

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

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 a 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 at 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 greatest city between Mexico and Peru. It had 70,000 people and 50 elaborate churches and monasteries. It thrived and pulsed 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 wholly standing. That was in 1573.

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 13,000 people here. They live among the silent ruins, and they are busy in a quiet way. The tourist drives clear across town—probably 50

blocks, for the city is large—to the hotel at the far edge. It is the Hotel Manchén, 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 to-day 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 157 years ago. That is Antigua—behind every modern front, a ruin; within every ruin, a new life.

Our Town

By Anton Scherrer

EXCEPT FOR Martin M. Clinton (Ed's boy), I wouldn't be able to tell you about Edward Longrich, a 72-year-old plumber who distinctly remembers having seen Charles H. Black's automobile, the one he had running on the streets of Indianapolis in 1893.

At a time, mind you, when Ed, Edward Longrich, Henry Ford and Charles Duryea were still trying to get theirs to run.

Mr. Longrich spends his evenings at George Karas' restaurant, and the other night he saw fit to lay bare his past. Right in front of Mr. Clinton and Barton Shipley, a retired musician. With their own ears they heard him say that he was "golly darn certain" that he saw

Charles Black operating his gasoline buggy on S. Pennsylvania St. in 1893. It was '93, he said, because that was the year he attended the Columbian Exposition, another milestone in Mr. Longrich's life.

In the early Nineties, Mr. Longrich was employed by Freaney Brothers, plumbers, 48 S. Pennsylvania St. which was right around the corner from Black's carriage shop, 44 E. Maryland St. Because of the proximity of the two shops, Mr. Longrich also remembers what Mr. Black looked like. He was a heavy set man somewhere in his forties. His silvery-gray hair made him look older, though. And he had the manners of a Chesterfield even in his overalls, says Mr. Longrich.

The First Garage

In 1894 Mr. Longrich went to work for another plumber, George W. Keyser, who had his shop at 117 N. Illinois St. Mr. Keyser had his horse at the Meridian Stables, 216 N. Meridian St., and it was part of Mr. Longrich's job to drive the horse there at the close of the work day. It was at these stables that Mr. Longrich often saw Black's car "parked" there. The anachronism moved Mr. Clinton to pull a

Washington

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON, March 21.—It appears less likely than ever that peace, or any substantial moves in that direction, will result from the European scouting trip which Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles has just completed for President Roosevelt.

Holy Week brings deepening gloom. Sacrifices on the part of all the peoples of Europe seem decreed. Civilization must turn to the savagery of the jungle to save itself, and with some question whether it will survive in the forms which modern Europe has known.

Talk of an "Easter peace" is described by the White House as empty. That is a reliable signal as to the direction which affairs in Europe are taking under a smoke screen of peace rumors.

The "all-out" war which everyone on both sides dreads seems almost inescapable now. Stephen T. Early, press secretary at the White House, said that on the basis of "authoritative reports" to this Government there seemed to be no foundation for rumors in the European press which purport to give an authoritative basis for peace.

Allies Ready for Showdown

From the Allied point of view particularly, affairs have taken a turn for the worse. There is every indication that a Berlin-Rome-Moscow deal is being made which will lay a vastly enlarged and strengthened Axis of dictators down across the heart of Europe. Italy and Russia serve as feeders for Germany, both being technically non-belligerents in a position indirectly to draw goods through the British blockade to some extent.

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

NEW YORK CITY, Wednesday.—The hunting accident, which happened to my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt Jr., yesterday, upset us all considerably. We must be grateful that she was not killed. I suppose one cannot blame the horse, for the ground is still somewhat slippery.

To be laid up for some months from the accident 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 the way in which the Lord educates his children. I was a child once and I had an old nurse who used to say whenever anything particularly unfortunate happened to us: "Whoo, the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." Perhaps it

Germany is not considering at this time any peace terms which would weaken her position. Any settlement which Hitler would accept at this time would be one which would recognize his conquests and his improved position on the continent. The Allies are in no mood to yield to such terms, though knowing how hard the alternative will be, how much in lives and national treasure it is going to cost.

This Administration, while technically neutral, is sympathetic to the Allied cause and is not likely to urge peace terms that would merely recognize the gains Hitler has made.

Possibly one purpose in having Secretary Early discuss peace talks was to take the force out of any proposals that may come from the Axis side in the immediate future, and to nullify their propaganda effect. The White House statement and Prime Minister Chamberlain's "fight on" speech to the House of Commons were made simultaneously.

F. D. R. on Plane Sales
Later on the same day Mr. Roosevelt vigorously defended the policy of selling American warplanes to "whoever can come and get them"—meaning, the Allies. For our own national defense, one of the most important things is airplane productive capacity. That, Mr. Roosevelt feels, is more important than the actual number of planes on hand. The way to develop airplane capacity is to sell planes. Thus the policy of selling planes to the Allies is rationalized as an aid to our own national defense.

An Allied mission is in Washington now attempting to adjust irritations growing out of the British blockade. More than that may be going on, because the Allies are concerned about shipment of American supplies to Russia across the Pacific. The Allies know that peace is a certainty to the war, but they look to the United States to assist them indirectly, and the disposition of this Administration is to do so.

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 toys 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.

Freedom from entertaining these days is really most refreshing. I spent the whole of yesterday doing extremely feminine things, such as having my hair done and going to tea with a friend. It seemed almost unkind to have to time for anything as leisurely as peace and quiet 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.

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 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 cavalymen 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.

It was nobody's victory. In the treaty Turkey 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 1878-22 years.

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 sword and spear. They were "Allah is God and Mohammed is His Prophet"—and believing they went straight to a 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 let most of their own business—even right at home—fall into the hands of the shrewd Armenian, 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

WARREN TWP. 4-H MEMBERS GET PINS

More than 150 pins are being given to 4-H Club boys and girls of Warren Township who are completing their first, fifth or seventh year of club membership. The Warren Township Council of Parent-Teacher Associations is presenting the pins. Mrs. William Wischard of Shadeland is Council president.

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

- 1.—Are all words ending in "ile" or "ine," pronounced with the long "i" sound?
- 2.—Does the United States have an official national flower?
- 3.—Did Russia suffer heavier battle deaths than Germany in the World War?
- 4.—Which Government agency is represented by the initials FBI?
- 5.—On what island is Manila, P. I.?
- 6.—The ruins of the Parthenon of the Acropolis are in Athens, or Rome?
- 7.—Who was recently named chairman of the Republican finance committee?

Answers

- 1.—No. Examples: fragile; agile; turbine.
- 2.—No.
- 3.—Yes.
- 4.—Federal Home Loan Bank Board.
- 5.—Luzon.
- 6.—Athens.
- 7.—Ernest T. Weir.

ASK THE TIMES

Include a 3-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question of fact or information to The Indianapolis Times, Washington Service Bureau, 1015 15th St. N. W., Washington, D. C. Legal and medical advice cannot be given nor can extended research be undertaken.

SCAN IRVINGTON AUTO PARKING

Safety Board Report Due After Request for 1½-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 and 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 troopships received the informal consideration of Government officials today.

THE STORY OF DEMOCRACY

By Hendrik Willem van Loon
(ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR)

CHAPTER TEN
THERE was one other reason why Democracies were so slow to develop. Democracy as a form of government is very apt to be extremely wasteful.

And if we are to draw whatever lessons history offers us upon the subject, we feel inclined to come to the conclusion that in our modest world, only very prosperous countries can afford to maintain a democratic form of government.

This, of course, did not hold true of a few of the agricultural democracies of the Middle Ages, such as were then to be found in several of the Swiss cantons and in Iceland and here and there among the tribes which inhabited the vast northern plain of Europe's mainland. But these were hardly democracies in our sense of the word. They were small agricultural communities, composed entirely of free and independent farmers.

Since all of them were about equally rich, none of them was able to dominate the life of their neighbors. But the moment this happy balance was upset by the introduction of commerce, there was an end to this beautiful dream of equality.

Furthermore let there be rumors of danger from abroad and immediately some strong man would be elected to act as leader. Once he had been victorious, he was apt to have gained so much in power and prestige that it was practically impossible to dislodge him.

SUCH indeed was the beginning of every medieval monarchy that it is of all our modern dictatorships.

"But why," as we are so apt to ask over here where we have only once been caught in a crisis which has threatened our national existence, "why didn't the masses of the people object, drive away the usurper and re-establish their old democratic form of government?"

Because there exists that terrible thing in the world which is known as human lethargy, and this particular form of lethargy deadens all such courageous efforts with the plausible excuse that one had better "leave well



Why didn't the masses of people drive away the usurper and re-establish their own democratic form of government?

enough alone" and that it is wiser not to upset the existing state of affairs as long as it does not interfere too directly with the comforts of the Average Man.

A wise man once remarked that "all slavery is self-imposed." In the main, I fear that he was right.

One will come across arguments like this in almost all the writings upon the subject of democracy of the last 2500 years. And believe me, it was not only the professional pessimists who spoke that way.

Even out-and-out lovers of Democracy were upset by their fear that most people are either too indifferent or too sadly lacking in a feeling of independence to take care of their own interests, and that therefore they would invariably take the easier way out and leave the conduct of their affairs to those who promised to relieve them of all further feeling of responsibility.

You will come across such doubts in the writings of almost all the men who founded our own Republic. They believed passionately in the ideal of Democracy.

form of government. And therefore they asked themselves, will the great mass of the people ever make the personal sacrifices necessary to maintain a state of affairs which demands that each and every one of them be forever on the job, defending the ramparts from enemies both from outside the walls and from the inside?

NEXT: It's Always a Battle Between Democracy and "The Easier Way."

6 NOMINATED FOR 3 POSTS BY BUTLER 'Y'

Butler University Y. M. C. A. chapter presidential candidates are Richard Helm of Ft. Wayne, Ind. and Gale Glimmer of Greens Fork, Ind.

Their nominations were announced today by Burdette Charles, retiring chapter president. Other nominees are James Hardin and Charles Butz, Indianapolis, for vice president, and Robert Elu and James Sells of Indianapolis, for secretary. The date for the election has not been set.

Retiring officers are Mr. Charles Carl Andry, vice president; Mr. Glimmer, secretary, and Robert Sells, treasurer.