WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK. — Vincent Bendix got on famously as long as he stuck to tinkering, inventing and fussing with machinery. He did many other things, but anything which didn't have to do with wheels, cams, and pinions was just no dice.

Without Wheels It's No Go for Vincent Bendix

It was his Chicago real estate deals which brought against him the petition in voluntary bankruptcy filed in Chicago, say his lawyers. His holdings were more than $5,000,000, including the famous Potter Palmer Lake Shore drive residence—all down the chute in the federal district court. His machinery companies, not involved in the petition, are rolling along nicely. They seem to be one up on the "good earth" as an arcanum of security. Modern times are like that.

In the basement of a New York hospital, where he ran the elevator, he had a grand time taking an old hot-tube gas engine to pieces and putting it together again. He was 17, not long from Chicago, where he had been a telegraph messenger boy. An old one-eyed swamper around the place, who understood machinery, had instructed him in the working of the power plant and had encouraged his laboratory work. There was a close working alliance between faculty and student body.

Two years later, the lad got a job as a typist in a law office, baffled at first because he couldn't use a monkey wrench on the typewriter, but exploring it satisfactorily with a screw-driver and pliers.

But a law office hadn't any wheels, and he did better with the Lackawanna railroad, which had plenty, although he was in the traffic department. In his spare time, he worked out improvements on a bicycle chain and sprocket. That brought him in touch with bicycle manufacturers and at last he was on the main line—and it wasn't the Lackawanna. It was a wide, paved highway to millions in the invention of automobile and aviation devices whose only dead-end was real estate.

Of Swedish ancestry, son of a Moline, Ill., Methodist minister, he packed a copy of Schopenhauer in his pocket when he was a messenger boy. In those days, he wolfed Huxley, Darwin, Marx, Tyndall, Wallace and Spencer, calling himself a Socialist in his earlier years. Never still a minute, he is buoyant and resilient at 57, and his friends shrug if this bankruptcy business as just a short detour from the main highway. They say they wouldn't be surprised if he should bob up with something as exciting as perpetual motion, one of these days.

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FALTY, laconic, William Allan Neilson, rounding three score years and ten, retires with this year's graduating class as president of Smith college. Rarely does any passing prexy get such a hand from students and faculty. Somewhat in the picture of Stringfellow Barr of St. John's, and Maynard Hutchins of Chicago, he has put over education on its merits. He has been first a scholar and secondly an administrator, but has fired so much enthusiasm that administration has pretty much taken care of itself.

The Groves of Academe Laud Retiring Prexy

The University of Edinburgh and Harvard passed on to him the flame of the great Elizabethans. Merry eyes—little white beard—resonant laugh—with a surgically incisive mind—he has been to the Smith undergraduates a blend of Chaucer, Shakespeare and Erasmus—although said immortals didn't smoke big cigars. He takes a bow from all the groves of academe.

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TOSCANINI was so pleased with a tie designed by Mrs. Malcolm Whitman, former Countess Luisa Mara de Vescovi, that he had one like it made for each of the 93 members of his orchestra. That started her designing ties for Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Noel Coward, Count Andy Robilant, et al. One thing led to another, and now Mrs. Whitman returns from Europe as the only woman couturier for men, after a study of the latest in men's ties on the continent.

Woman Designs Styles for Men; They Like 'Em

Her ancestors were members of the council of ten of the Venetian republic. One of them married the painter Tintoretto, bequeathing a sensitiveness to fabrics and color, no doubt. She was a concert singer before her marriage to Mr. Whitman.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

100 Miles Onward

The average freight haul on American railways has lengthened by 100 miles during the past 25 years, according to the Association of American Railroads, which places the average haul today at 355 miles.

Dummy Fortress Used

Hills near Peiping, China, are dotted with dummy Tibetan fortresses used by the Emperor Chien Lung to train his army for a successful contest of Tibet at the time of the American Revolution.

His Painting of a Battle in the American Revolution Became the Passport That Took Him Out of Danger in the French Revolution

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

ON THE afternoon of June 17, 1775, a young school teacher who had enlisted in the Patriot army at the outbreak of the Revolution and become adjutant of a Connecticut regiment stationed at Roxbury, stood on a hill there and gazed upon a battle scene which he was to help make immortal. He saw 3,000 British redcoats march up Breed's Hill. . . . battalions in an extended front of men three deep, with volley firing by platoons in regular sequence. He saw the 1,200 New England's militia, crouching behind their hastily-erected fortifications on the hill, holding their fire "until you can see the whites of their eyes."

He saw the long lines of scarlet-clad men crumble under the murderous hail of lead, reel back down the hill, then reform and, with bulldog courage, advance once more. He saw them beaten back again but once more they came on—this time with bayonets. And because the supply of ammunition of the defenders of the hill was exhausted, this time the attackers were successful. But their victory was dearly won—they had lost 1,054 men killed and wounded, among them 89 commissioned officers, as compared to the Patriot's loss of 420 killed and wounded and 30 prisoners.

Praised by Copley.

Years later this young schoolteacher was to paint that memorable scene and, by a strange quirk of fate, this very painting was to save his life during a revolutionary struggle in another land. For this young Connecticut Yankee was John Trumbull, who as a student at Harvard had won the praise of the distinguished artist, John Singleton Copley, for his skill at painting. That skill was soon put to good use. When George Washington arrived at Cambridge to take command of the newly formed Continental army Trumbull learned that he wished an accurate drawing of the enemy's position. So at the risk of his life he crept close to British lines and made sketches which pleased Washington so much that he appointed Trumbull his second aide-de-camp.

The young artist next attracted the attention of General Gates and, when Gates went to Ticonderoga to assume command of the Northern department, Trumbull went along as his adjutant-general with the rank of colonel. In 1778 he accompanied General Sullivan as a volunteer on his expedition against the British in Rhode Island. When it proved unsuccessful, Trumbull returned to Boston, resolved to give up his career as a soldier permanently and devote his life to painting.

In May, 1780, he sailed for Paris where he called on Benjamin Franklin and told him of his desire to study under the great Benjamin West in London. Armed with a letter of introduction he went to London and West put him to work.

When Major Andre, the British adjutant-general in America, was caught and hanged, the young painter who had been an American adjutant-general, seemed to the British to be the logical man to be used for reprisal. Trumbull might well have pleaded that there was little similarity between his case and Andre's, that he was in London only as a painter and that he was there by permission of Lord Germain, the British foreign minister. Instead, the truculent young Yankee boasted that he had been aide to that "arch rebel," George Washington, and that he was proud of it.

In an English Prison.

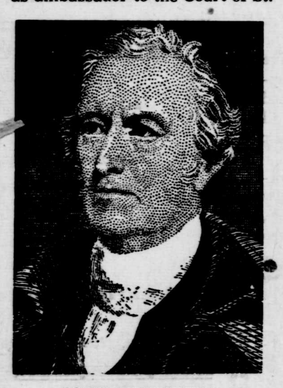
Confined in Tuthill Bridewell, Trumbull may have had some uneasy moments as to what his fate would be. But if he did have them, he gave no sign and calmly went on with his painting. Meanwhile, his Tory friends, West and Copley, were working in his interests and after seven months succeeded in gaining his release. Trumbull returned to America immediately but when hostilities ended he went back to London again to work under West.

With the spell of his country's victory still fresh upon him he conceived the idea of commemorating the principal events of the Revolution in a series of large paintings. His first was the picture of one he had seen, even though it was from a distance—the Battle of Bunker Hill. The great Sir Joshua Reynolds, visiting West's studio, saw this picture and, believing it to be West's work, praised him for it—a high compliment to the young American.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL
(From the painting by John Trumbull in the Yale Art Gallery.)

Thomas Jefferson, American minister to France, also saw the painting when he visited London and immediately recognized the genius of his compatriot. He invited Trumbull to come to Paris as his guest and introduced him to some of the leading French painters and sculptors.

For some time Trumbull had been planning to paint the most important scene in the history of the Revolution—the Signing of the Declaration of Independence. There in the home of its author, and aided by that author's suggestions, he made the first sketches of the picture. Returning to London Trumbull arranged the composition so that he could add the portraits of the signers as the opportunity offered. John Adams was just leaving his post as ambassador to the Court of St.



JOHN TRUMBULL

James and his was the first portrait painted in. A few months later the painter went back to Paris and added Jefferson's.

Then the French Revolution put an end to Trumbull's work in Paris. In October, 1789, both he and Jefferson returned to America. Arriving in New York Trumbull found that the Constitution had been adopted and Washington elected President. Here the portraits of Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lewis, George Clinton, Lewis Morris and Roger Sherman were soon added to his canvas.

More Portraits Added.

The next spring the artist went to Philadelphia where he spent three months adding more portraits. During the fall of 1790 Trumbull was in Boston and New Hampshire, painting the portraits of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Robert Treat Paine, Josiah Bartlett and on subsequent visits to Charleston, S. C., Philadelphia, New York and Boston added others.

The end of Trumbull's great project was almost in sight when political troubles at home and war abroad turned his interest and the interest of his friends from the arts to these more pressing problems. In 1794 Trumbull was appointed secretary to John Jay and accompanied him to England to aid in the negotiations which resulted in the famous Jay's Treaty. For the next decade he was not a painter but an American agent in Europe, part of the time as a commissioner carrying out the stipulations of that treaty.

At this point his painting of the Battle of Bunker Hill comes back into the story in one of the most dramatic incidents in the life of any artist. In 1797 Trumbull was in Paris on his way back from Stuttgart, Germany, where a certain Herr Muller had made an engraving of his Bunker Hill picture.

Robespierre was in power and the Reign of Terror had started. Suddenly the American painter found himself on the "suspect list" (possibly because of his part in negotiating the Jay treaty which was very unpopular in France) and not allowed to leave the country. Trumbull appealed to Talleyrand, the French foreign minister, who was affable enough but said he could do nothing for him, adding that the Americans must pay money for any favors as a nation that they got from the French.

Appeals to Pinckney.

Nor could Charles C. Pinckney of South Carolina, American minister to France, (who was later to be credited with the immortal "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute!" in reply to another French blackmailing demand) do anything for him. In fact, he told Trumbull that both of them were as likely as not to find themselves in the Temple prison—and on the way to the guillotine!

Then Trumbull decided to go to see Louis David, his old friend and fellow-painter. David was now a subordinate of Robespierre and, although Trumbull regarded him as much a murderer as Robespierre, he regarded David's intercession as his only hope. He found the French painter at the Louvre and was greeted warmly. When David learned that Trumbull had his Bunker Hill painting with him he exclaimed: "That picture is worth many passports!"

So he urged Trumbull to hurry to his hotel and get the painting (which was small enough for him to carry under his arm) and then come with him to the police prefecture. As they entered, everyone stood aside respectfully for the "great Republican painter, David," and gazed curiously at his companion, the "notorious suspect." Showing the picture to the chief of police, David stated that the American with him had been in this battle against the hated English and ended his voluble explanation with the declaration: "He is as good a Revolutionist as any of us!"

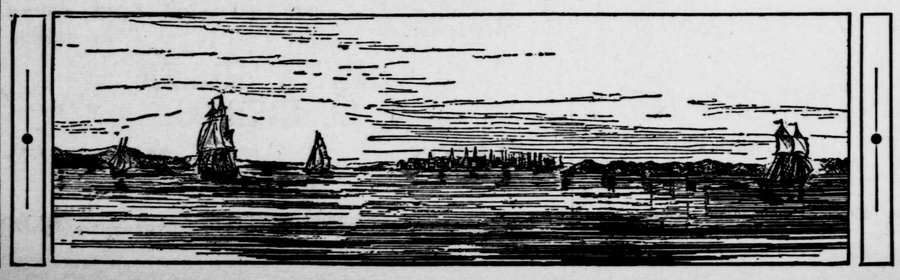
'His Blood Run Cold.'

Although Trumbull later said that it made his blood run cold to hear himself described as the same type of Revolutionist as his friend (who had told him that it would have been better for the Republic if 5,000 more aristocrats had been guillotined), he was greatly relieved when informed that he would be given a passport out of France. He set out immediately for Calais so as to be safely aboard a ship for England before the police could change their minds and have him arrested. He arrived there safely and never again returned to France.

Trumbull was in England during the War of 1812 and then returned to America to finish his painting of "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence"

and three others—"The Surrender of General Burgoyne," "The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis," and "Washington Resigning His Commission." His last years were saddened by illness and poverty. Finally in 1831, he arranged with Yale college to give that institution his unsold paintings for an annuity of $1,000 for the remainder of his life, which ended on November 10, 1843.

That is why the Yale art gallery is today one of America's greatest patriotic shrines. For on its walls hang several of John Trumbull's paintings, among them, "The Battle of Bunker Hill" which once served as a "passport" out of Revolutionary France.



Fifty years after Bunker Hill, the corner stone of the monument which marks the site of the battle was laid. Lafayette was present.

But the outstanding figure there was Daniel Webster, then rising to his heights as public speaker, who was chosen to give the dedicatory address, which has become one of the classics of American oratory. From an eyewitness, Samuel Griswold Goodrich, we have this description of that historic event and the "man of the hour":

The first time I ever saw Mr. Webster was on the seventeenth of June, 1825, at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument. I shall never forget his appearance as he strode across the open area, encircled by some fifty thousand persons—men and women—waiting for the "Orator of the Day," nor the shout that simultaneously burst forth, as he was recognized, carrying up to the skies the name of "Webster!" "Webster!" "Webster!"

It was one of those lovely days in June, when the sun is bright, the air clear, and the breath of nature so sweet and pure as to fill every bosom with a grateful joy in the mere consciousness of existence. There were present long files of soldiers in their holiday attire; there were many associations, with their mottoed banners; there were lodges and grand lodges, in white aprons and blue scarfs; there were miles of citizens from the town and the country round about; there were 200 gray-haired men, remnants of the days of the Revolution; there was among them a stranger, of great mildness and dignity of appearance, on whom all eyes rested, and when his name was known the air echoed with the cry—"Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!" Around all this scene was a rainbow of beauty such as New England alone can furnish.

I have seen many public festivities and ceremonials, but never one, taken all together, of more general interest than this. Webster was in the very zenith of his fame and powers. There was grandeur in his form, an intelligence in his deep dark eye, a loftiness in his expansive brow, a significance in his arched lip, altogether beyond those of any other human being I ever saw. And these, on the occasion to which I allude, had their full expression and interpretation.

In general the oration was serious, full of weighty thought and deep reflection. Occasionally there were flashes of fine imagination, and several passages of deep, overwhelming emotion. I was near the speaker, and not only heard every word, but I saw every movement of his countenance. When he came to address the few scarred and time-worn veterans—some forty in number—who had shared in the bloody scene which all had now gathered to commemorate, he paused a

moment, and, as he uttered the words "Venerable men," his voice trembled, and I could see a cloud pass over the sea of faces that turned upon the speaker. When at last, alluding to the death of Warren, he said— "But ah, Him!—the first great martyr of this great cause. Him, the patriotic victim of his own self-devoting heart. Him, cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name!" Here the eyes of the veterans around, little accustomed to tears, were filled to the brim, and some of them "sobbed aloud in their fullness of heart." The orator went on:

"Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure; this monument may moulder away, the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to the level of the sea; but thy memory shall not fail. Wherever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall claim kindred with thy spirit!"

I have never seen such an effect, from a single passage; a moment before, every bosom bent, every brow was clouded, every eye was dim. Lifted as by inspiration, every breast seemed now to expand, every gaze to turn above, every face to beam with a holy yet exulting enthusiasm. It was the omnipotence of eloquence, which, like the agitated sea, carries a host upon its waves, sinking and swelling with its irresistible undulations.

* * *

We wish that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in its coming, let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.—From Webster's address at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument.

Modern Iraq, Adam's Home Has Baby King

Garden of Eden, Babel Tower Once Found In Country.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

The death of King Ghazi the First of Iraq on April 4, resulting from an automobile crash, placed his small son on the throne under the guidance of a regent. Little King Feisal II, four years old, now is sovereign over the newest government in one of the oldest lands of history, for Iraq is the traditional homeland of Adam and Eve.

The rich Mesopotamian region, which was set up after the World war as Iraq, was one of the first lands to see the dawn of civilization. Scholars of ancient history designate a region in this country as the Garden of Eden, point out where the Tower of Babel rose and crumbled with the fall of Babylon, and identify the ruined city from which Father Abraham set forth for the Land of Canaan. Biblical and Persian eras were supplanted by the later times of the Arabian Nights, when Sinbad the Sailor sailed from Basra and Ali Baba caught his Forty Thieves in Baghdad.

Now Produces Oil.

The strip of Asia so familiar under its old names has been making a new name for itself as an increasingly important producer of oil to meet the machine age's rising petroleum thirst. Since 1933, Iraq's output of petroleum has quadrupled. Two pipe lines have been built to carry oil over 600 miles from Kirkuk, in northeastern Iraq, to the ports of Tripoli and Haifa on the Mediterranean. Much of the oil production is under the control of Anglo-Iranian interests.

Ruled now by kings who trace their ancestry to Mohammed, Iraq is an Arabic-speaking Mohammedan country liberated by the World war from Turkey. In size it ranks between New Mexico and Arizona, but it has seven or eight times the population of either.

Iraq has discovered in recent years such accessories of the machine age as airplanes, radios and electric clocks; movies, air-conditioning and motor transport.

Where old caravan trails led, American-made busses with air-cooled motors now chug. In the Garden of Eden is heard the whistle of passing railway trains. Though Germany's dream of a "Berlin-to-Baghdad" railway was never realized, transportation by rail and bus takes travelers from western Europe across Iraq to the nation's No. 1 port of Basra, near the Persian gulf. Modern irrigation projects are bringing life-giving moisture to land made desert by Mongol destruction of early irrigation works.

Here is His Majesty King Feisal II, who is four years old. He succeeded to the throne of Iraq on the death of his father, King Ghazi, who was killed in an automobile accident.

The western world, including Uncle Sam, has contributed much to the present-day aspect of Iraq. Texas and Oklahoma oil workers helped lay the famous petroleum pipe lines. Used in Iraq schools are thousands of American textbooks translated into Arabic.

Yet side by side with today's innovations the past still lingers in Iraq, cradle of civilizations. Oil tankers tie up at Basra along with Arab sailboats designed before the day of Sinbad the Sailor. Mosques and minarets share the skyline with new buildings; sightseeing crowds in smart European dress rub elbows with bronze-colored natives in flowing burnoose. Road repairmen, with their asphalt and steam roller, have to step aside to let a camel caravan pass.

In the last 6,000 years Iraq has seen the Babylonian, Assyrian, Chaldean, Persian, Greek, Roman, and Saracen civilizations come and go. Dominated before the World war by Turkey, she was later placed under mandate to Great Britain. In 1932 Iraq joined the League of Nations, dropped the mandatory status, and became an independent nation.

Germany, Larger Than in 1914, Covets Pre-War World Empire

With Germany's colonial demands expected to be pressed against European democracies momentarily, a comparison of modern Germany with the pre-war empire of Kaiser Wilhelm becomes newsworthy. In Europe proper, points out the National Geographic society, the Third Reich's empire now exceeds that of the Kaiser, thanks to acquisition of 65,031 square miles of territory containing 18,000,000 people in the short period from 1935 to 1939. But Germany's overseas empire is nil, having been mandated at Versailles to Britain, France, Japan, Belgium, Portugal, Australia, New Zealand and the Union of South Africa. Valuable for their natural resources, the colonies—if returned to Hitler—would make Germany a dominant world power.

The following charts outline the Reich's gains and losses throughout the past 25 years:

GERMANY'S VARYING SIZE SILHOUETTED IN STATISTICS
(Table I)

Date	Area in Square Miles	Population
Germany, pre-war (Europe)	208,780	64,925,993
German Empire, 1914, including possessions	1,239,064	77,382,637
Germany, post-Versailles	180,961	60,242,327
Germany, April 28, 1939	245,992	84,067,876
Post-war gains in Europe	65,031	23,825,040*
Net gain over pre-war status	37,212	19,141,374

* Including a natural population increase of 5,788,164.

STEPPING-STONES TO THE ENLARGED GERMANY OF 1939
(Table II)

Territory	Date	Sq. Miles	Pop.	Former Rule	Assets
Saar	1935	738	820,000	League of Nations (German territory in 1914)	Coal, steel industry
Austria	1938	32,369	6,760,000	Independent	Foodstuffs, fodder, timber, coal, iron
Sudetenland	1938	11,500	3,500,000	Czecho-Slovakia	Iron, radium, timber, china clay, coal, factories
Bohemia-Moravia	1939	19,325	6,804,876	Czecho-Slovakia	Foodstuffs, iron, timber, factories, hops, silver, gold
Memel	1939	1,099	152,000	Lithuania (German territory in 1914)	Baltic shipping
Total		65,031	18,036,876		

PRE-WAR GERMANY'S OVERSEAS EMPIRE
(Table III)

Territory	Location	Square Miles	Population	Exported to Germany	Present Rule
Cameroons	West Africa	191,130	2,650,591	Palm Oil, rubber, ivory, cocoa	Great Britain-France
Caroline, Pelew and Marianne Is.	Pacific	806	52,264	Copra, phosphate	Japan
German East Africa	Africa	383,180	7,651,106	Rubber, copra, ivory, coffee, sisal, insect wax	England-Belgium-Portugal
German New Guinea (Bismarck Arch., Solomon Is.)	New Guinea	97,660	753,000	Coffee, copra, rubber, sandalwood, tortoise-shell	Australia
German Samoa	Pacific	1,000	34,579	Copra, cocoa	New Zealand
German S. W. Africa	Africa	322,450	96,479	Guano copper ore, animal products, diamonds	Union of So. Africa
Kiaochow (including Tsingtao) 99-year lease	China	200	168,900	Shantung pongee, silk, peanut and bean oil, straw braid	Japan (Conquest)
Marshall Islands (24)	Pacific	150	15,179	Phosphate	Japan
Nauru	Pacific	8	2,200	Copra phosphates	Great Britain
Togoland	West Africa	33,700	1,032,346	Cocoa, palm oil, cotton, rubber	Great Britain
Total		1,030,284	12,456,644		