FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

Ernest Hemingway

This book is for

MARTHA GELLHORN

No man is an Island, entire of it selfe; every man is a piece of the Continent,

a part of the maine; if a Clod be 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

He lay flat on the brown, pine-needled 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 gray 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 this 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 kilometer 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 onto 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 judgment.

He had not yet had an opportunity to test his judgment, and, anyway, the

judgment 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

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 your 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 some one 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 an 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

guerilla 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 Sovietique . I never think. Do not try to trap me into thinking."

Some one 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 onto 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 gray 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.