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# **INTERNATIONAL:** Finlandia

Russia's invasion of Finland provided the first authentic touch of flerce conflict which observers have seen in the European cat-and-dog fight which started September 1. Carnage was spreading but so was peace talk, because most of the civilized world (except Germany and Japan) was outspoken in its denunciation of Soviet aggression.

Plucky, even though pathetically outnumbered, the Finns surprised most military experts by stalemating the enemy along a 750-mile front. Off Hango, one Russian de-



**RUSSIAN WEAPON** Top photo shows how Soviet troops are bedded down in wing compartments. Over site of attack they are parachuted (below) to the ground.

ber 1 has been as coherent as the gibberish of a Mongolian idiot. Officially the Italian government was sphynx-like, but there was no doubt about the feelings of a mob of uniformed Fascists who cheered before Rome's Finnish legation and hooted before the Soviet embassy. Though moving softly, the fine Italian hand was seen encouraging formation of an anti-Communist bloc in the Balkan states, where the Soviet bear will positively strike next.

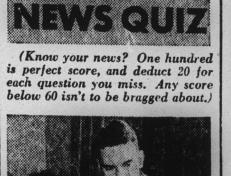
Germany was silent, and with good reason. To denounce the Reds after Adolf Hitler's great show of friendship with Moscow would mean either (1) the repudiation of Der Fuehrer and a subsequent admission that the allies are right, or (2) a simultaneous war on two fronts against two hostile enemies (Russia on the east and the allies on the west). But a good sign of the average Nazi's sentiments was the pro-Finnish demonstration in Hungary's parliament. How about Japan? Britain be-

lieved the recent Jap-Russian truce had paved the way for Finland's invasion, but Shanghai and Tokyo observers thought otherwise. Said an

anonymous Jap army major: "It is a good lesson. It proves what we have always suspected, that Russia cannot be trusted " Japan, Italy and Russia were obviously the nations to be watched, but no one could accurately predict

# their moves. The Other War

Thousands of older French solliers were released from the western front as the allies settled on their new strategy: Fighting Germany with seapower and economics instead of land offensives. There was no great show of seapower, although the disastrous allied shipping losses from Germany's magnetic mines had apparently been stopped. British aviators bombed Heligoland, White House





1. This man is eating breakfast. Who is he, and what important political step did he recently take? 2. In New York, George ("Romeo") Lowther III, whose wooing of Eileen ("Juliet") Herrick was opposed by her parents, ob-

tained a court order and a 10-day truce after which he was supposed to be free to marry the girl. Did he? 3. Princess Louise of England. daughter of the late Queen Vic

toria, made news in what wav? 4. What swept across the Philippines: (A) a diphtheria epidemic; (B) a typhoon; (C) a spirit of independence. 5. Petsamo, in northern Fin-

land, site of a fierce Finnish-Russian battle, has a temperate climate even though it's inside the Arctic circle. Why? Answers at bottom of column.

# **POLITICS:** Norris Advice

some advice:

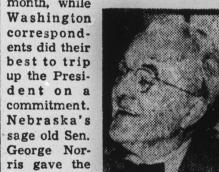
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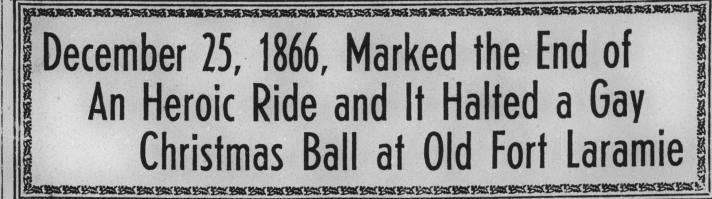
now, no other leaden so

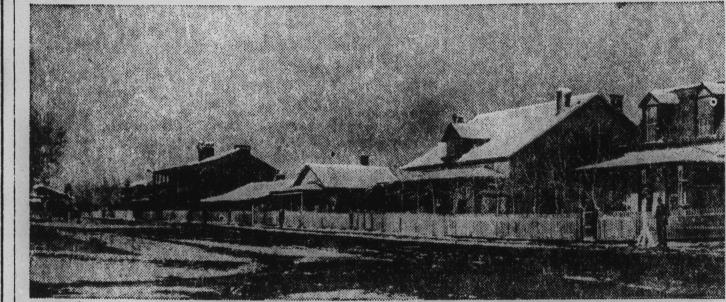
progressive people

ing:

Not until the Jackson day dinners January 8-if not later-is President Roosevelt expected to say yes or no on the third-term issue. Early this month, while







Barracks and officers' quarters at Fort Laramie. "Bedlam," where the Christmas ball on December '5, 1866, was dramatically interrupted by the arrival of John ("Portugee") Phillips with his message of uisaster at Fort Phil Kearney," is the two-story frame structure at the extreme left in the picture.

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

HRISTMAS night, 1866, at historic Fort Laramie on the old Oregon Trail.

frame building where all the social activities of the post were held-"Bedlam," they called it, because it was where the unmarried officers were quartered. In sharp contrast to the cheery scene inside-the warmth, the music and the soft light of candles and kerosene lamps—was the darkness out-

the whistling wind and the biting cold.

their height, across the snowblanketed parade ground a horse staggered. Its rider man's command. Several years reeled in his saddle as he urged the weary beast forward. When at last he drew rein before the lighted building and painfully dismounted, the horse dropped in its tracks. NORRIS Say nothing "No other leader ...." figure, clad in a heavy buffalo mitment is unavoidable. His reas novercoat, leggings, moccasins and fur cap, lunged through "The President is the ideal le er the door of "Bedlam" and of the common man, and if sttered out to the middle of should be eliminated from the sc ne dar for. The music stopped with a crash, and sevagainst 1 united, reactionary ene. eral of the women screamed . . The progressive element would at the sight of the strange figbe divided into groups which would go down to defeat in a convention ure which stood there swaywhere the united opposition might ing from side to side like a succeed in nominating a reactiongreat brown bear. As several officers rushed forward, the man in the buffalo coat lifted his hand wearily, pulled off his cap and gasped: "Fetterman Painful to 57 corporations, individand 80 men have been wiped out uals and organizations was the Suby the Sioux at Phil Kearney! preme court's decision upholding a Carrington must have help at justice department anti-trust suit. once!" Then he dropped in a dead faint at their feet. The decision held them liable to prosecution, charged with fixing milk This messenger of disaster was prices, controlling supply and sup-"Portugee" Phillips, and his 236pressing competition in the Chicago mile ride from Fort Phil Kearney area. Most pained, however, was to Fort Laramie, in the dead of labor. Reason: One defendant is winter and through a country the milk wagon drivers union. swarming with hostile Indians, Thus is Assistant Attorney Genwas one of the most remarkable eral Thurman Arnold freed to prosexploits in the annals of America. Compared to it, the historic rides of Paul Revere and Phil Sheridan sink into significance. The reason for his heroic ride was the now-famous "Fetterman Massacre" in which the Sioux and Cheyennes on the morning of December 21, 1866, killed a force of 76 soldiers and two civilians led by Capt. W. J. Fetterman, Capt. F. H. Brown and Lieut. G. W. Grummond. That afternoon another detachment went out from the fort and recovered their mutilated bodies. Soon afterwards the weather changed, the thermometer dropped to 25 degrees below zero and a blizzard came howling down upon the grief-stricken garrison, who fully expected the Indians to follow up their victory over Fetterman with an attack on the fort. The blizzard piled snow against the stockade so rapidly that hatful of feed for his mount, for forces of men, working in shifts of only 15 minutes because of the bitter cold, were kept busy shoveling it away lest the drifts should become so high that the Indians could use them to climb over the palisaded walls. In this crisis Carrington decided that the only hope of saving the remainder of his command was to secure reinforcements from Fort Laramie, 236 miles away, the reinforcements for which he had been vainly asking for several weeks. But there was no telegraph line nearer than the station at Horseshoe Creek, 40 miles from Laramie, and the only hope of getting a message through was by courier. So the commander called for vol-

By some miracle of good luck he pursued his journey in safety during the night. When morning came he rode into a thicket and lay there all day for he dared not and being discovered by some keen-eyed Indian scout. That night he reached Fort Reno, commanded by Lieut. Col. H. W. Wessels of the Eighteenth infantry, who had recently taken charge of that post.

> After a hasty meal and a brief rest at Reno, Phillips set out on the longest part of the journey but presumably least dangerous -so far as Indian attack was concerned. But before he reached Horseshoe Creek telegraph station he was pursued by a band of Indians mounted on ponies. Thanks to the speed of Colonel Carrington's thoroughbred, however. Phillips was able to outdistance them and gain a high hill where he prepared to make a last

"A knock at my door brought me stand. to my feet. An orderly, brave

The story of the subsequent career of "Portugee" Phillips is an all-too-familiar story of the proverbial ingratitude of republics toward men who have served them well. In the years that followed his heroic ride he was employed in various capacities around the frontier posts in Wyoming. But he was continually hunted and harassed by the Sioux who looked upon him as the man who had prevented their following up their victory over Fetterman by destroying the whole garrison at Fort Phil Kearney. They drove off or killed his cattle and when he tried to get compensation from the government for his losses the Court of Claims gave him a judgment for the sum of \$2,210.

Then it was discovered that Phillips, born of Portuguese parents on the Pacific coast, wasn't a naturalized citizen of the United States at the time of the Indian depredations on his property. So the claim was not allowed! Later he became a naturalized citizen but still the claim was not paid.

Broken in health by the exposure and strain of his perilous ride and his treatment at the hands of the revengeful Indians, Phillips died in Cheyenne November 18, 1883, at the age of 51, leaving a widow and a child in straightened circumstances.

It was not until 33 years later that the government took official recognition of his heroic ride. In 1899 Senator F. E. Warren and Congressman F. W. Mondell of Wyoming, aided by affidavits provided by Carrington (now a brigadier-general) and Mrs. Carrington (his second wife) succeeded in obtaining the sum of \$5,000 for Mrs. Phillips in partial recognition of her husband's services in 1866 and his losses at the hands of the Indians.



A Christmas ball was in progress in the two-story risk traveling while it was light

side, made more desolate by and already a widow, whom Mrs. Carrington had taken into her

While the festivities were at home when the news was brought back to the fort that the lieutenant was among the slain of Fetterlater, after the death of Mrs. Carrington, Mrs. Grummond became the second wife of Colonel Carrington, and in her book, "Army Life on the Plains," she tells of that interview as follows:

# a bride of little more than a year

stroyer was sunk and two others badly damaged by coastal batteries. While civilians fled bomb-wrecked Helsingfors, hardy soldiers fought off the Scviet advance in the north. They even drove the invader from snow-bound Petsamo after the Russians had taken that city w in a ···· dropped by new weapon-Jarachute

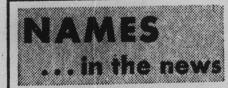
por di s'inla expect to bi a out very le g. Foreign Minister Vaino Tanner appealed to the world for "effective help" as well as sympathy. Later he tried to reopen negotiations with Moscow through the Swedish minister there, but only a few hours earlier the Soviet had made its own peace-with a puppet "democratic republic of Finland." Finally, in desperation, Finland appealed to the League of Nations.

### Embarrassment

For three years the frightened league has "played dead" whenever a political question was broached. Last spring Secretary-General Joseph A. C. Avenol ignored Albania's protest during the Italian invasion, and a recently scheduled meeting to hear Poland's protest over her Russian-German invasion was politely called off for fear of embarrassing the Kremlin. Reason: Russia's Ivan Maisky is league president.

This time the league had its last chance to retain international respect. Secretary Avenol dispatched the Finnish protest under pressure from France and Britain, who saw a chance of forcing Russia to show her hand. This hope was dashed when Russia announced she would not attend the meeting. Nor did any observer expect the lesser neutral nations to support either side in this controversy.

Instead the peace seekers looked to Italy, a non-leaguer, and Japan, whose foreign policy since Septem-



Jan Sibelius, Finland's idol and world-famed composer, denied by telephone from his home in Helsingfors' outskirts that he was dead, a bomb victim.

Harold D. Jacobs, ex-Washington newsman, was made "stooge" wage-hour administrator until congress will okay an army man for the job (Col. Philip Fleming of St. Paul).

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt showed up for the third day at un-Americanism committee hearings, watching Texas' Rep. Martin Dies hunt Communists in the American Youth congress.

Attorney General Frank Murphy refused A. F. of L.'s request that unions be exempted from anti-trust laws, thereby avoiding nplication in the current inquiry

he Reich's North sea naval base, claiming they had scored direct hits on several warships. But the biggest news was the new allied blockade on all German exports, designed to strangle the Reich's sources of foreign exchange. In the middle of this strange warfare the Vatican dropped an even stranger-though promising-note. Pope Pius XII the wariders nations ieclare a Christmas truce.

### American Reaction

Thoroughly startled when Russia ignored his plea that civilian bombings be avoided in the Soviet-Finary . . ." nish invasion, President Roosevelt **COURTS:** issued an unprecedented statement: "Despite efforts made to solve the Labor Defeat dispute by peaceful methods . . . one power has chosen to resort to

arms." This silenced spiteful critics who hoped to capitalize by pointing out how the President had erred in recognizing Russia back in 1933. But it didn't silence New York's Communist Daily Worker, whose frontpage editorial accused the U.S. of provoking war against Russia "by using Finland as a pawn." Next the President asked manu-

facturers and exporters of planes to remember "the unprovoked bombing

LEAGUE'S AVENOL

wise George Bernard Shaw: "Fin-

land would probably not have re-

fused the Russian offer . . . had

she been acting . . . in her own

interests, but Russia believes that

Finland thinks she has the backing

of America and other western pow-

nations."

ecute organized labor in his investigation of building trades, a probe which was opposed by A. F. of L.'s President William Green on the ground that unions are exempted from such anti-trust prosecution by the Clayton act.

But labor's fear goes deeper than that. If the justice department is upheld against labor unions in its building trades conspiracy case, the unions can be prosecuted in restraint of trade every time they call a strike.

# **MISCELLANY:** Ouster

Dragged from his office and fired because Gov. E. D. Rivers said he was using the "prestige" of his office to further his political ambitions, Georgia's Highway Commissioner W. Linton Miller began fighting for reinstatement.

### Last chance? Terminal and machine-gunning of civilian pop-

At Kansas City, four railway comulations from the air" before negopanies (Santa Fe, Burlington, Rock tiating any more contracts with the Island and Missouri Pacific) planned Soviet. Not content with this "moral to spend \$1,000,000 on a new produce embargo," many a congressional terminal, making the city a midleader began yelling for severance western market center. of diplomatic relations with Russia.

First among them was Texas' red-Subsoil baiting Rep. Martin Dies. Idaho's In Mexico's supreme court, where Sen. William Borah, on the other is being argued that nation's right hand, felt the U.S. "can best serve to expropriate oil holdings of forthe cause of peace . . . by making eign countries, Justice Jose Maria every reasonable effort to maintain Truchuelo argued that subsoil benormal relations with all warring longs to the nation; therefore foreign oil companies never really Comment from Britain's publicityowned the oil.



attorney, who announced his 1940 G. O. P. presidential candidacy. 2. No. Though legally free, "Ju-liet" claimed she was still held cap-

were willing to take the risk. Then John Phillips, a civilian, "Portugee" enned forward.

and faithful Semple, announced A moment later a huge that a man was waiting in the adjoining room wishing especially to see Mrs. Grummond. There I was met by an entire stranger, John Phillips by name, a miner and frontiersman, in the employ of the quartermaster, clad in the dress of a scout, who had something to communicate. So impressed was he by the gravity of the situation of the garrison that he extended his hand to me, with tears in his eyes, and in brief but pathetic language said, 'I am going to Laramie for help, with despatches, as special messenger, if it costs me my life. I am going for your sake! Here is my

"PORTUGEE" PHILLIPS

wolf robe. I brought it for you to keep and remember me by if you never see me again.'

"There was no price put upon John Phillips' services. He asked no reward. The only condition lowed to choose his own horse. by its owner, was a fine thoroughbred belonging to the colonel."

At midnight Carrington himself unbarred a little side gate in the stockade and Phillips led his horse through it. He carried only a few crackers for himself and a in his race with death every ounce of weight would count. As he swung into the saddle, Carrington reached out his hand and murmured "God bless you and keep you on this journey!" Then as horse and rider faced the howling blizzard the colonel relocked the gate and, with heavy heart. returned to his all-night vigil in his quarters.

Phillips' journey was the stretch of country from Phil Kearney to the Indians would be watching for a courier from the beleaguered fort and would try to cut him off. But if there were Phillips outwitted them for he "steered clear of the trail" ridunteers. But none of the soldiers

But the savages had no stomach for charging up the hill and did not attack. All through the night the courier stood at bay there, keeping a constant look-out against attack and ready to mount and ride for his life if necessary. At the first streak of dawn, he "made a run for it" and reached Horseshoe Creek station a short time before it was attacked and burned by the Indians. There he gave the telegraph operator dispatches-one to the commander at Fort Laramie and one to the department commander at Omaha-which Wessels had entrusted to him at Reno.

But, according to Mrs. Carrington's book, "the operator at Horseshoe Creek station was unwilling to risk so long a dispatch as that of Colonel Carrington so Phillips pressed on with his dispatch, reaching Fort Laramie at 11 o'clock with icicles hanging from his clothing and both beard and hair matted with snow and ice. He delivered the dispatch and relieved of that responsibility he fell, exhausted and unconscious."

When he was revived he learned that the message from the telegraph station at Horseshoe Creek had reached Laramie at two o'clock that afternoon and preparations were already under way to send reinforcements to Phil Kearney.

It was a sad Christmas day at burial of the victims of the disaster on December 21 and in the days that followed there was the ever-present fear that the Indians

might attack and that Carrington's decimated garrison might not be able to repulse the savage he imposed was that he be al- | assault. Would the attack come before reinforcements from Lara-That choice, promptly conceded mie arrived-that is, if indeed reinforcements were on the way? For there was no way of knowing whether or not "Portugee" Phillips had reached his goal. That he might not have was a specter which haunted the minds of every man, woman and child in Phil Kearney during the next week.

New Year's day came and passed. And still no word from Laramie. Then, chronicles Frances C. Carrington:

"One day there was a sudden, almost a tumultuous, hurrying out of quarters, with excitement and bustle as intense as if we were called to arms against an advancing foe. First, the Pilot Hill picket, and then the sentry The most dangerous part of before headquarters, and the lookout on the headquarters tower, announced the unmistakable ap-Fort Reno, for it was likely that pearance of troops, five miles distant.

"The bugle call and the 'long roll' were never more gladly echoed in hearts. Our spontaneous cry was, 'Open wide the gates and admit our deliverers.' ing parallel to it but at some dis- We hardly had patience to don pro- A headin' for Kearney. I'd cry if I

Monument to "Portugee" Phillips near the site of Fort Phil Kearney.

Among the tributes that have been paid to "Portugee" Phillips is this poem, written by Griff Crawford and printed in the Kansas City Times on March 3, 1929.

## I'M RIDIN' FOR LARAMIE

I'm goin' to Laramie-down the divide; A headin' for Laramie-goin' to ride The trail as I find it and gaugin' the breath

That blows from the Big Horn, a-singin' with death. I'm hopin' for luck when I'm makin'

it through The brakes that are hidin' the clan of the Sioux.

They're waitin' out there in the coulees.

I know, But it's death if I stay—and a chance if I go. So, here's a goody-bye to the pards at

my side I'm tryin' for Laramie-down the divide

I'm tryin' for Laramie. No one can tell The cunnin' that lurks in the minions of hell

That wait just beyond where the spent bullets fall, Nor measure the storm that is king

over all. With its cold, bitin' sting and the drifts

layin' deep, And the wild, drivin' wind that comes down with a sweep. I'm knowin' the trail will be long at

the best--I'm knowin' the risk and I'm takin' the

that post for it was devoted to the And hopin' and prayin' that somethin'll

Me straight into Laramie-down the di-

I'm tryin' for Laramie-crawlin' it through The scalp-raisin' ring-and I'm foolin'

I'm freezin' a bit-but I'm warmer in-

And soon I'll be out where I'll chance it The wind has a sting and the goin' is

rough But I'm out-and away-and my broncho

is tough. The trail may be long but it's worth it to know

I am fightin' the miles and I'm buckin' the snow

For help-and I'm grinnin' for makin' through

That circle of death-and I'm foolin' the Sioux

I'm ridin' for Laramie! Somehow the creep Of cold in my veins wants to put me

to sleep And the hours—and the days—and the weeks—and the years And the drummin' that sounds like a

knell in my ears-And the eyelids that's froze to my cheeks sorta seem

sorta seem Like a phantom of night or the hell of

a dream. I'm freezin' I know, but I'm ridin' it

From Kearney to Laramie-swayin' I'd grin, if I could, for I'm makin' it

From Kearney to Laramie-foolin' the Sloux.

### L'ENVOI.

We're here, little hoss, and our journey is done The bugles are ringin', we've made it and won The sting that is bitin' my flesh doesn't count I'm watchin' the soldiers ride out as

