WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Filming of Kipling's "The Light That Failed" on the New Mexico desert, near Santa Fe, was delayed the other day when a savage wind blew the tents away. The pugnacious William Wellman, the director, long known as "Wild Bill," enjoys fighting sandstorms, having licked one almost single-handed when he was filming "Beau Geste," in Arizona. He probably got a few good shots of the storm and will work them into the film, with his gift for improvization.

Sandstorm Mild Compared to Director's Past

He was the flying partner of Tommy Hitchcock, the polo player, in the Lafayette Escadrille in the World war, and revealed an instinct for showmanship by playing tunes on German tower bells with a machine gun as he zipped around the belfry. It was said that, before the Germans dropped him in a tree and sent him home, he could peg out "Silver Threads Among the Gold" without a sour note.

In aviation films, he has employed effectively both his histrionic talents and his training in air acrobatics. His film, "Wings," of 1928, touched off his expanding fame. "Men With Wings," of last year, rated by discerning critics as a top-bracket film, told the story of aviation from the day of the Wright brothers' first flight.

He was known at times, around Hollywood, as "Screwball Bill," but has simmered down considerably since he married Dorothy Coonan, finding a desert sandstorm only mildly diverting, considering his rough-and-tumble past.

He is, however, as Irish as ever, and his famous serial fight with an unknown Paris antagonist probably will continue. On leave in Paris, he found it necessary to rebuke an offensive stranger by knocking him stiff as a plank. Late, in Chicago, the stranger, spying Mr. Wellman on the street, did the same to him. A year or two later, in Hollywood, seeing his unknown sparring partner crossing the street, Mr. Wellman put himself one up by a blow to the chin. There have been other encounters. I believe the score is now even. But he bears no grudge. It is just a detail of his native ebullience, which leads him to such devices as galvanizing the chairs on the lot so his working crew can't sit down.

Engages in a Serial Fight With Unknown

With Capra, La Cava and Hitchcock, he is achieving a sharp characterization and finished technique, as the movies get into long pants and offer adult entertainment. He grew up in Brookline, Mass., tried to sell chocolates and woolen goods, but didn't, went to the war with an ambulance unit and won the Croix de Guerre with the Lafayette Escadrille. His friend, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., steered him to Hollywood, soon after the war, as a messenger boy for Goldwyn. In 10 years, he did almost everything for every studio in Hollywood, before he hit his stride with "Wings."

He is 43, slender, whippy, with a touch of gray in his curly brown hair, and is apt to sock anybody in an argument and then affectionately buy him a drink. "A Star Is Born" hiked his fame considerably.

THIS reporter asked several informed persons if they knew that a woman was assistant secretary of the United States treasury. None of them did. Mrs. Blair Banister, who holds that office, would find encouragement in that. She tells the Regional Conference of Democratic Women at Washington that the decreasing public excitement about women in office is a good sign. Their status in public life, if that's what interests them, is so assured that they no longer rate "glaring headlines" when they are put in a responsible post.

Women in Office No Longer Rate 'Scare Heads'

Mrs. Banister is a sister of Senator Carter Glass, one of a family of six boys and six girls, all following their father's business—newspaper work. Her sister, Dr. Meta Glass, is president of Sweetwater college. Mrs. Banister left Lynchburg, Va., in 1919, to assist George Creel's committee on public information. She was appointed to the treasury post in July, 1933.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

German Courtesy

Strap-hangers who visit Munich, said to be the best kept city of Germany, marvel at the spirit of the street car administration. In the cars it posts this notice: "Young people are invited to remember the claims to their consideration of the old and infirm."

'Rubber Neck' Clams

Goeduck clams are the biggest "rubber necks" in the world. Often weighing several pounds each, they have necks three to four feet long.

Lincoln the Only President Ever Under Enemy's Fire While Holding Office of Chief Executive; It Happened at Fort Stevens Just 75 Years Ago

PRESIDENT LINCOLN UNDER FIRE AT FORT STEVENS. (From the sketch by James E. Kelly in the Kelly collection owned by Dr. George Hope Ryder of New York City, reproduced by courtesy of the United States Army Recruiting News.)

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago this month a President of the United States stood on the parapets of a fort and heard the bullets of enemy soldiers whistling about his ears—the only case on record of a Chief Executive having that experience during his term of office. The President was Abraham Lincoln and the scene of his narrow escape from death was Fort Stevens on the outskirts of Washington on July 12, 1864. It came about in this way:

In June of that year Grant began his famous "hammering" campaign against Richmond which drove Lee back upon Petersburg. By the first of July it seemed certain that Petersburg was doomed and when it fell the door to the capital of the Confederacy would be opened.

Realizing that Grant was not to be beaten off by direct assault, Lee decided to make a threatening gesture toward Washington.

He sent Gen. Jubal A. Early and 30,000 picked men to the Shenandoah valley to sweep down upon Washington from the north. Early had reached Martinsburg, W. Va., before Grant became aware of what was taking place. Immediately the Union commander ordered small detachments of cavalry into the valley to harass Early and delay him until he could bring the Sixth Army Corps to the rescue of the capital. Next he ordered Gen. Lew Wallace, who was at Annapolis with 8,000 "hundred-day men" to intercept Early at Frederick.

Sweeping up the Shenandoah, Early crushed a small Union force commanded by Gen. Franz Sigel, swung off to Maryland Heights and bottled up another force led by General Weber. On July 5 he crossed the Potomac and the next day captured both Hagerstown and Frederick. On July 8 he met Wallace's green troops on the banks of the Monocacy and, although he defeated them decisively and scattered them, Wallace partially accomplished his purpose of delaying the invaders for a little while. Then Early began making forced marches. July 10 found him at Rockville and the morning of the eleventh his cavalry reached Silver Spring, on the outskirts of Washington, with the main column close behind.

Washington was protected by 29 forts and 11 batteries on the south; 12 forts in Anacostia; two at Chain Bridge and 19 forts and 23 heavy batteries on the north. All of these fortifications were connected by deep rifle pits and had heavy guns, but Maj. Gen. Horatio G. Wright, commander of the Washington defenses, had fewer than 3,000 men in his garrisons.

As Early's troops approached the city along the Seventh street pike, a force of Federal cavalry was sent to meet the invaders. But these were soon beaten back and Confederate sharpshooters, taking possession of houses along the pike, began pouring a murderous fire into the rifle pits into which General Wright had rushed all his effective troops.

Meanwhile Wright had been combing the hospitals in Washington and every man who could walk was put into uniform and pressed into service. The Union commander marched these troops back and forth in full view of the Confederate lookouts, moved them from fort to fort and changed their positions in the rifle pits frequently to give an impression of a great force of troops in reserve. Then, just as the Confederates started to deploy along a two-mile front for a concerted attack, Wright attempted a magnificent bluff.

A skeleton regiment of 400 men of the Twenty-fifth New York dismounted cavalry, commanded by Captain Chamberlain, which had just arrived from Baltimore, where it was being remounted and reorganized after being cut to pieces during the fighting in Virginia, filed into the rifle pits. Suddenly they leaped out, and, yelling like demons, charged through the picket line, drove back the Confederate skirmishers

GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY

and recaptured the stone houses where the Gray sharpshooters were hiding. Acting as though Grant's "Invincible Sixth Corps" were backing them up, instead of a few thousand ineffective troops, they completely fooled the invaders and stopped their advance.

Early hesitated—and let slip his golden opportunity to capture Washington and perhaps end the war. As the forts increased their fire he began to withdraw his troops. A few hours later Grant's veterans of the Wilderness marched into the capital. Washington was saved!

That night there was heavy skirmishing in what is now Rock Creek park and Brightwood with the guns of Fort Stevens and Fort De Russey still roaring defiance at the invaders. During the night Early learned from his spies how he had been fooled and, filled with rage at the thought of his lost opportunity, he resolved to renew the attack despite the arrival of the Union reinforcements.

On the morning of July 12 he again advanced to the attack, after sending his sharpshooters forward to open fire on the defenders of the forts. During the morning President Lincoln arrived on the scene in his carriage, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln. As General Wright advanced to greet him, the President extended his hand, saying, "General, I am very glad to see you. This looks as though we were going to do something."

"Mr. President," replied the general, pointing toward Fort Stevens, "if you'll just come along down there with me, I'll show you one of the prettiest little fights you could wish to see." Years later, General Wright told of the historic incident thus:

"No sooner were the words out of my mouth than I deeply regretted having uttered them. I fully realized that the President's life was far too valuable to be brought into danger by any careless words of mine. But it was too late. He not only accepted my invitation but insisted upon accompanying me, notwithstanding all I could say to prevent him. He sent his wife back and when I mounted the parapet, there he was beside me, looking out upon the scene with a great deal of interest. The enemy's sharpshooters were firing pretty closely, and I explained to him that the place was entirely too dangerous for him.

" 'It is not more dangerous for me than it is for you,' he replied coolly.

" 'But it is my duty to be here while it is your duty not to expose yourself. Your position requires this, and I particularly request you to remember it.'

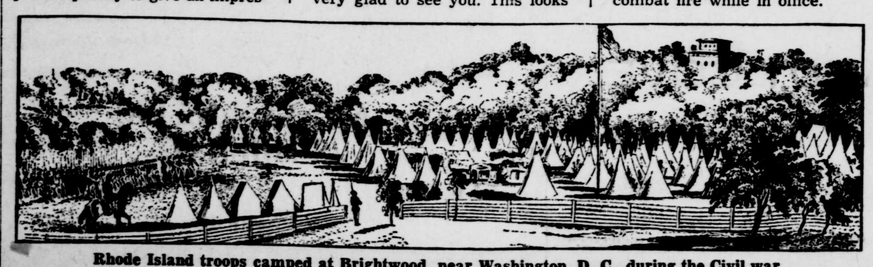
"Just then a sharpshooter's bullet struck a surgeon who was standing near the President and I became really alarmed for his safety and I have no doubt, a little excited, as I said firmly:

" 'Mr. President, you must really get down from this exposed position. I cannot allow you to remain here longer and if you refuse I shall deem it my duty to have you removed under guard.'

" 'I suppose the absurdity of my threatening to put the President of the United States under arrest amused him, for he smiled, looked at me quizzically and got down behind the parapet, where I provided him with an ammunition box for a seat, but he wouldn't sit still a minute at a time and was constantly stretching up his long form to see what was going on, thereby exposing fully half of himself to danger in spite of all I could do; and thus he continued to bob up and down until the action was over, when he cheered lustily along with the rest and bidding us good night, got into his carriage and rode away home.' "

Soon afterwards the whole Confederate line moved forward but counter-attacks from Fort De Russey drove the flanks in toward Fort Stevens. Despite the hot fire poured into the Confederates, they advanced to within a short distance of the rifle pits before their lines broke and retreated. Under the cover of darkness, General Early withdrew his forces and crossed over into Virginia at White's Ford into Loudoun county. His retreat was a masterly one and accomplished with such skill that the Union forces were not aware of his withdrawal until he was too far away to be overtaken.

In recent years a reproduction of old Fort Stevens, whose valiant defenders saved the nation's capital 75 years ago, was constructed by CCC workers and today a granite monument marks the spot upon which Lincoln stood as he watched the fighting. A bronze tablet on the monument reproduces the historic scene of July 12, 1864—the only time an American President was under combat fire while in office.



Rhode Island troops camped at Brightwood, near Washington, D. C., during the Civil war.

GEN. HORATIO G. WRIGHT

This bronze tablet was executed from a sketch made by James E. Kelly, a famous sculptor and artist of Civil war scenes. Early in 1896 Kelly was in Washington while his model submitted in competition for the proposed equestrian monument of Gen. W. T. Sherman was on display in the war department. At that time Wright, who had been retired from the army was in the capital. Kelly had known Wright while both were living in New York during the seventies and had made a medallion portrait of him.

On January 17, 1896, the artist accompanied the general to the site of Fort Stevens near Brightwood, D. C., and there, under Wright's direction, he sketched the picture of Lincoln standing on the parapet of Fort Stevens, exposed to the fire of General Early's sharpshooters. That picture, signed and dated by Wright, is now in the possession of Dr. George Hope Ryder of New York city, owner of the Kelly collection of Civil war sketches.

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Later this sketch was made into a finished drawing which was used for the tablet erected on the spot and dedicated on July 12, 1911. This finished drawing was first reproduced in the United States Army Recruiting News, by whose courtesy it is reproduced with this article.

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When Lincoln stood on the parapets of Fort Stevens and watched the fighting, he little realized that a fellow-Kentuckian, who was an old political opponent of his, was watching the battle from the other side. Yet such was the case, for two of Early's divisions were commanded by Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, one of the Democratic candidates whom Lincoln had defeated in the presidential election of 1860.

During the attack on Washington, Early and Breckinridge made their headquarters at Silver Spring in the home of Francis P. Blair, famous as a member of Andrew Jackson's "Kitchen Cabinet" and editor of the Washington Globe, which was established at Jackson's request as the official administration newspaper. Blair and Breckinridge were cousins and before the war Breckinridge had often visited in the Blair mansion at Silver Spring.

GEN. J. C. BRECKINRIDGE

So he saw to it that Early's soldiers did not molest Blair's private correspondence, consisting of letters from Jackson, Henry Clay and other notables, which had been left in the house. He even had Blair's silver plate transferred to another house for safekeeping and sent a note to Blair telling him what he had done. However, the home of Blair's son, Montgomery Blair, postmaster general in Lincoln's cabinet, did not escape so easily. It was burned to the ground by Early's soldiers.

There is an amusing story of how they captured two gamecocks owned by the Washington correspondent of Horace Greeley's New York Tribune. Although gamecocks are not the most toothsome kind of chicken, the Grayjackets are said to have taken unusual delight in boiling and eating the two which had been owned by "Old Horace's" representative!

After Early's departure a volume of Lord Byron's poems was found in which a Confederate soldier had written this message to the President: "Near Washington, July 12, 1864. Now, Uncle Abe, you had better be quiet during the balance of your administration. We only came near your town this time to show you what we could do, but if you go on in your mad career, we will come again soon, and you had better stand from under. Yours respectfully, The Worst Rebel You Ever Saw. Fifty-eighth Virginia Infantry."

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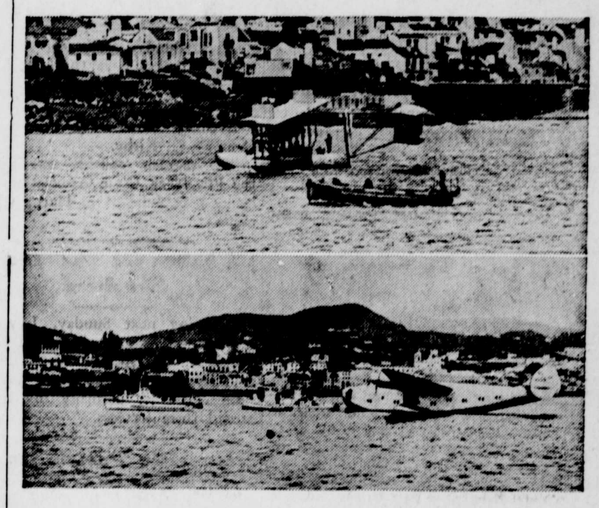
One of General Wright's aides at Fort Stevens was a young captain of the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers. At that time he was bearing the scars of three wounds received in action, one of them at the Battle of Antietam which resulted in the writing of a classic in American literature—"The Hunt for My Captain," by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. For he was Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., destined to be a justice of the Supreme court of the United States.

Transatlantic Air, Cable Lines Focus on Tiny Azores Islands



OLD AND NEW—Aviation history is made twice at the Azores. Upper photo shows the NC-4 riding at her moorings there during the epoch-making transatlantic flight of 1919. Twenty years later, in lower photo, the Yankee Clipper stops at Horta.

NC-4 Stopped There 20 Years Ago During Pioneer Flight.

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

Welcoming the Yankee Clipper on its transatlantic flights at Horta, Azores islands, is not a new thrill for citizens of the city.

The navy plane, NC-4, which took off from Newfoundland on the first transatlantic flight in 1919, landed at Horta on May 17. Commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Albert C. Reid, the NC-4 was one of three planes that made the "hop." Two planes failed 200 miles short of the Azores. One was forced down and abandoned by its crew and the other was lost in fog, landed on the sea, and taxied to Ponta Delgado, the metropolis of the islands.

Lindbergh Stopped There.

Again the citizens of Horta peered into the skies on November 21, 1933, and greeted Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh as they descended into the harbor from Lisbon on their epochal flight around the north Atlantic.

The Azores port, since then, has frequently been visited by transatlantic flyers, especially during 1938, which was a boom year in transatlantic flying. Among the planes alighting on the harbor were the German Nordmeer and British Mercury, the latter the famous pickaback plane. The city was also host to the crew of the German Brandenburg and the French Lieutenant de Vaisseau Paris.

It took 17 hours and 33 minutes for the Yankee Clipper to reach Horta but the NC-4, two decades ago, was in the air only 15 hours and 17 minutes. A glance at a map of the Atlantic shows that the difference in time is explained by the distances flown. The Yankee Clipper took off from Baltimore, Maryland, about 2,800 miles west of Horta; the NC-4 started from Newfoundland to the northwest, which is about half the distance.

Transatlantic Cable Station.

Horta is the principal port and largest city on Fayal island. Nearly one-third of the island's 20,000 inhabitants live in the city whose white, red-roofed buildings sprawl along the shore of one of the finest harbors in the Azores.

Situated on the southeast shore of the island, the harbor is subject to heavy winds, but a half-mile-long jetty makes it a sought-for haven during stormy weather. Fifteen to twenty large vessels may safely anchor in the harbor at a time.

Horta was significant as a transoceanic communications center even before transatlantic flights were made. It is the most important junction point of transatlantic cables. In one of its buildings six companies—British, German, Italian, French, and two American—are housed. They handle messages for stations in North America, Europe, and South Africa, and by interconnection for stations in every part of the world.

In the center of the building is a four-way window through which messages, mainly in code, are passed. Thus if John Doe and company of New York cable their representative in Rome, the message is received by one of the American companies and is handed through the window and a moment later is being received in Italy.

World Eyes New Bolivia; Tin Coveted

Dictator Busch Can Sway Market of Important Raw Metal.

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

Bolivia's newly established dictatorship can affect foreign countries more than would changes in many other parts of South America, because Bolivia's government is financed mainly by the revenue from its exports, and its exports—particularly tin—are in strong demand.

Tin, one of the strategic metals highest on the United States' wantlist, is Bolivia's number one product and is responsible for its biggest business. As the third greatest tin-producing country of the world, Bolivia is the nearest source for that metal to all countries of the New World, since its chief competitors are the Federated Malay States and the Netherlands Indies in Asia.

Most of Bolivia's tin ore exports, however, go to Great Britain, since there are no tin smelters in Bolivia or the United States. Bolivian tin returns to the Americas from British smelters.

Not a One-Metal Land.

In Bolivia "the tin standard" substitutes for the gold standard. This metal constitutes from two-thirds to nine-tenths of the country's exports; and export duties in this land of impoverished agriculture and limited industry are the chief sources of the government's income. During 1937 the nation produced 12 per cent of the world's tin output.

But Bolivia is by no means a one-metal land. Some 98 per cent of her exports are minerals, tin being followed in value by silver, lead, antimony, zinc, tungsten, copper, and bismuth. In antimony, too, the country ranks third on the list of producing nations. Its position is now of added importance because China has previously been the leading source of supply but is no longer a factor in the world market.

Brazil Is Rubber Outlet.

Silver made the high Andean plateau of Bolivia, averaging 12,000 feet above sea level, the boom country of the New World soon after the famous mines of Potosi were found by Spanish conquerors in 1545. The cold, lofty city of Potosi, which now has 35,000 inhabitants, was the Seventeenth century metropolis of both Americas, reaching at its peak a population of 170,000. It swayed the money markets of the world by the volume of its silver output but is now a desolate spot.

DICTATOR—Col. German Busch, youthful president of Bolivia who dismissed his congress and set himself up as dictator, promising to give his people an election in a few months.

In addition to utilitarian tin and the Spanish silver of such romantic lore, exports of rubber, quinine, and exotic chinchilla fur help to make Bolivia known to the outside world. Some estimates rank Bolivian forests second to those of Brazil for production of South American rubber; since much of the smaller country's forest products float down the headwaters of the Amazon to Brazilian ports, their origin is obscure.

In an area more than twice as large as Texas, Bolivia supports only 55 per cent as many people as the Lone Star state. This is the only South American nation without access to the sea directly from its own ports; Bolivia lost her coastal territory to Chile after the War of the Pacific nearly 60 years ago. The land-locked Andean plateau, cradled 12,000 feet above sea level between two snow-capped ranges with peaks exceeding 21,000 feet, has so impressed popular imagination—with its "world's highest capital, La Paz," and its "world's highest steamer service" on Lake Titicaca—that the low tropical plains to the east of the mountains are frequently forgotten. Yet these extensive lowlands constitute about 70 per cent of the nation's 537,792 square miles. On the south they merge into the Gran Chaco, scene of the most recent war in the Western Hemisphere.

Over half of Bolivia's inhabitants are Indians, successors to one of America's oldest cultures. Spanish culture, too, is old in Bolivia. Sucre, the legislative capital, has a university that was established in 1624.