

Hoosier Vagabond

ANTIGUA, Guatemala, March 21.—Within an hour of arriving here I knew that this was one of my favorite spots in the world.

In our travels we have been to many historic places where unusual personalities have grown up out of a venerable culture or a revived romance of ghostliness left from tragedy. We have been to Santa Fe in the Southwest, and to Taxco in Mexico, and to Dawson in the Yukon, and to Williamsburg and Provincetown and Quebec and Tombstone and Natchez.

But never until we came to Antigua have we had the almost instant sense that a place was completely "right." Antigua is 25 miles from Guatemala City. The country is mountainous, but the grandeur is soft.

Ahead of you, always growing bigger and bigger, is the Volcan de Agua—surely as striking and symmetrical a cone as Fujiyama. In the valley of its foot lies the ancient city of Antigua a mile high, ringed around with loveliness and with nature's fury.

For two centuries Antigua was the grandest city between Mexico and Peru. It had 70,000 people and 50 elaborate churches and monasteries. It thrived and pulsated with conquest and wealth and a lavish religion. And then it was destroyed. In the space of a few minutes an earthquake shook the entire vast city to the ground. Only three buildings were left standing. That was in 1773.

In fear of more earthquakes from the towering volcanoes, the capital city was moved to another valley, 25 miles away. And there grew up Guatemala City, the capital of today.

Hardly a Dead City

Antigua was abandoned as a capital, but some of the people would not go. And their descendants are there today. Antigua is larger than you would expect. There are 43,000 people here. They live among the silent ruins, and they are busy in a quiet way.

The tourist drives clear across town—probably 50

By Ernie Pyle

blocks, for the city is large—to the hotel at the far edge. It is the Hotel Manchen, which admits to more than 100 years of life.

But there are bathtubs, and hot water. Coffee lies drying on the concrete of the patio. Indians without shoes serve the meals on outdoor terraces. Flowers are profuse. And over all, there is a quiet and a peace which, after the noises of Guatemala City, come over you like a warmth of sun when the clouds pass.

I think the best way, probably the only genuine way, to see Antigua for the first time is to see it as I did. That is to walk—and walk by yourself.

First you walk up a path back of the hotel, among coffee trees, then through the woods, until you come to an opening in the trees where you can look down upon the ruined city. From there you can see how everything is laid out; you get the pattern of it all in your mind; and the sense of tragedy in your soul.

Ruins Have New Meaning

Then you walk back down, and into the town. You wear dark glasses, for the sun is blindingly bright. You go a dozen steps, and you are among the ruins of Antigua. A dozen steps in any direction, almost anywhere in the entire city, and you are among ruins.

And here is the place we must change the character of the word "ruins." To me, "ruins" is a museum word, a tourist-party word, denoting something all roped off with a plaque on it, probably with a spiked fence around it, something cold and boring.

But the ruins of Antigua are not like that. They are alive; they almost seem to speak; and they have not retired upon their honors, but are functioning today and form a part of the daily lives of the people of Antigua. Humans live among the cracked walls.

You step from the lovely tree-shaded plaza into the police station. It is no different from a police station anywhere in Latin America. But just step to the back door—and you will find that the police station is merely a false front, and that out back is a jumble of rock and brick and partly standing walls and cracked domes and hanging sections of roof—all back there behind, just as nature left them 167 years ago. That is Antigua—behind every modern front, a ruin; within every ruin, a new life.



WAR CLOUDS in the NEAR EAST

(Second of a series)

By Walter Leckrone

Times Special Writer

"THE Charge of the Light Brigade" was made to keep Russia out of the Balkans. . . . Today's "light brigade" is bigger and better, but the Allies and their objective are the same as they were in 1854.

Turkey, Britain and France today massed troops in the Near East, just as they did in the spring of 1854—except that this year there are already four times as many men in the Allied armies alone as there were on both sides combined in the Crimean War.

There was another difference, too, as that war began. In 1854, it was Prussia that stayed on the outskirts as a menacing neutral, while Russia went into action. This time, so far, their roles have been reversed.

Russia, then, as now, wanted a slice of the Balkan countries. The excuse was that Christians in Greece should not be under the rule of Mohammedans from Turkey.

England, France and Austria, who wanted no Russian domination of the Balkan countries, were believed to be too busy elsewhere to fight about them.

Prussia, nucleus of present-day Germany, remained as a threat against French and British and Austrian action. The tsar issued an ultimatum in the fall of 1853, and when Turkey refused to obey it, Russian armies marched toward the Danube.

The British and French fleets sailed through the Dardanelles, and went to war as allies of Turkey. Austria, in sympathy with them, mobilized an army, too, but dared not send it into war, lest Prussia attack from the rear.

Early in the spring the British and French had landed about 70,000 soldiers on the Turkish coast of the Black Sea. The Turks wanted to drive into the Caucasus district and clear it of Russians, but the allies insisted on besieging Sevastopol, on the Crimean peninsula, instead.

This siege lasted all summer, and late in the fall, when the Russians counter-attacked at Balaklava, the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" was launched.

Since made famous in the poem that every schoolboy knows, it actually was a British blunder that hurled a brigade of British light cavalry against entrenched Russian infantry and Russian artillery—and into a pocket, at that, where they were fired on from three sides.

Not many of the cavalrymen came back from the charge, and the battle was a Russian victory. Before the Russians were able to follow it up, however, it was winter, and war stopped until spring. In the spring, after prolonged fighting, British artillery blasted the Russians out of Sevastopol, and by fall the Russian army was in retreat through the hills. By this time everybody had had war enough, and a peace treaty was signed.

There's the testimony, too, of Mr. Hasselman (2), the florist, at 3401 Central Ave. He furnished the lumber and money to make Mr. Black's second car. Eller (3), 1301 N. Alabama St., remembers seeing the Black as early as 1890. James Jackson (4), 367 N. Delaware St., remembers taking a ride with Mr. Black the second time the car was on the streets of Indianapolis.

Abraham Simon (5), 331 W. Washington St., says he met Mr. Black in 1892 while he was working on the car. Albert H. Grove (6), 148 E. Ohio St., recalls Mr. Black working on a horseless carriage. As for Adolf Schellschmidt (7), he lived just a block west of Mr. Black's home at the time. More than once (circa 1890) he saw the old bus passing his home, he says. And now comes Edward Longerich (8).

From the looks of things, it may yet turn out that Charlie Black's gasoline buggy was the first automobile ever built in America. What's more, the first to run successfully.

Climbing the Evidence

First of all, there is Joseph Sours who says he knows for a fact that when he was a 14-year-old boy in 1890, he helped Mr. Black build his automobile in the very shop Mr. Longerich mentions.

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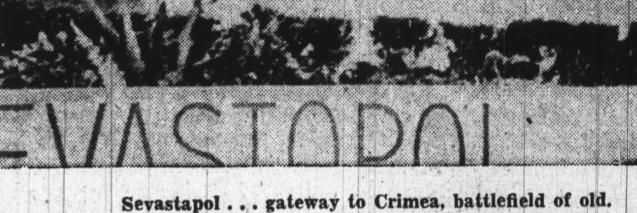
It was nobody's victory. In the Treaty of Sevastopol, the Turks promised to treat the Greeks a little better, and also the other subject Christians in the Balkans—a promise that wasn't kept, by the way. Russia agreed to stay out of the Balkans, and did stay out until 1878-79.

The Black Sea was declared a neutral ocean, the Danube River was declared open to commerce of all nations, and the integrity of the Turkish Empire—then much larger than now, was guaranteed by all the powers.

Turkey was already declining from the nation's Golden Age, which had made it, for a while, the strongest power in the world. After Rome fell, Turkey moved in on the ruins.

Originally the Turks came up out of Arabia—wild horsemen with bright swords, shrieking that "Allah is God and Mohammed is His Prophet" and believing they went straight to the luxurious heaven if they died in battle.

They swept over Persia, con-



Sevastopol . . . gateway to Crimea, battlefield of old.

disappeared, schools were destroyed, temples were turned into stables, art masterpieces were smashed. Mohammed taught that pictures and statues of people were evil things.

His followers wiped them out wherever they went, forced the subject populations into ignorance and serfdom.

The Turks were poor colonists, poor farmers, poor businessmen. They lost most of their own business—even right at home—falling into the hands of the shrewder Armenians, then persecuted the Armenians with Oriental cruelty because the business brought them wealth.

By 1914 Turkey was an impoverished, backward nation, largely illiterate, badly misgoverned. It had not much left except the Dardanelles. But the Dardanelles was important. Here was the outer entrance to the Danube, which carried trading ships 1400 miles up into Europe. It was the path to the Balkans, the backdoor to all of Europe.

Here was the only place where a railroad could cross into Asia Minor. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany dreamed of a rail route from Berlin to Bagdad, which would dominate trade clear across the Balkans, over into Syria and

Thru all this rise and fall, the Turks had been hard masters, poor rulers. Wherever their crescent flag rose leaping

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

By Hendrik Willem van Loon
(ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR)

SCAN IRVINGTON AUTO PARKING

Safety Board Report Due After Request for 1 1/2 Hour Limit.

The Safety Board's report on limited parking in the Irvington business district is expected to be completed within the next few days.

A request for an hour and one-half parking limit has been made by the Irvington Business Men's Club. If granted, the limit would be in effect on E. Washington St. from Irvington Ave. to Audubon Road and on Ritter Ave. as far north and south as the business area extends.

The Irvington Club at first had considered installation of parking meters but decided that they would not solve the problem of the all-day parker to the district's advantage.

The club is an organization of business men concerned with civic problems as well as those which have a direct bearing on business.

On April 5, the organization will meet with the newly formed North Irvington Civic League to map a program of co-operation.

The club also has decided to make an annual event of the Christmas shopping bus furnished last year.

The bus, equipped with a Santa Claus, made regular trips about the residential area taking customers to the business district during the holidays.

Club officers are Mr. Moore, Albert Hall, secretary, and Ted Campbell, treasurer.

CANADA CONSIDERS OPENING FINN HAVEN

OTTAWA, Ontario, March 21 (U.P.)—A proposal to bring Finnish refugees to Canada on returning to their native land has been received the informal consideration of Government officials.

If the question of transportation is cleared up, Government officials said there was little to prevent Finns from being brought here in large numbers.

Freedom from entertaining these days is really most refreshing. I spent the whole of yesterday long, extremely feminine things, such as having my hair done and going to tea with a friend. It seemed best, unheard of to have to time for anything as leisurely and peaceful as that, and we actually drove home through Rock Creek Park. Just because the air is warmer does not mean that the trees have begun to bud. I can't say that I saw many signs of spring.

It is comforting to feel that whatever happens to us is probably intended to give us a chance for spiritual development.

I flew to New York City this morning on a very early plane, and the dentist and I have a rendezvous at noon! Easter is drawing near, so I must do some Easter shopping. Among other things, an article in the New York Herald-Tribune warns us against buying our children and grandchildren live chicks and bunnies for Easter, and suggests that the toy ones give just as much pleasure. I quite agree, and can well understand why the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is fostering a campaign against this habit of giving children poor little defenseless animals at Easter. I never thought it was healthy for either the animals or the children, so I hope this campaign will be very successful. There is just one place where baby chicks and rabbits are permissible and this is on the farm.

The ground is still somewhat slippery. To be laid up for some months is going to be very hard for Ethel. I hate to think of the pain and discomfort which she must go through.

I suppose it is a great deal to ask, but I wish that all young married people with children would give up hunting. I know how much fun it must be for them and that they never expect any accident to happen, but to an old and timid person like myself to take risks seems unnecessary.

I suppose weeks in bed give us an opportunity for inner growth which nothing else might achieve and so, perhaps, this is one of the ways in which the Lord educates his children. When I was a child, we had an old nurse who used to say whenever anything particularly unfortunate happened to us: "When the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." Perhaps it

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