

## Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

TO EVERY bluegill, crappie, red-eared sunfish, rock bass and yellow perch in Indiana waters, all I can say is that I tried. The counsel for defense rests his case.

I attended the public hearing on the proposal to lift the closed season this year on the five species of pan fish.

Seven rather stern looking gentlemen sat in the office of John N. Nigh, director of the Conservation Department, when I walked in. I didn't know whether the self-appointed counsel had a friend in the room or not.

The whole idea was to thrash out whether or not the department should take Dr. William E. Ricker's recommendation to eliminate the closed season because the fish are starving to death.

Dr. Ricker, head of the Indiana Lake and Stream Survey, thinks the lakes and streams are overpopulated. In short, the fishermen haven't been too lucky.

My contention has always been that fish aren't half as lucky as rod wielders. Now, the poor fish were going to have no time off at all if the proposal were accepted.

Mr. Nigh began the proceedings by reading the proposal. Then he asked for expressions of opinion.

**Had 'Awful Luck' Last Year**  
THE prosecution got off to a slow start. They let John A. Albertson, owner of Golden Beach Resort, Monticello, speak. To my surprise, Mr. Albertson was against lifting the closed season.

He went on to say that he had "awful luck" last year on Schafer Lake and in his honest opinion the fish should have a chance to propagate.

Byron Kennedy, assistant director of the department, asked Mr. Albertson if he had scientifically determined that Schafer Lake was low on fish. A cagey question if I ever heard one.

There was a man to watch.

Mr. Albertson said no. Well then, were the fish hungry? And if they weren't hungry, where did they get the food?

The resort owner didn't exactly know whether the fish were hungry or not. He knew they weren't taking the bait offered them. Mr. Albertson supposed that Schafer and Freeman Lakes produced fish food naturally. The argument was getting nice and hot when Mr. Nigh stepped in and started to read some letters he received. The majority wanted an open season on everything but bass.

This made Mr. Albertson squirm because he is a bluegill fisherman. Strictly bluegill.

**Give 'em 'Moon and June' Stuff**  
I ASKED for the floor. Mr. Nigh gave me the sign. I told the experts that my only interest was the happiness of the pan fish. After all, the nicest time of the year usually is from May 20 to June 16 and they're trying to make it an open season.

"Gentlemen, don't you think a sunfish has a yearning to indulge in a little of timeless 'moon and June stuff' without worrying about fancy hooks and fishermen?" I asked. "Don't you have any romance in your souls?"

I concentrated on the "little things" that mean so much in a fish's life. Every man except Mr. Albertson broke out in smiles. Mr. Kennedy said I was a sentimentalist. Mr. Albertson called me a true sportsman. I started to call . . . well, anyway, Mr. Nigh called for order and said maybe we better hear from Dr. Ricker.

He gave us statistics, percentages and a big pitch about utilizing to the greatest advantage the stock of fish in our waters. Dr. Ricker even quoted the percentage of fish that die of old age. It was his firm belief that if more fish were taken out there would be more food for the survivors, which would grow up to fill a pan nicely. Otherwise, all we would have on our lines would be peewees.

Donald R. Hughes, chief of the division of Fish and Game, stood up and said he was for abolishing the closed season. He admitted that no one knew all there is to know about fish and their habits but experience in the past convinces him to give Dr. Ricker's proposal a try. Something has to be done, was the crux of his closing argument.

I had a feeling my argument didn't hold much water or fish with the majority. Mr. Nigh said he'd have a decision in a couple of days. I'm not too hopeful.

But, at least I tried to give the bluegills, crappies, red-eared sunfish, rock bass and yellow perch a vacation. I know how they feel in June.

**"THEREFORE, GENTLEMEN"**—Dr. William E. Ricker closes his arguments for an open season on pan fish. Supporter Byron Kennedy (left) listens intently. John A. Albertson (right) isn't interested.

**I'm Bowlegged**  
HOUSTON, Tex., Mar. 9.—The impact of a broad white sombrero on the personality of an effete easterner is apt to be a strange thing to watch. I have been given such a headpiece, and this 50-dollar lid is going to get me in trouble before I am done.

I had noticed a couple of peculiar things after putting on the hat. I began, for instance, to walk bowlegged, to talk with a pronounced drawl, to speak of gentlemen as "hombres" and to call strangers "podner." I began to refer to cattle as "cow-brutes" and "critters" and to yearn, aloud, for life on the range.

There is a man around here named Vernon Frost, who has something to do with oil. He said he had a ranch. He said he would be pleased to have me come out and play cowboy on it. He said he would even put on his cowboy suit and help me play. It turns out Mr. Frost is an imposter. He is no rancher at all. He owns a cow-factory, and has 2500 pecan trees on the side. I never saw a single cowpoke or heard anybody holler "Yippee."

Mr. Frost's pappy was the first man to bring Brahma bulls to Texas. A Brahma bull is a he-cow with a hump on his back and a nasty temper. All his life Mr. Frost wanted to raise Brahmas, but was prevented on account of being unrich, until one day he dug a hole in the ground and got all greased up with oil and money.

So he now raises a cow to an acre and sells them annually for a price which makes me shiver every time I cut into a steak. Vernon had an idea that he could raise cattle on \$350-an-acre ground as a paying crop. He must have been right, for at his last sale, in the middle of the commodity slump and a hard blizzard, he unloaded 51 beasts for \$40,000.

**Flicks a Page, Knows 'Em All**  
BROTHER FROST, who wears high-heeled boots and a painted shirt, is a scientific rancher. He keeps a filing system which is more involved than a government card-punch machine, and by flicking a page he can tell the middle name of the heifer in the southeast corner of the north 40, and also who was her papa, mama, grandpa and grandama. He can tell you her tastes in green salad and whether she is a candidate for matrimony or the butcher-block.

I asked Brother Frost to introduce me to his foreman, or head wrangler, or whatever, and he came up with a Texas A. and M. graduate named

Schulte, who looks more like a young physicist than a cow chaperone. I asked Vernon to show me the empty saddles in the old corral, and got a sneer.

Mr. Frost, this spurious rancher, has a corral constructed entirely of steel and concrete. It looks like a ratmaze. Vernon can drive a critter—pardon, having—into one end, and by the time it comes out it is dipped, drenched, branded, milked, tattooed on the ear, dehorned, tested for disease and engaged to be married.

**And Brother That's Rich**  
HIS GROUND is so rich—richer by test than Nile Valley topsoil—that if a cow stands too long in one place it is apt to grow leaves on its ears. He raises his own feed. His pecan trees, on a good year, yield 50,000 pounds at 45 cents a pound.

Vernon's barns are outside steel gunset huts. His fences are steel and concrete. His maids, in the ranch house, wear red-and-white checkered uniforms. His porch screens are made out of nylon. Only his horses and cattle have remained anywhere close to type.

He shoved me aboard something he called a quarter-horse, which had a gait like a riveting gun, and my friend Ralph Johnston later said that I resembled a monkey fighting a football. All I know is that today my bowlegged walk is no longer an affectation. How else can you walk?

My host had kept telling me how kittenishly gentle his Brahma bulls were. I was inside the old corral at the time, ignoring the bull, which obviously had indigestion. There was a sudden whoosh, a yelp from the onlookers, and 2000 pounds of enraged Indian expatriate came roaring down.

I caromed off the fence, making what the bull-fighters call a Veronica with my coat tails, and getting myself thoroughly drenched in the process, since they had just painted the fence. Mr. Frost said that there was no danger, and the bull was just being chummy—at which moment the bull chose to be chummy again and this time Mr. Frost got paint on his pants. I having left by means of an escape hatch.

This modern cow-farming is all right, I guess, but they still haven't been able to breed direct-sped for humans out of the bull. Give me the old-fashioned way where a man in a big hat knows where he stands.

For 83 years and you get a figure so astronomical there isn't enough money in the Treasury to cover it (or so said my expert, who refused flatly to monkey with such a calculation).

"But isn't there any statute of limitations?" demanded Sen. Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee. "Can they go all the way back to the year one?"

"Yes sir, they can," replied Mr. O'Marr. "The statute of limitations has been waived by the act."

**Congress Did It, All Right**  
"WHO PASSED that act?" asked Sen. McKellar. "Congress," replied Mr. O'Marr.

"Well, it looks like a scheme to defraud the government," Sen. McKellar said. "I just can't understand how Congress ever passed it."

In case those Indians win, the tax collector's going to be a busy fellow and the tax man, apropos, the next witness. His Honor, O. D. Turner, presiding Judge of the U. S. Tax Court.

Since 1924, the young-looking judge said, he and his 15 associate jurists have taken nearly \$4 billion from the pockets of reluctant taxpayers.

"Of course," said the judge, "the Collector of Internal Revenue tried to get a good deal more than that."

Judge Turner said his court functioned only when a citizen thought the collector was too greedy; it hears about 5000 such cases a year.

Sen. Reed said he never had any trouble with the collector. He makes out his own returns and when he makes mistakes in the government's favor, he's always delighted when he gets a refund.

"I made a mistake, myself, a few years ago," confessed Judge Turner. "A mistake in simple arithmetic. It was very embarrassing to me. Very."

It must have been. Let us pray now that there are no mistakes involving the Indians who want to cart off the U. S. Treasury.

**Want \$800,000 Plus Interest**  
"HOW MUCH do these Indians want?" asked Sen. Clyde Reed of Kansas.

Mr. O'Marr said that the litigation has been brought up to 1865, when the Osage tribe decided to settle for \$800,000.

They still want it, plus interest, at five per cent. Compound five per cent interest on \$800,000

**The Quiz Master**  
In writing A.D. and B.C., what is the correct position of these abbreviations, before or after the date?

In dates, A.D. precedes the year and B.C. follows the year, as A.D. 26 and B.C. 26.

Was Eliza Yale, for whom the university was named, an American?

Eliza Yale was born in Massachusetts, but

was taken to England by his family when he was 4 years old and never returned to this country.

Does his place of residence affect the normal body temperature of a man?

The normal temperature is 98.6 degrees F., whether the man lives in the tropics or the polar regions.

??? Test Your Skill ???

THE DEPARTMENT'S closest contact with the public is through its garbage and trash collections.

At times these relations have reached the point of open warfare. Collectors find "contraband" in the containers and refuse to pick up the materials. The taxpayer counters with the charge that his garbage can is being battered and denied to destruction.

Last year the department purchased 60 new collection trucks

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SECOND SECTION

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## City Runs Far Behind In System Of Garbage And Trash Disposal

(Photos by Henry E. Giesing Jr., Times Staff Photographer)



**MUCH TO BE DONE**—These officials of the Indianapolis Sanitation Department face a number of big problems if the city's sanitation system is to be brought up to date. The officials are (left to right) D. O. Bender, assistant sanitation superintendent; Thomas E. Bell, collection superintendent; Louis C. Brandt, board member; James Cunningham, board president; Warren C. Bevington, board member; Mrs. Lottie Resener, board secretary; Richard Wetter, sanitation plant office manager, and Ferdinand J. Ludzack, sanitation plant superintendent.



**EASY THERE**—Biggest public gripe against the department is that the trash collectors tear up the householders' containers. New collection trucks, one of which is being loaded here, have lessened complaints.

**Only Bond Issues Will Permit Department To Catch Up With Growth of Population**  
By LOUIS ARMSTRONG

INDIANAPOLIS Sanitation Department has a long way to go to catch up with a growing city.

Facing the department today is a series of problems which only bond issues involving millions of dollars will solve. Bond issues mean more taxes.

Whether or not the Indianapolis taxpayer likes the prospect of the improvements necessary in the department are vital to the growth of the city.

The department began this year with a bonded indebtedness of nearly \$3 million. During 1947 it retired only \$137,800 in bonds with interest amounting to \$246,307.

At the same time sewer lines need extending, enlarging or replacing all over the city. The sanitation plant is not large enough to handle present flow and an incinerator must be built to provide a means of disposing of combustible waste materials.

**COUPLE THESE** problems with the fact that the sanitation department's legal status is not entirely clear to any one and you begin to get a dim picture of scene.

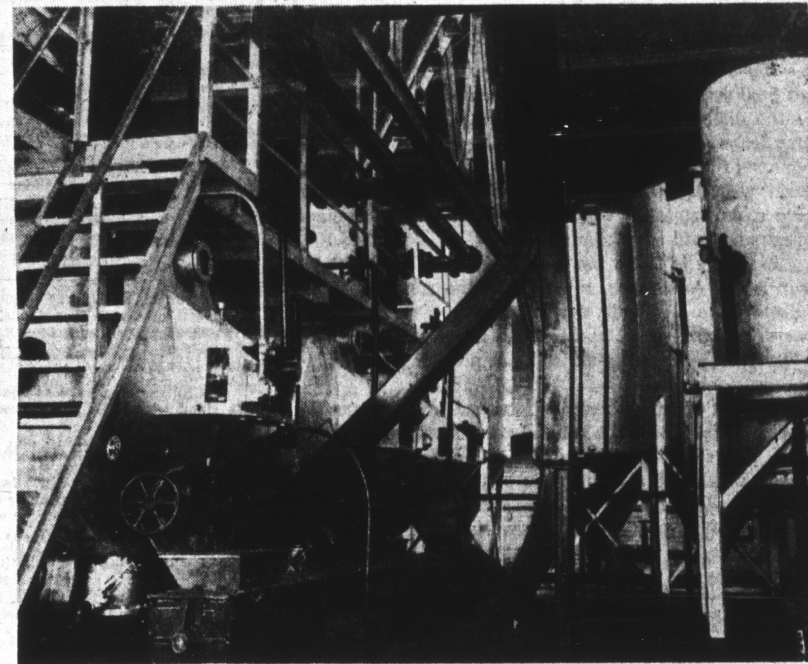
At the department helm is the board of sanitary commissioners: James Cunningham, president, 49 N. Dearborn St.; Warren C. Bevington, 3101 N. Meridian St.; and Louis C. Brandt, 1616 Pleasant St. Mr. Bevington is the lone Republican.

The department's public services include the collection of refuse, treatment of sewage produced by domestic and industrial sources and the reduction of garbage collected.

To perform these services there are approximately 350 employees whose salaries range from the top of \$6300 a year for Ferdinand J. Ludzack, sanitation plant superintendent, to \$1 an hour for garbage and trash collectors.

**DURING** the first two months of 1948, 2850 tons of garbage were processed by the plant and the resulting salable products netted the city more than \$30,000 over the cost of the materials, labor, power and maintenance required.

The sanitation department was created out of the Board of Works and Sanitation by an act of the 1947 general assembly. The sani-



**MONEY MAKER**—By-products from reduction of garbage collected over the city bring in a large yearly revenue to the department. In these tanks grease is extracted which finds a ready market among soap manufacturers. Residue is sold for fertilizer.

tion district's tax rate is 21 cents, 17 cents for maintenance and four cents to retire bonds. The sanitation district is not limited to the corporation limits of the city and therein lies the question of how much control the Mayor and City Council shall have over the board.

Last year they had none. The board acted independently. But Mayor Feeney has said the board shall be answerable to the City Council. His board appointees have not seen fit to disagree with him.

The too-small sewage treatment plant also located near White River on S. Belmont Ave., receives about 65 million gallons of sewage per day. The plant is "only large enough to give about 60 per cent purification to the constantly increasing flow."

**SLUDGE** disposal is an immediate problem at the plant and new "lagoons" where the material is dumped are to be constructed. The plant is expected to operate during 1948 at a cost of about \$3.20 per family or about 85 cents per person served.

During the war years the city administration saw need of future expansion of the sewer system and hired the firm of Moore & Owen to draw plans to meet future construction needs.

The firm outlined a 10-year plan estimated to cost approximately \$35 million. How much of this plan is ever used remains to be seen. Today the present administration is investigating the city's contract with Moore & Owen and is withholding payment on the engineering firm's fees.

Regardless of this the Moore & Owen plan is the only thing the city has as any kind of a solution to its sewer problems.

The engineering firm's plans for 1947-48 include \$1½ million expansion of the sewage treatment plant and the construction of a number of interceptor and storm relief sewers throughout the city.

Another project being considered is located in the Broad Ripple-Warrior area. Additional storm relief sewers are needed there. Broad Ripple residents have already had three general sewer assessments and the city feels it cannot be asked to pay more.

The Forest Manor Civic League is making a strong bid for its project. Needed are extension of a large interceptor line up Fall Creek and the installation of a storm relief sewer along 37th St. and a combination storm and sanitary sewer along Minnie Creek north of 30th St.

**THE LATTER** would provide drainage for an entire section now without any type of sewer system. The 37th St. line would allow streets in Forest Manor to be paved and curbs and gutters constructed.

The project would also extend service toward the growing section along 38th St., which is outside the city limits.

The new board is moving cautiously on its big problems. In the meantime, if you have a complaint to make about garbage or trash collections or if you want a dead animal removed from your street or premises, call the collection department, MA-6931.

**Carnival—By Dick Turner**

I ain't answering no more questions! If the rest of the kids wanna get good marks, let 'em do their own studying!