BOOKS And AUTHORS

Edited By Reed Sarratt

The Reviewing Stand:

Quentin Reynolds Reports 'The Wounded Don't Cry'

By REED SARRATT

Even at this stage of the war in Europe, the number of books which has been written about it is approaching infinity. Most of these books have described the horrors of the war, or have told the inside story of "How Blank Fell." Very serious stuff.

It's good to know that someone has witnessed the war, been acutely conscious of the tremendous importance of its outcome, aware of the suffering which it is causing, and yet has held onto his sense of humor.

That is what Quentin Reynolds, ace foreign correspondent, has done. He has been at the front. He has been behind the lines. He has been in London when it has been subjected to its worst bombings. And while bombs rained on London he wrote a book about the war.

MAGNIFICENT COURAGE

He calls it "The Wounded Don't Cry" (Dutton: $2.50). Neither does Mr. Reynolds cry. The principal idea which he comes back to again and again is the magnificent courage of those whose lives, countries, homes, ways of life are in danger of being obliterated, are being obliterated. It is not these people, those under fire, who are crying about the state of the world. The wounded don't cry.

The Collier's writer is in rare form in this book. His breeziness is a relief from all the heavy books which have been written as a result of the war. And at the same time it is most effective in presenting a true picture of how people live under the greatest stress. Mr. Reynolds isn't laughing at the efforts of embattled England to save herself, or at downfallen France. Nor is he whistling in the dark. He has seen the wounded, and he knows that they don't cry. From them he takes his cue.

FINE REPORTER

While the author makes no attempt to be analytical, he shows the stuff the English are made of. He gives basis for hopes for the ultimate victory in the war of the forces of democracy. And his book is a first-rate eye-witness account of what effect the devasting bombings of England has had on civilian morale. Mr. Reynolds is a reporter. Don't forget that. He is one of the best, and he amply demonstrates it in this book.

Two of the best chapters in the book, in my opinion, are those dealing with the position which the Irish Free State is taking in the war, and with Ernie Bevin, England's great labor leader, whom many see as the next Prime Minister.

No better report on the war has been written than this one.

From the pen of John Cowper Powys has come a novel which literally is gigantic — in theme, scope and size. It is "Owen Glendower" (Simon & Schuster: $5), being the story of a rebellion led by the Welch chieftain of that name against Henry IV.

The scene is laid in Wales. The time covered is 1400-1416. The dominating figure in the novel is that of Owen Glendower, the national hero of Wales; but the hero is Rhisiart ab Owen, young Oxford graduate, who becomes Glendower's secretary.

The novel is a product of great scholarship. The national lore of Wales is woven into it. It was written after years of study and research by one whose literary prowess stands unquestioned. And it is written in the traditional manner of the grand novels. One cannot help but be reminded of Scott in the theme and its treatment.

ESSENCE OF PLOT

Rhisiart falls in love with Tegolin, an illegitimate daughter of the prophetess of Dinas Bran, Owen's stronghold. He also falls in love with Catherine, Owen's daughter. He is torn between loyalty to his chief and his love for these two beautiful young women. Finally he loses them both. This is the essence of the plot.

Great figures in history move across these pages. Great events are recorded in them. Yet I could not get much enjoyment from reading the two-volume novel. It early became tedious, and my chief desire was to rush to the end so that I would have the task of reading it behind me.

The fourteen-page introduction held more interest for me than any other part of the long novel. Some will acclaim this as a great novel. Of that I have no doubt. While I recognize its high merit, at the same time I must confess that it failed to live up to my expectations.

Tall Tales Of Frontier

By MARION HARGROVE

A collection of tall tales of the American frontier in the middle stretch of the last century, "Ring-Tailed Roarers" (Caxton; $3.50) roars feebly in stretches, but its heartier roars are belly-born and highly contagious.

Edited by V. L. O. Chittlick and illustrated with wood engravings by Lloyd J. Reynolds, "Ring-Tailed Roarers" is a valuable contribution to the growing coffers of Americana. It preserves the rich and rowdy adventures of such liars as Davy Crockett and Mike Fink and Simon Suggs and its provides another clear picture of the frontier life of their time.

It is a book of bear-trappers, horse racers, fray-tail lawyers and "boiler-bursting river captains"; of courting and fighting and hand-to-hand scrougings, of camp-meetings and all-night dances.

It is a book of the coarse, brutal and hilarious "fellows with tall hands," best described in Professor Chittlick's introduction by a reference to Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi."

GOOD DESCRIPTION

"Readers of that classic will recall that the first of these sorry windbags, after jumping into the air and cracking his heels together, which, with neighing like a stallion or crowing like a gamecock, was the roarer's way of indicating that he was spoiling for trouble, shouted 'Whoo-oop' and then continued:

"'I'm the original iron-jawed, brass-mounted, copper-bellied corpse-maker from the wilds of Arkansas! Look at me! I'm the man they call Sudden Death and General Desolation! Sired by a hurricane, dam'd by an earthquake, half-brother to the cholera, nearly related to the small-pox on the mother's side! Look at me! I take nineteen alligators and a bar'l of whiskey for breakfast when I'm in robust health, and a bushel of rarttlesnakes and a dead body when I'm ailing. I split the everlasting rocks with my glance, and I quench the thunder when I speak! Whoo-oop! Stand back and give me room according to my strength! Blood's my natural drink and the wails of the dying is music to my ear! . . ."

Another gave an even more terrifying account of himself, ". . . and the upshot of all this lurid tall talk was that the smallest man on the raft, seeing that the pretending antagonists were never going to engage in more serious combat, soundly thrashed the two of them at once."

This is mainly the stuff of which "Ring-Tailed Roarers" is made.

Valtin Publisher Hears From Beal

Alliance Books, publishers of Jan Valtin's autobiography "Out of the Night" have just received a letter from Fred Beal, former Communist chief and leader of the Gastonia strike, who is now serving a fifteen year sentence in Central Prison at Raleigh.

In his letter Beal writes, "It seems incredible that a human being could live such a calamitous, tortuous existence. But after what I saw of suffering in the Soviet I know that the human is a glutton for suffering and government in the hands of power mad rulers can be a cruel thing.

"Since reading 'Out of the Night' it has dawned on me that there are others in the same boat. I hope Valtin finds some happiness in his future life."

Carolina Mountains Scene For New Book

By TOM REVELLE

The Literary desk of The News recently received, along with other books, one telling a story of the people of Western North Carolina. It came to me for review. Casually I turned the first page—just another mountain story, though, exaggerated, lacking a true understanding of those great people. I glanced at the jacket and turned to the first page. I read. My interest was aroused. I plunged on, and on and on, through the 388 pages.

"Ef that thar book 'Like a River Flowing' writ by Ida L. Moore and sot to prent by some fellers named Doubleday, Doran & Co, who ax two fifty fer it, were a pi'ture it would be the spitttin' image of a whole passel of people I've knowed in y'ars gone by. I was borned and growed up nigh the foot of Pisgy, the peak that stan's behine Asheville."

SPIRIT OF PEOPLE

Miss Moore, though it is her first novel, has done a master's work, in catching the spirit of those pioneers who drove their ox-drawn wagons across roadless mountains; cleared farming land from virgin forests and opened those everlasting hills to us of this generation; their customs; simple, yet divine, faith in the powers of The Almighty God; their supersitions, hates and loves.

Sex is there, but it plays a minor role in this store of Barlow Cove—which, if truth had always been told about those coves is just the place it occupied in the conduct of those who lived and died "in the settlements."

Bastards always were looked down upon and preachers were needed for "marriages and burin's more'en any other time." Of course mountain men and women are alive and "things like that bit outa han' onct in a while," so Miss Moore tells of that, too.

FAMILY LIFE

She write intimately of family life—just as it was lived in the days before the railroads came, even before there were buggies—when men walked wherever they went; of the days when wagons came out of the mountains, went through Hendersonville and on to Charleston to market; of the "drovers" and hogs and cows being driven across the mountains from Kentucky and Tennessee to South Carolina markets; the Civil War and part the men of the mountains played in that conflict—and of Mr. and Mrs. John Grist, the Taylors, the Gaxtons and many others who lived and saw the coming of "ile" lamps, (which would shore pizen your victuals"); mules, better roads, railroads, "horseless carriages" and finally electric lights.

Miss Moore's "Like a River Flowing" is one of the best novels yet written about the mountaineers.

Gertrude Stein Is Same As Ever

Gertrude Stein is lose again with her first novel in eleven years. Her latest contribution to the world's present-day confusion is called "Ida" (Random House: $2). It is all about Ida, which is all anyone can say about it with any degree of certainty.

It is not quite clear just what Ida is doing all through the pages of the novel. She moves around a good deal, and then again she doesn't; she just seems to get places without moving. At various times, Ida decides to be a twin—and she is a twin. She marries assorted gentlemen from time to time; in fact, they seem to go with the places in which Ida finds herself. Ida's chief occupation is resting, which seems a little odd considering her extensive marital experiences and travels.

Here's a dash of typical Steinese. Make something of it if you can.

"As she was leaving Connecticut she began to listen to a man. He was an officer in the Army. His name was Sam Hamlin. He was a lively Sam Hamlin. He said if he had a wife he could divorce her. He came originally from Connecticut, and he was still in Connecticut. He said the only way to leave Connecticut was to go out of it. If he had left Connecticut he might have gotten to Washington, perhaps to Utah and Idaho, and if he had he might have gotten lost. That is the way he felt about Connecticut."

When you read a couple of paragraphs of Miss Stein, you begin mulling over what she has said, and you think, perhaps, you have got what she is driving at. Then you read another paragraph, and you realize you're right back where you started from.

So the best way to read "Ida" is to read just a couple of paragraphs at a time. If you like, you can start at the end and read backwards. It makes just as much sense.

Must Visit Hell Every Week-End

By MARY CASH

"The small, neat mantle of Saki has apparently been handed down to a young Englishman named John Collier—"

Thus speaks the New Yorker and on this recommendation I read John Collier's book, "Presenting Moonshine," (Viking, $2.50). Comparison is automatic, but my own conclusion is that Saki is still wearing his own mantle, gone though he is. Mr. Collier can certainly be said to have a mantle, and of similar cut, but it is not the magic cloak of Saki. "He wears it pretty well," Mr. Fadiman goes on, "possessing a fair share of Saki's wit and all his interest in the artificial, the macabre, and the sadistic. He is not as assured or as elegant as Saki, nor has he Saki's sense of timing—" So you see there is really no argument here.

A few weeks ago in reviewing "Short Stories From The New Yorker" I said something to the effect that the Crime Club in all its gory could offer nothing so hair-raising as John Collier's little eight-page horror, "Wet Saturday." May I add here that the case records and household accounts of the Devil himself could not present the complete picture of hell more familiarly than some of the stories in "Presenting Moonshine." Mr. Collier must spend his week-ends there.

WOMEN'S SPECIAL HELL

In the midst of reading "The Devil, George, and Rosie," a tale laid in the women's own special hell off on a planet in space, I got up and turned the picture on the wall, sprinkled goopher dust on the windowsills, hung blackthorn sprigs over the doors, stuffed the keyholes with garlic, and drove a silver spike into a steak I had in the icebox. I was taking no chances. Menfolk might feel the same reading "The Right Side" and "Half-Way to Hell."

The most successful way to treat the macabre, the supernatural, is to write of it as the most natural thing in the world. That's what this fellow does; makes you feel that it's all perfectly normal; that you'd better stay home minding your own business a few days; be careful what you say and to whom you say it. Yet to my mind the most successful story in the book is one supernatural only in the title, "Witch's Money," a marvellously ironic piece concerning the aftermath of a communal murder in a Basque village. It is beautiful satire on our economic system. And the only serious story in the book, with the possible exception of "Special Delivery," which might very well have come out of a psychiatrist's case book. Men have fallen in love with odder things than beautiful dummies. It is a sad little tale.

OFFENSIVE STORY

I could have done without "The Frog Prince," an obnoxious to-do about sexual aberration. It is offensive and Saki wouldn't have touched the idea with an umbrella. But the creator of "Sredni Vashtar" would certainly have applauded "Thus I Refute Beelzy," a sympathetic account of a little boy's vengeance upon a horrid parent. There is a good bit of similarity between the two—a tendency to reward their villains, to confuse you as to just who is the villain, complete acceptance of the topsy-turvy, a dozen other points of contact.

But it seems to me that if John Collier has inherited the mantle of any departed writer, it is Thorne Smith's. There is more in him of Topper than Clovis.

W. J. Cash Will Autograph Books

W. J. Cash, associate editor of The News, will be at Efird's bookshop tomorrow afternoon between 3 and 5 o'clock to autograph copies of his book, "The Mind of the South" (Knopf: $3.75), which is to be released by the publishers tomorrow for public sale.

Most Popular Library Books

FICTION

For Whom the Bell Tolls, Ernest Hemingway.

Sapphira and the Slave Girl, Willa Cather.

Oliver Wiswell, Kenneth Roberts.

Kitty Foyle, Christopher Morley.

Call it Freedom, Marion Sims.

NON-FICTION

I Rode with Stonewall, Henry K. Douglas.

Wave of the Future, Anne Lindbergh.

Inside Europe, John Gunther.

Mrs. Miniver, Jan Struther.

Mein Kampf, Adolf Hitler.

Ivan T. Sanderson's collection of Central American fauna, obtained originally for the British Museum, is now being shipped instead to the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago for safekeeping until the war is over. Mr. Sanderson, whose new book, "Living Treasure," will be published by Viking in March, was, when last heard from, somewhere in the Central American jungles. His current expedition is a sequel to the one that, two years ago, the author-naturalist described in "Caribbean Treasure."

Kenneth Roberts' "Oliver Wiswell" is being transcribed into Braille by the Printing House for the Blind, Doubleday, Doran report.

William McFee has just received notification of his election to membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters in the Department of Literature. This automaticaly makes him eligible for election to the Academy of Arts and Letters.

Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (whose title and magnificent motto are by John Donne) has made Preacher-Poet Donne a best seller! Random House had on hand at the beginning of December a stock of its one-volume edition of Donne's work that, under ordinary circumstances, would have sufficed for the whole of 1941, but the entire supply has been snapped up. To make matters worse, a new edition of 1,500 copies, ordered from the Nonesuch Press in London, was completely destroyed in a bombing raid just before it was to be put aboard ship, and Randon House can give no definite date as to when this particular edition will again be available. To fill in the breach, a new Modern Library Giant, combining the complete poetry and selected prose of both William Blake and John Donne, with a long introduction by Pulitzer Prize Poet Hobert Hillyer, originally scheduled for October, 1941, is being rushed to completion, and will be on sale in the bookstores by the end of March.

Herschel Brickell, literary critic and author, has been appointed to succeed Harry Hanson as editor of the annual O. Henry Memorial Award volume of short stories, beginning with the 1941 issue. Mr. Brickell will head the committee of judges which each year selects the cream of the short story crop and awards prizes to the three leading writers.

C. S. Forester, whose last novel "To The Indies" is still enjoying an excellent sale, has completed a new novel, his first American novel, by the way. It concerns the adventures of an imaginary captain in the American navy during the War of 1812. Publication date will be announced later. Mr. Forester is living on the coast with his wife and two sons.

Test for Readers:

Know Your News

By HOWARD PEGRAM

Got your pencil? Then let's dig right in. After you have written the answers in the blanks, turn to the back page, Section IV, for a check-up.

Your score: Twenty-five correct, perfect; twenty-one, excellent; sixteen, good; twelve, fair; seven, poor.

PART ONE

(Write the answer in the blank).

1. President Roosevelt named John G. Winant as his choice for Ambassador to ....
2. Willkie recently conferred not only with Churchill, but also with the President of ....
3. Shuttling between Vichy and Paris in an effort to settle differences with Nazis is Petain's Naval Minister, Jean ....
4. One French problem is whether to restore to the Cabinet ousted Pierre................
5. Reports come that the United States is ready to sign a "good neighbor" agreement settling all differences with ....
6. At the time of writing (they may be there by now), British troops are advancing toward Italy's last big Libyan stronghold of.... ....
7. As you should know if you read Reporter on Assignment Wednesday, the Secretary of Agriculture is ....
8. Appointed Charlotte's acting postmaster was ....
9. One of England's objectives in Africa is to restore to his throne ....
10. Arrested or forced to flee were certain military leaders when a Government crisis occurred in the nearby country of ....
11. Recently married to her business manager, Clark H. Getts, was the widow of explorer.............
12. On sale in New York at bargain prices went the huge art collection of ....
13. Burial for William Gibbs McAdoo, World War Cabinet member, took place early in the week at ....
14. Subject of a recent Charlotte News Pixeditorial was "Murder Corner" at the intersection of First and ....
15. Addressing the Charlotte Executives Club Wednesday was former Nobel Prize winner Arthur H.......

PART TWO

(Write the number of the answer in the blank.)

16. Riots marked the last week-end in (1) Japan, (2) Italy, (3) South Africa, (4) France ....
17. Cities heavily raided by British airmen during the week did NOT include (1) Munich, (2) Brest, (3) Dusseldorf, (4) Cherbourg...... ....
18. Unconfirmed reports indicate that Germany's famous prisoner, Rev. Niemoeller, has (1) escaped, (2) been released, (3) died, (4) become Catholic...............
19. Returning to the United States from England, Wendell Willkie expects very soon to (1) confer with Herbert Hoover on war relief, (2) go to California for a rest, (3) testify on the Lease-Lend Bill, (4) go on a lecture tour.............
20. Nine men died when fire swept through (1) a Brooklyn apartment house, (2) a Connecticut quilt factory, (3) a New Jersey warehouse, (4) a Georgia cotton mill ....
21. In connection with the radio music situation, the Government filed anti-trust criminal action Wednesday against (1) BMI, (2) CBS, (3) ASCAP, (4) NBC.........
22. Also charged with anti-trust law violations, in Washington, is the (1) CIO, (2) American Medical Association, (3) Ford Motor Co., (4) U. S. Steel............
23. South Carolina's Jane Crum recently took the spotlight in Florida in (1) golf, (2) swimming, (3) badminton, (4) tennis ....
24. Wednesday night West Pittston, Pa., citizens were awakened by (1) an explosion at an arsenal, (2) the crash of an army plane, (3) part of the town above a mine sinking, (4) a head-on train collision ....
25. Husband Edward Kimmel recently became (1) Ambassador to Argentina, (2) commander-in-chief of the United States' three-ocean navy, (3) Governor of Missouri, (4) Secretary of Agriculture.......

Contract Let for Church Building at Forest City

FOREST CITY Feb. 8.—The contract has been let for the construction of a new educational building for the First Methodist Church here. The new structure will be located at the rear of the church and will occupy part of the lot on which the old parsonage building now stands. Robert Hill, of Spindale, was given the contract for the new building, which will cost approximately $8,000.

The new educational building will be modern in every respect and will amply take care of the needs at the Methodist Church for several years to come. In addition to Sunday school rooms, the new building will also provide recreational facilities.

The old parsonage building was sold to George Avant. A crew of workmen started demolishing it this week. It will require about 90 days to complete the new Sunday school building after the old parsonage is removed.

During the first nine months of 1940, the British bought $77,256,731 worth of airplanes.

Blitzkrieg vs. the Red Duster:

British Merchant Skipper Tells Of Channel Fight With Nazi Plane

This is the second of three articles telling the story of the fight by British merchantmen to keep the Red Ensign sailing the seven seas. Commodore Phillips, former Commodore of the Clan Line, has sailed more than two million miles on salt water, dodged U-boats, skipped past torpedoes and surface raiders and outfought tornadoes.

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

LONDON, Feb. 9.—(NANA)—If I could take old Hitler for a voyage on my ship in convoy, I think he would chuck in his hand. For such a voyage leaves an impression of the solid might of Britain on the seas that can never be forgotten.

This story is about a recent trip from Suez to Aden, 1,310 miles, a good third of it along the coast of Italian Eritrea, by a vessel which had come from England all the way to Suez without incident.

Thousands of tons of British shipping still pass daily, unscathed, through the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean. Our ship is joining a convoy forming at Suez from various parts of the Empire, including some neutrals.

We're carrying mostly munitions, but there is a lot of general merchandise, and a good number of British and Indian troops. The convoy forms up in a weird pattern. The escort vessel, hovering like a hen with chicks, flags us by day and lamp-signals us by night; and there are also other signals I may not mention. There is "wireless silence" between all ships.

We pass quite close to Massawa, the Italian naval base, but Beppo is ever so quiet. Not a shot or the murmur of a Savoia bomber or the crack of a distant gun.

Not once in this 1,300-mile journey is an enemy sighted or heard of; except that we perform these strange convoy-antics in silence, you would not dream there was a war on. Presently here is Aden on a Sunday, guarded by the impregnable "steamer point," still with its two million tons of shipping visiting it in a year.

TROUBLE IN CHANNEL NEAR VOYAGE'S END

Nothing worth recording happened on the homeward voyage, for thousand after thousand heaving miles of blue water. But there was a bit of a dust-up in the Channel, just at the end.

In a breezy Autumn morning, with the white-caps running free, the convoy comes lapping and pounding along, with Cap de la Hague to starboard and Bournemouth somewhere over in the spume to port.

A dozen cargo-ships, passing through water where the U-boats are said to shoal like herrings, standing on a course that lies right under the shadow of the German bombers' wings, they stump stolidly along, zig-zagging oddly.

The balloons are up—or we carry our own barrages these days—silvery sausages far overhead, with the black cables the Luftwaffe dreads; it is enough to make any decent skipper turn blue in the face to see such growths coming out of his ship.

There go the sirens, singing out the air raid warning! The Heinkels, quite a cloud of them, are specking the sky far away to starboard.

So it's on with the lifebelt and the old tin hat; a sudden change of course sends a curling wave over the bows; across the deck scamper gunners in steel helmets, to the high-angle multi-machine-guns in the stern (another eyesore for my decks), and from the old warship that is "seeing us across the park" comes the first thud and flash of a 3.7 gun.

GUARDIAN ANGELS FOR MERCHANT SHIPS

Wonderful vessels they are, these "anti-aircraft ships" that escort the wide-waisted, fat-sterned girls of the merchant navy home to mother. Obsolete warships which could never hold their own against modern vessels have been converted into floating fortresses carrying mostly heavy high-angle guns of terrific destructive power.

The raiders overhead now are Heinkels, not Stuka dive-bombers, but we can show them something, even though they try to operate from a good height up.

Woomp—woomp—woomp! Go the bombs, flinging vast craters of water into the air. That last one was uncomfortably close, completely obliterating from my bridge the sight of the next ship.

The engine-room telegraphs signal full speed ahead. It's hand on the telegraph all the time now, and one eye on the bombs and the other on the waltzing ships around to avoid a collision. And still the Heinkels circle, and still the black bombs that look like falling armchairs come thumping down.

Full speed . . . slow . . . port . . . full speed ahead as the Heinkel swoops to put one of us—and so it drops astern by the mercy of heaven and a nice bit of calculation . . . starboard . . . slow . . . full speed.

Yellow splashes of light show where the escort ships are pounding the skies with blasting high explosive. Our own little guns in the stern are chat-chat-chattering with a deafening, impatient insistence.

The Heinkels seem more numerous. They have been joined by a cloud of pals, or I'm seeing double! Well—all the more to hit. Inspired by the same idea, the warships redouble their noise, and every little gun on every cargo vessel begins to bark in chorus.

The Heinkels are forming for a last grand slam. Whack! A shell from a warship catches one of them, just abaft the wing, and the plane spreads out like a Chinese cracker and sails all over heaven and falls into the sea astern.

AIR FILLED WITH DIVING PLANES

And then, with a terrific crescendo of engines, the Heinkels come down—fifty or so of them at once—and life is for a moment too full to do anything but dodge the black specks that grow instantly into colossal pears and strike the water and burst the eardrums with sudden rocking explosions.

Port—hard aport—full speed—half-speed—starboard just in the nick of time.

Crr-rump! That was the worst of all—it made the ship jump out of the water like a horse at a hurdle, and it seemed as if the bottom would drop out of her. And then the Heinkels are turning hastily away for France, in a devil of a hurry all of a sudden.

There are four of them sprawled and splayed on the water now, counting the one that was blown to bits before that last attack; but that is not what has made them lose their nerve.

Humming along right up in the eye of the sun, tiny black dots appear, and the tin-hatted men on the decks yell, "Spitfires!" As they whirl away France-wards, there is time to look around and count the cost.

One ship hit, and badly hit. A Norwegian, with her stern blown off, settling down sluggishly into the water. Convoy orders are that we may not stop. We see her men getting into the boats, and a destroyer fussing up to help. Some of the crew stolidly run up a new Norwegian flag on one stumpy mast so that she shall go down with colors flying.

One of the gun-crew trails past, swinging his tin hat in his hand. He is depressed at not having scored a hit. The men start arguing about who shot down the aircraft victims.

A last look around. There goes the "all clear." The morning is brightening, but the white-caps are still running. No sign of a German anywhere now. The convoy re-forms and proceeds stolidly on its way.

Willkie Will Wind Up Lend-Lease Hearings

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Senate supporters of the least-lend bill won their first test today when the Foreign Relations Committee voted ten to five to wind up its public hearings on Tuesday after Wendell L. Willkie testifies.

The decision, opposed by leading opponents of the bill who are members of the committee, was reached at the close of a tumultuous day that saw these developments:

LANDON HITS BILL

Testimony by Alf M. Landon, Republican Presidential candidate in 1936, that the legislation was a "guess and be damned policy" that would lead this country into war. Landon also accused President Roosevelt of a "systematic attempt" to "silence" Senator Wheeler, Democrat, Montana, an opponent of the legislation.

A protest by Senator Clark, Democrat, Missouri, against hearing Quentin Reynolds, war reporter for Colliers Magazine, who was, Clark asserted, a "professional propagandist," testifying at the "request of the White House." Reynolds heatedly denied Clark's charges, and, allowed to testify, expressed belief the United States could help England to "final victory without ever sending one man across the ocean."

Publication by Senator Wheeler of a letter to Secretary of War Stimson asserting that the Cabinet member "should not be a party to misleading the American people into believing that this nation is so well armed that we can afford to strip it completely of what few planes we have." Stimson had questioned the propriety, in the light of world conditions, of a recent statement by Wheeler that the Army had only 639 planes on Jan. 1.

Senator George, Democrat, Georgia, in announcing the majority decision to end testimony Tuesday, said that those who favor the legislation had taken only a week to present their testimony while Senators opposed to the legislation had all of this week to offer witnesses, and also would have Monday.

Voting against ending the hearings were Senators Johnson, Republican, California, Capper, Republican, Kansas, Nye, Republican, North Dakota, Shipstead, Republican, Minnesota, and Clark, all opponents of the measure. Clark said he was certain these five votes did not include all opposition within the committee, but conceded that a majority of the group favored sending the bill on to the Senate for debate.

A noisy demonstration at the committee hearing that brought capitol policemen running and caused removal of some 50 young people from the hearing room. Members of the group said they represented the American Youth Congress.

The demonstration was touched off by Jack McMichael, who said he was chairman of the American Youth Congress.

Rising in the center of the crowd of spectators, the tall, blond young man attempted to make a statement opposing the bill. In an instant dozens of other young men and women began applauding, whistling and yelling. Capital policemen rushed for McMichael and whisked him out of the room.

Chairman George rapped for order and quickly demanded that all who had taken part in this "outrage" leave the room. One or two youths scuffled with policemen who yanked them from their seats, but the others streamed out, grinning sheepishly.

McMichael was taken to a guard room and lectured on Senate rules and courtesy and then released.

THE MIND OF THE SOUTH
by W. J. CASH
Autographed First Edition
"If I were to choose a book of the month on the grounds of importance, I would choose W. J. Cash's "THE MIND OF THE SOUTH." John Selby.
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You Are Invited to Meet
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Associate Editor of The Charlotte News
Who Will
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