at the seal,' he said.

The old man pointed to the seal and the man with the carbine studied it, turning it in his fingers.

'What seal is that?'

'Have you never seen it?'

'No.'

'There are two,' said Robert Jordan. 'One is S.I.M., the service of the military intelligence. The other is the General Staff.'

'Yes, I have seen that seal before. But here no one commands but me,' the other said sullenly. 'What have you in the packs?'

'Dynamite,' the old man said proudly. 'Last night we crossed the lines in the dark and all day we have carried this dynamite over the mountain.'

'I can use dynamite,' said the man with the carbine. He handed back the paper to Robert Jordan and looked him over. 'Yes. I have use for dynamite. How much have you brought me?'

'I have brought you no dynamite,' Robert Jordan said to him evenly. 'The dynamite is for another purpose. What is your name?'

'What is that to you?'

'He is Pablo,' said the old man. The man with the carbine looked at them both sullenly.

'Good. I have heard much good of you,' said Robert Jordan.

'What have you heard of me?' asked Pablo.

'I have heard that you are an excellent guerrilla leader, that you are loyal to the republic and prove your loyalty through your acts, and that you are a man both serious and valiant. I bring you greetings from the General Staff.'

'Where did you hear all this?' asked Pablo. Robert Jordan registered that he was not taking any of the flattery.

'I heard it from Buitrago to the Escorial,' he said, naming all the stretch of country on the other side of the lines.

'I know no one in Buitrago nor in Escorial,' Pablo told him.

'There are many people on the other side of the mountains who were not there before. Where are you from?'

'Avila. What are you going to do with the dynamite?'

'Blow up a bridge.'

'What bridge?'

'That is my business.'

'If it is in this territory, it is my business. You cannot blow bridges close to where you live. You must live in one place and operate in another. I know my business. One who is alive, now, after a year, knows his business.'

'This is my business,' Robert Jordan said. 'We can discuss it together. Do you wish to help us with the sacks?'

'No,' said Pablo and shook his head.

The old man turned toward him suddenly and spoke rapidly and furiously in a dialect that Robert Jordan could just follow. It was like reading Quevedo. Anselmo was speaking old Castilian and it went something like this, 'Art thou a brute? Yes. Art thou a beast? Yes, many times. Hast thou a brain? Nay. None. Now we come for something of consummate importance and thee, with thy dwelling place to be undisturbed, puts thy fox-hole before the interests of humanity. Before the interests of thy people. I this and that in the this and that of thy father. I this and that and that in thy this. *Pick up that bag.*'

Pablo looked down.

'Every one has to do what he can do according to how it can be truly done,' he said. 'I live here and I operate beyond Segovia. If you make a disturbance here, we will be hunted out of these mountains. It is only by doing nothing here that we are able to live in these mountains. It is the principle of the fox.'

'Yes,' said Anselmo bitterly. 'It is the principle of the fox when we need the wolf.'

'I am more wolf than thee,' Pablo said and Robert Jordan knew that he would pick up the sack.

'Hi. Ho . . .' Anselmo looked at him. 'Thou art more wolf than me and I am sixty-eight years old.'

He spat on the ground and shook his head.

'You have that many years?' Robert Jordan asked, seeing that now, for the moment, it would be all right and trying to make it go easier.

'Sixty-eight in the month of July.'

'If we should ever see that month,' said Pablo. 'Let me help you with the pack,' he said to Robert Jordan. 'Leave the other to the old man.' He spoke, not sullenly, but almost sadly now. 'He is an old man of great strength.'

'I will carry the pack,' Robert Jordan said.

'Nay,' said the old man. 'Leave it to this other strong man.'

'I will take it,' Pablo told him, and in his sullenness there was a sadness that was disturbing to Robert Jordan. He knew that sadness and to see it here worried him.

'Give me the carbine, then,' he said, and when Pablo handed it to him, he slung it over his back and, with the two men climbing ahead of him, they went heavily, pulling and climbing up the

granite shelf and over its upper edge to where there was a green clearing in the forest.

They skirted the edge of the little meadow and Robert Jordan, striding easily now without the pack, the carbine pleasantly rigid over his shoulder after the heavy, sweating pack weight, noticed that the grass was cropped down in several places and signs that picket pins had been driven into the earth. He could see a trail through the grass where horses had been led to the stream to drink and there was the fresh manure of several horses. They picket them here to feed at night and keep them out of sight in the timber in the daytime, he thought. I wonder how many horses this Pablo has?

He remembered now noticing, without realizing it, that Pablo's trousers were worn soapy shiny in the knees and thighs. I wonder if he has a pair of boots or if he rides in those *alpargatas*, he thought. He must have quite an outfit. But I don't like that sadness, he thought. That sadness is bad. That's the sadness they get before they quit or before they betray. That is the sadness that comes before the sell-out.

Ahead of them a horse whinnied in the timber and then, through the brown trunks of the pine trees, only a little sunlight coming down through their thick, almost-touching tops, he saw the corral made by roping around the tree trunks. The horses had their heads pointed toward the men as they approached, and at the foot of a tree, outside the corral, the saddles were piled together and covered with a tarpaulin.

As they came up, the two men with the packs stopped, and Robert Jordan knew it was for him to admire the horses.

'Yes,' he said. 'They are beautiful.' He turned to Pablo. 'You have your cavalry and all.'

There were five horses in the rope corral, three bays, a sorrel, and a buckskin. Sorting them out carefully with his eyes after he had seen them first together, Robert Jordan looked them over individually. Pablo and Anselmo knew how good they were and while Pablo stood now proud and less sad-looking, watching them lovingly, the old man acted as though they were some great surprise that he had produced, suddenly, himself.

'How do they look to you?' he asked.

'All these I have taken,' Pablo said and Robert Jordan was pleased to hear him speak proudly.