

## Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

**EVEN** a dude, when he sees the genuine article, can make no mistakes.

My neck was out a yard when I asked the big man who was crossing the road in front of the Exchange Hotel at the Stockyards if he was a cowboy.

In a mild voice, low and slow, Wiley Elliott said he was a cowboy. A real cowboy?

"I've been punching cows all my life," said Wiley. "That long enough? What can I do for you?"

It's best to be honest under certain conditions. Especially if the conditions are the size of Wiley. "I saw you and immediately decided you were the real stuff. Never talked to a cowboy and thought it would be interesting."

"Start talking," said the cowboy.

### Suggested a Cup of Coffee

**INSTEAD** of talking I began to shake. The man with hands the size of boxing gloves gave his belt a pull. Something was going wrong with the interview. A suggestion that a cup of coffee would hit the spot went over well.

By the time the coffee arrived in the dining room of the hotel, Wiley, answering only what was asked, told me he was 43 years old, 6 feet, 3 inches tall in his socks, weighed 190 pounds and has been punching cattle ever since he could remember. At the present time he was in the city getting ready for the rodeo at the Carey Ranch, 9000 S. Meridian St., Sunday.

The coffee tasted fine. Wiley refused a cigarette saying he never smoked before he had his morning coffee. He threw a pack and a box of matches in the middle of the table.

In his actions the guy reminded me of Gary Cooper at his shy best. It's a wonder he didn't tell me to shove off or whatever they say in the West. Imagine someone coming to you before you've had your morning coffee and asking that you talk about yourself for an hour or two.

About nine months out of a year, Wiley travels the rodeo circuit. He's been performing in rodeos all over the country for 25 years, he said. Madison Square Garden?

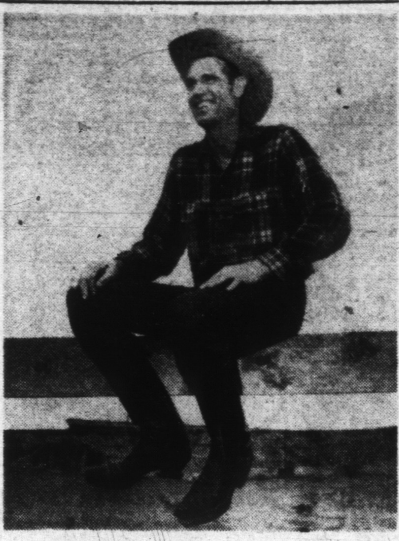
Wiley leaned forward his coffee and the front legs of the chair hit the floor. He informed me that people think a man has really been some place when they find out he's been in the Garden. Wrong.

"A man does just the same in the Garden as he does anywhere else. They'll beat you up there as quick as here." That brought up the question of injuries.

Over the years Wiley thinks he has been lucky. Once he got a finger tangled in a rope and suddenly the digit was gone. Outside of the usual bruises that he had he had to have him in the ring. His mouth broke into a growing smile. I waited.

"Broke my leg and spent a day in the hospital," began Wiley. "Broke it as I got off my horse. Landed wrong and broke it."

Riding bulls, in Wiley's opinion, is the most dangerous work in a rodeo. He didn't hesitate to say that because in his quarter century of



Cowpoke . . . During his 25 seasons of rodeo work, Wiley Elliott has been lucky in the arena although once he broke his leg getting off his horse.

rodeo work, he has competed in every event in the books.

"A man might complete a ride and get gored trying to get out of the arena," Wiley said, leaning back in his chair. "You never know what a bull will do."

A cowboy enters a rodeo with no guarantee of anything. He pays his expenses to and from a town. On some occasions relatives pay.

"Whatever you win is your pay," explained Wiley. "If you don't win you've had a big time."

Does he get nervous before entering the arena at a fast clip on a bucking bronco or a heaving bull? Wiley said, and he's the kind of a man you believe, that he has taught himself control. Competing in a rodeo is not the thing for a nervous man to do.

"I'm not any more nervous when I come out of a chute than you are sitting in that chair," he added.

### Some Get Patched Up, Try Again

**ELABORATING** a little, Wiley said he has seen a lot of boys break their necks by being nervous. Of course, some get patched up and try and try until they get over being nervous.

After Sunday's effort, Wiley plans on taking in a couple more rodeos and then head back to his regular job of punching cattle and breaking horses. How many more seasons in the rodeo business? Wiley said he didn't know. A man never knows. He just keeps riding and hoping.

## Early Birds

By Robert C. Ruark

**NEW YORK, Oct. 7**—I would like to quarrel a mite with the noted historian, Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, and simultaneously with his spouse of an assumption I have battled bitterly since childhood. This is the old wives' tale that early to bed and early to rise, et cetera.

Dr. Freeman is a man who smacks the sack at 9 p. m. and is generally out of same, as chipper as an ozone-added mocking bird, at 2:30 a. m. This is when the doctor starts his working day. He was recently quoted as saying that people go to bed too late and arise likewise, and that the nation could be vastly improved if everyone straggled from the feathers at sunup.

### Slug-Abed Faces Scorn

**THERE HAS** ever been a spurious nobility attached to early rising, possibly stemming from the days when work unfinished in sunlight went undone until next day. Whatever the germination of the habit, scorn has been heaped on the late riser. He has been taunted with the title of slug-abed, sleepy-head, and generally described as a no-count trifter who can only wind up hawking apples, or, if successful, peddling marijuana or running numbers.

The people who are forced, by circumstance, to unsheet themselves in the dank dawn acquire the kind of abrasive arrogance of the man who takes midwinter baths through the ice floes, or the woman who is constantly engorged in a diet. They wear a halo with this hair shirt of habit, and go about knocking more fortunate folks who can snuggle in the downy until noon.

I consider Dr. Freeman's habit of arising at 2:30 unnatural, antisocial, and less crammed with health-and-character-building vitamins than my own cherished routine of preparing to think about getting ready to consider the idea of bed at about the same time. The days are packed with dullards; anybody can stalk around in the sunlight.

For some years I was forced by poverty's pinch to haul myself shuddering from the slacks at the loathsome hour of 5 a. m.—a dread milestone on the clock when man's resistance is at its lowest ebb, when the streets are naked, the birds still, and your conscience rides you like a witch. After some years of this debased existence, I swore a

solid swear that if God ever let me out of the Navy, I would sleep until noon if it meant starvation. Fortunately, I found a stealing license which would permit me to eat as well as snore, but the snoring got first consideration.

For a long time I have tried to find something worth doing before noon, and apart from committing suicide, I can think of nothing that cannot be done better after a stout lunch—at, say, about 3 p. m. True clarity of thought rarely arrives before midnight, nor does the party ever achieve the singing-in-the-kitchen stage before that time.

The Spaniards are a steady, frugal race, and they like to eat around midnight. They also like to sleep in the afternoon. The hardest working man I know is Billy Rose, and he would rather be dead in his bed than out of it before 11 a. m. What is all this noble thinking about early to bed, now that the electric bulb is fairly common in the land? Eight hours' sleep is eight hours' sleep, and if one man chooses to take his from 4 a. m. to noon, what makes him a dissolute bum?

### What's Noble About Dawn?

**I HAVE** observed that most big fights occur at the breakfast table—or at the dinner table, if dinner is served scrupulously on the tick of 6:30 p. m. I do not knock early eating if the individual demands it, because a farmer or a laborer might be starving at that time. But this is only a matter of a man satisfying his appetite, and was never designed to be the eleventh commandment. The early eater, even as the early riser, is neither nobler in the mind nor stouter in the soul than the fellow of flexible habit. But such he has been made to appear.

Understand, I do not assault the right of the individual to get up with the larks, if he happens to like larks, nor do I challenge Dr. Freeman's old habit of arising at 2:30 a. m. But I quarrel with his effort to impose this disgusting practice on the people. I pay just as many taxes as the health fiend who leaps chortling from mattress to cold shower, and wish no more lectures on the magnificence of the dawn—unless, perchance, the dawn is described as a wonderful time to hit the hay.

## Buffaloed

By Frederick C. Othman

**WASHINGTON, Oct. 7**—The Great White Father almost gave the Indians back their buffalo today. Only it's not quite that simple and if the Ogla-Sioux send a war party into Washington with torch and tomahawk I won't much blame 'em.

The Sioux at Pine Ridge, S. D., have been struggling with buffalo since long before Buffalo Bill. They are ornery beasts. Always sore at somebody and inclined to knock down a hard-working Indian's fence or front porch for the fun of it. So the redskins tried to breed their buffalo with cattle. The result was known as a buffacow.

It had an ugly face, a mean disposition, and an unknown milk capacity, because nobody could get close enough to learn the lactic truth. By 1945 the Sioux said the hell with buffalo. Meat was scarce at the time, as you may remember, and they sold all their buffalo for eating purposes. Most of their steaks went to fancy hotels in the East; the proceeds were \$16,915.

### Crows Have Problem, Too

**HERE** the skindinty government stepped in, took the money, and deposited it in the Treasury as miscellaneous receipts. The Sioux have been trying to collect it ever since. They've also been eying their pots of war paint and putting an edge on their spears, just in case.

Let us leave the Sioux for a moment now and consider the Crows of Montana. They've got a buffalo problem, too. The government, in a word, has been trying to buffalo them.

Back in 1934 there were so many buffalo in Yellowstone National Park that there was no room for tame bears. Most, less, people. So the government handed 750 surplus buffalo to the neighboring Crows.

For 15 long years the Crows have been putting up with the following of their buffalo, feeding same, and for thanks getting kicked in the face.

Why? Because these cantankerous animals be-longed to them.

Well, you know buffalo. Like overgrown rabbits, sort of. Nobody knows how many buffalo now are resident among the Crows. Buffalo are hard to count because they won't stand still. And also they do most of their snorting and kicking on ranges far from the sight of man.

So the Crows were thinking, logically enough, about making themselves some rugs of buffalo skin. Oh, no, said the Interior Department. These buffalo belong to the government. So the Crows, like the Sioux, got out their chisels to put some heads on their arrows.

Now the government in the nick of time (let us hope) is taking steps. The U. S. Senate has passed a bill to pay the Sioux their \$16,915 in cash and to authorize Secretary of Interior Julius A. Krug to give the Crows their buffalo.

### They Could Have 'Em

**THIS BILL** went over in double-quick time to the House, which rushed it to the public lands committee. That's where I caught up with the buffalo crisis. The Crows had no representative on hand, but the man from Interior said he didn't want their buffalo; they could have 'em.

The Sioux had their local sachem, Felix S. Cohen, on the job. He said it was a funny thing how the government let the Sioux nurse all those buffalo all these years and then absconded with the money when the time came. He blamed this on a series of misadventures and knottings of red tape at the Indian bureau.

The lawgivers were sympathetic. Rep. William Lemke of North Dakota observed that Indians were better at conserving wild life than white men. Mr. Cohen agreed and almost before you could say buffalo, the committee voted unanimously to give in to the Crows and the Sioux. They'll probably get their buffalo and their money soon. They'd better. Or there's going to be bad trouble.

## The Quiz Master

??? Test Your Skill ???

Was York, Pa., once the capital of the United States?

York was the capital of the United States in 1777-78, during which time the Continental Congress adopted the Articles of Confederation.

How soon after feeding should a dog be given his daily exercise?

If possible exercise before feeding. Otherwise wait at least 30 minutes after the dog has eaten before taking him out.

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## Preventing Home Problems New Project Of Family Service Group

### Troubled Couples Helped to Make Adjustments to Save Marriages

This story about a Red Feather agency is one of a series The Times is publishing to help you prepare a winning entry for the Community Fund Contest. The contest, sponsored by General Motors dealers of Marion County, offers more than \$5000 in prizes, including a new De Luxe Chevrolet sedan.

By OPAL CROCKETT

**PREVENTING FAMILY** problems from happening is the new project launched by the Family Service Association, a Red Feather Service organization, 1003 N. Meridian St.

George Thorman, 1226 Carrollton Ave., has charge. Mr. Thorman meets with community groups to review and teach elements of sound family life. The program is designed to provide a satisfying life for the rearing of children by aiding the parent to help the child to become a happy, competent adult.

Aid will be given couples in making practical early adjustments on budgets and other problems and in handling personality, and emotional adjustments to avoid potential conflicts that crack marriage. Also aided will be couples without specific problems but desiring to enrich their marriage.

Intense marital conflicts where marriages are about to fall will continue to receive individual counseling by the association's regular staff.

**MR. THORMAN**, a trained social worker, previously served the Marion County Department of Public Welfare and Juvenile Court, and the National Foundation for Mental Health in Philadelphia.

Thirty per cent of the 2679 persons visiting the association last year appeared because of difficulty in the rearing of children.

"Couples worry more about their children than they do about themselves. Most of these are anxious to make a 'go' of marriage and to help their children



Attorney Harold R. Woodard, George Thorman and Miss Ruth Little add program for prevention of family problems to the Family Service Association's family strengthening projects. Mr. Woodard is president of the association's 24-member board of directors and Miss Little is the case work director.

his mother—can wreck a marriage," Mr. Graham said.

"Immaturity can be spotted. A mature person can make decisions after careful analysis, and stick by them. He's willing to change when proved wrong," Mr. Graham said.

Sixteen per cent of the troubled families had money problems; 15 per cent, mental and physical illnesses; 13 per cent, employment

trouble; nine per cent, social problems from old age, immigration, housing, etc.

"We're most successful in helping persons coming voluntarily—and early—for confidential help. Mr. Graham said "To make marriage run smoothly couples often need an outsider to get them to meet conflicts and make good, healthy compromises," he said. The association asks \$143,989 from the Community Fund drive

(Oct. 10 to 24) and plans to make up the remainder of its total budget of \$154,438 from fees, refunds, membership dues and rentals. Of the total, expenditures will include: Direct service to families, \$85,563; family relief, \$30,588; retirement fund, \$45,693; office maintenance, \$18,460; homemaker service, \$8,112; public relations, \$400; staff education, \$422; carry-over next year, \$1500; advance-ment to township trustees, \$4900.

## Robbers Flee Under Fire After Confectionery Holdup

### Police Question Eight Others in Two Burglaries During Night

A confectionery operator fired three times at two fleeing holdup men early today, and detectives were questioning eight suspects in two other burglaries during the night.

John Clorion, 57, of 5116 W. Morris St., told police he fired three shots at two men who came into his candy store at 941 Indiana Ave. shortly after midnight and robbed him of \$40.

Mr. Clorion said the two men asked for cigarettes. When he turned to get the package, one of them opened the cash register and scooped up \$40 in currency. Both fled as he grabbed his pistol and fired from the doorway.

### Four Are Identified

Four suspects were identified after a burglary at the Beach Dry Goods Store, 838 W. New York St., late last night.

A 17-year-old boy and three others were arrested after Mrs. Nellie Robbins of 843 W. New York St., identified them, as the youths she saw loitering in an alley a moment before she heard the crash of glass in the store window. She called police and the arrests were made shortly afterward.

They were charged with suspicion of burglary.

Four others were arrested on suspicion when found prowling in a parking lot near the ball park late last night. Police said they had a partially filled gasoline can and other accessories in their car.

### Contest Winners to Be Announced at Dance

Winners of the "Brown Boy" and "Golden Girl" contest conducted in Howe High School will be announced at the annual Brown and Gold dance to be held in the school gymnasium tomorrow from 9 to 12 p. m.

The party is sponsored by the "Hilltopper" school yearbook. Cochairman are Joyce Mitzen and Anne Moreland, with Mrs. Ella Jenkins as faculty sponsor.

## 'Powerhouse' Power Sparks Community Fund Rally



William (Powerhouse) Power makes an impassioned plea at the kickoff rally for the 1950 Community Fund campaign. More than 1000 attended.

Harry (Woo Woo) Stevens of Carmel entertained the large Red Feather audience with songs and banjo selections. With the slogan, "Give Until It Feels Good," the volunteer workers will launch an intensive two-week drive on Monday. Goal of the campaign is \$1,260,000.



Gov. Schriker, W. E. (Bill) Kuhn, fund campaign chairman, and Wilbur Shaw, Indianapolis Motor Speedway president (left to right), took part in a nail-hammering contest under the supervision of Mr. Power. Mr. Shaw was the first to pound three nails in the board, won \$3 first prize. Mr. Kuhn won \$2 and the Governor \$6.