
NEWSLETTER

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FIRE ANTS STILL ON THE MOVE

Researchers who have been trying to halt their expansion are betting on the ants' natural enemies from their native South America.

Here's what researchers are trying or hoping to try:

◆A parasitic fly that penetrates the ant and lays its torpedo-shaped egg inside. The larva hatches, moves into the ant's head and feeds until the head falls off. The fire ant, which seems to fear nothing in North America, scampers back into the mound or curls up in a ball when it knows the flies are around. The fly --- tinier than a pinhead -- is being tested in Florida, Oklahoma, Texas and Alabama.

◆A microorganism that sickens fire ants and slows their reproduction. Researchers are testing this microorganism on both the black and red species of fire ant, which live in mounds ranging about 18 inches high and .3 feet wide above ground. Under each finely chewed mound of earth lies a network of underground tunnels and chambers.

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A LAWYER YOU CAN ROOT FOR!

Yet another example of the bloated government bureaucracy that we continue to sustain.

By the way, when was the last time you rooted for a lawyer?!?

A New Orleans lawyer sought an FHA (Federal Housing Administration) loan for a client. He was told that the loan would be granted if he could prove satisfactory title to a parcel of property being offered as collateral. The title to the property dated back to 1803, which took the lawyer three months to track down. After sending the information to FHA, he received the following reply:

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Passenger handcuffed after breaking inside window of British 747

7.43 a.m. ET (1243 GMT) January 17, 1999

FN_ARTICLE LONDON (AP) — A man ran through a British Airways Boeing 747 and broke an inside window before crew and passengers overpowered him, the airline said Sunday after the man was returned to London and arrested.

British Airways said the incident, on a Thursday flight from London to Thailand, had shaken the passengers but there had been no danger to the aircraft.

The pilot had diverted to India "for the safety of the aircraft," and turned the 29-year-old man over to the Indian authorities at New Delhi airport, the airline said.

The man, a resident of Hong Kong, was held under police guard until airline security officers picked him up and brought him back to London on Sunday.

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◆Entomologists are awaiting federal approval for a third imported tactic. It uses an imposter ant that mimics the queen's pheromones, the chemical secretions that influence other ants' behavior. Using this disguise, the imposter ant enters a colony and tricks worker ants to serve it and neglect the real queen until she dies.

Southerners long ago discovered they could not wipe out fire ants without killing everything else.

That was the case with mirex, a chemical that was mixed with ant bait and sprayed from low-flying planes. Mirex, used from the late 1950s through the early 1970s, did kill the ants -- but it also killed virtually everything else, including other insects and native ants that were resisting the fire ant invasion.

Mirex and a similar poison, hepta-chlor, were banned in the 1970s because they killed so indiscriminately.

Those chemicals were among several weapons used by homeowners and farmers over the years.

Fire ants spread in several ways:

◆Mating flights. Virgin queens from established nests soar hundreds of feet in the air, mate with kings -- which then die -- and fall to the ground. The queen chews off her wings and begins laying eggs for her own colony which grows to 200,000 within six months.

◆"Rafting" during floods. During the summer deluge in Texas, for instance, farmers reported seeing "big balls" of ants clinging together and floating in the floodwaters of the swollen San Marcos River.

◆Moving across country, sometimes with the inadvertent help of humans.

Fire ants got their first helping hand starting in 1918. The ants were imported in earth used as ship ballast and in nursery stock and sod. The black ones came from Argentina and Uruguay and the red ones from Argentina, Paraguay, and western Brazil. Recently they showed up as unwelcome visitors in Orange County in California after, officials think, hitching a ride on nursery stock.◆

This was taken from an article in USA TODAY by Larry Copeland

Mahatma Ghandi walked barefoot everywhere, to the point that his feet became quite thick and hard. He also was quite a spiritual person. Even when he was not on a hunger strike, he did not eat much and became quite thin and frail. Furthermore, due to his diet, he ended up with very bad breath. Therefore: he came to be known as a:

"Super callused fragile mystic plagued with halitosis."

"Upon review of your letter adjoining your client's loan application, we note that the request is supported by an Abstract of Title. While we compliment the able manner in which you prepared and presented the application, we must point out that you have only cleared the Title to the proposed collateral property back to the year 1803. Before final approval can be accorded, it will be necessary to clear the title back to it's origin." Annoyed, the lawyer responded as follows:

"Your letter regarding Titles in Case No. 189156 has been received. I note that you wish to have Titles extended further than the 194 years covered by the present application. I was unaware that any educated person in this country, particularly those working in the property arena, would not know that Louisiana was purchased by the U.S. from France in 1803, the year of origin identified in our application. For the edification of uninformed FHA bureaucrats, the title to the land prior to U.S. ownership was obtained from France, which had acquired it by Right of Conquest from Spain. The land came into possession of Spain by Right of Discovery made in the year 1492 by a sea captain named Christopher Columbus, who had been granted the privilege of seeking a new route to India by the then reigning monarch, Isabella.

The good queen, being a pious woman and careful about titles, almost as much as the FHA, took the precaution of securing the blessing of the Pope before she sold her jewels to fund Columbus' expedition. Now the Pope, as I'm sure you know, is the emissary of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. And God, it is commonly accepted, created this world. Therefore, I believe it is safe to presume that He also made that part of the world called Louisiana, obtained from France. Now, may we have our damn loan?"◆

You're never a loser until you quit trying.

Mike Ditka, NFL Football Coach

If---

By: Rudyard Kipling

Brave men and women (as well as cowardly men and women) are not born that way; they become that way through their acts. Here are the acts that make us not just grow up, but grow up well.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream---and not make dreams your master;
If you can think ---and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings---nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run---
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And---Which is more---you'll be a Man, my son!



Tomorrow is a sweet mystery, today excites me, yesterday is of no consequence to me... I cannot change it...

Passenger handcuffed continued from page 1

The scuffle began seven hours into the 12-hour flight of BA009, which left London's Heathrow Airport for Bangkok with 395 passengers — five short of capacity. The airline said cabin staff noticed that the man, who was drinking heavily, was annoying passengers around him. A woman sitting next to him tried to ignore him by putting on a headset.

The man ripped the earphones from her and bit the headset in half. Cabin crew found the woman shaking and in tears, and warned the man, but he jumped up and attacked a passenger near him before racing down to the rear of the aircraft, the airline said. There he attempted to punch out the window of the door, striking it so hard that he broke the inner protective panel and cut his hand badly.

The flight officer left the cockpit and helped three cabin crew and three passengers overpower the man, who was handcuffed and restrained by seat belts in the rear of the jet, the airline spokesman said. ◆
Fox news service off Internet.

Plant your garden today:

First, plant 3 rows of peas;

Patience

Promptness

Prayer

Next, plant 3 rows of squash;

Squash gossip

Squash indifference

Squash criticism

Then, plant 4 rows of lettuce;

Let us Obey the Lord

Let us be Loyal

Let us be true to our Obligations

Let us be unselfish

Finish, with 4 rows of turnip;

Turn up when Needed

Turn up with a Smile

Turn up with a Vision

Turn up with Determination

Criminals are Stupid!

Here are a few examples:

Grand Theft Auto:

A woman was reporting her car as stolen, and mentioned that there was a car phone in it. The policeman taking the report called the phone and told the guy that answered that he had read the ad in the newspaper and wanted to buy the car. They arranged to meet, and the thief was arrested.

A true story out of San Francisco:

A man, wanting to rob a downtown Bank of America, walked into the branch and wrote "this iz a stikkup. Put all your munny into this bag." While standing in line, waiting to give his note to the teller, he began to worry that someone had seen him write the note and might call the police before he reached the teller window. So he left the Bank of America and crossed the street to Wells Fargo. After waiting a few minutes in line, he handed his note to the Wells Fargo teller. She read it and, surmising from his spelling errors that he was not the brightest light in the harbor, told him that she could not accept his stickup note because it was written on a Bank of America deposit slip and that he would either have to fill out a Wells Fargo deposit slip or go back to Bank of America. Looking somewhat defeated, the man said "OK" and left.

The Wells Fargo teller then called the police who arrested the man a few minutes later, as he was waiting in line back at Bank of America.

Michigan:

Drug Possession Defendant Christopher Jansen, on trial in March in Pontiac, Michigan, said he had been searched without a warrant. The prosecutor said the officer didn't need a warrant because a "bulge" in Christopher's jacket could have been a gun. Nonsense said Christopher, who happened to be wearing the same jacket that day in court. He handed it over so the judge could see it. The judge discovered a packet of cocaine in the pocket and laughed so hard he required a five-minute recess to compose himself.

Oklahoma City:

Dennis Newton was on trial for the armed robbery of a convenience store in a district court when he fired his lawyer. Assistant district attorney Larry Jones said Newton, 47, was doing a fair job of defending himself until the store manager testified that Newton was

the robber. Newton jumped up, accused the woman of lying and then said, "I should have blown your #%%@ head off." The defendant paused, then quickly added, "if I'd been the one that was there." The jury took 20 minutes to convict Newton and recommended a 30-year sentence.

Detroit:

R.C. Gaitlan, 21, walked up to two patrol officers who were showing their squad car computer equipment to children in a Detroit neighborhood. When he asked how the system worked, the officer asked him for identification. Gaitlan gave them his drivers license, they entered it into the computer, and moments later they arrested Gaitlan because information on the screen showed Gaitlan was wanted for a two-year-old armed robbery in St. Louis, Missouri.

Colorado Springs:

A guy walked into a little corner store with a shotgun and demanded all the cash from the cash drawer. After the cashier put the cash in a bag, the robber saw a bottle of Scotch that he wanted behind the counter on the shelf. He told the cashier to put it in the bag as well, but he refused and said "Because I don't believe you are over 21." The robber said he was, but the clerk still refused to give it to him because he didn't believe him. At this point the robber took his driver's license out of his wallet and gave it to the clerk. The clerk looked it over, and agreed that the man was in fact over 21 and he put the scotch in the bag. The robber then ran from the store with his loot. The cashier promptly called the police and gave the name and address of the robber that he got off the license. They arrested the robber two hours later.

Another from Detroit (something in the water?):

A pair of Michigan robbers entered a record shop nervously waving revolvers. The first one shouted, "Nobody move!" When his partner moved, the startled first bandit shot him. ♦

All is well as best as I can tell. It's hard to know everything that is going on when you spend 3 or 4 nights away each week. Linda is on the mend after her foot surgery, Ashley is working almost full time, and still in her senior year at Mustang High School. Andy is thinking about going to work for an airline, and I'm doing the same old UP and Down. The Schnauzer sisters are doing fine.

*Remember if you want the next issue makes sure that you have made your contribution. **Big smile** Stay in touch! AWD*

The Kids Can't Take It If We Don't Give It

George Herman "Babe" Ruth

We should not assume that disciplined faith springs from the heart of its own accord. We do not necessarily "find" such faith on our own. Baseball great Babe Ruth (1895-1948) reminds us that, like other virtues, it must be transmitted to the young by caring adults.

Bad boy Ruth ---that was me.

Don't get the idea that I'm proud of my harum-scarum youth. I'm not. I simply had a rotten start in life, and it took me a long time to get my bearings.

Looking back to my youth, I honestly don't think I knew the difference between right and wrong. I spent much of my early boyhood living over my father's saloon, in Baltimore---and when I wasn't living over it, I was in it, soaking up the atmosphere. I hardly knew my parents.

St. Mary's Industrial School in Baltimore, where I was finally taken, has been called an orphanage and reform school. It was, in fact, a training school for orphans, incorrigibles, delinquents, and runaways picked up on the street of the city. I was listed as an incorrigible. I guess I was. Perhaps I could always have been but for Brother Matthias, the greatest man I have ever known, and for the religious training I received there which has since been so important to me.

I doubt if any appeal could have straightened me out except a Power over and above man---the appeal of God. Iron-rod discipline couldn't have done it. Nor all the punishment and reward systems that could have been devised. God had an eye out for me, just as He has for you, and He was pulling for me to make the grade.

As I look back now, I realize that Knowledge of God was a big crossroads with me. I got one thing straight (and I wish all kids did) ---that God was Boss. He was not only my Boss but Boss of all my bosses. Up till then, like all bad kids, I hated most of the people who had control over me and could punish me. I began to see that I had a higher Person to reckon with who never changed, whereas my earthly authorities changed from year to year. Those who bossed me had the same self-battles---they, like me, had to account to God. I also realized

that God was not only just, but merciful. He knew we were weak and that we all found it easier to be stinkers than good sons of God. Not only as kids but all through our lives.

That clear picture, I'm sure, would be important to any kid who hates a teacher, or resents a person in charge. This picture of my relationship to man and God was what helped relieve me of bitterness and rancor and a desire to get even.

I've seen a great number of "he-men" in my baseball career, but never one equal to Brother Matthias. He stood six feet six and weighed 250 pounds. It was all muscle. He could have been successful at anything he wanted to in Life---and he chose the church.

It was he who introduced me to baseball. Very early he noticed that I had some natural talent for throwing and catching. He used to back me in a corner of the big yard at St. Mary's and bunt a ball to me by the hour, correcting the mistakes I made with my hands and feet. I never forgot the first time I saw him hit a ball. The baseball in 1902 was a lump of mush, but Brother Matthias would stand at the end of the yard, throw the ball up with his left hand, and give it a terrific belt with the bat he held in his right hand. The ball would carry 350 feet, a tremendous knock in those days. I would watch him bug-eyed.

Thanks to Brother Matthias I was able to leave St. Mary's in 1914 and begin my professional career with the famous Baltimore Orioles [at that time a minor league team], Out on my own. . . free from the rigid rules of a religious school . . . boy, did it go to my head. I began really to cut capers.

I strayed from the church, but don't think I forgot my religious training. I just overlooked it. I prayed often and hard, but, like many irrepressible young fellows, the swift tempo of my living shoved religion into the background.

So what good was all the hard work and ceaseless interest of the Brothers, people would argue? You can't make kids religious, they say, because it just won't take. Send kids to Sunday School and they too often end up hating it and the church.

Don't you believe it. As far as I'm concerned, and I think as far as most kids go, once religion sinks in, it stays there---deep down. The lads who get religious training, get where it counts---in the

roots. They may fail it, but it never fails them. When the score is against them, or they bet a bum pitch, that unfailing Something inside will be there to draw on.

I've seen it with kids. I know from the letters they write me.

The more I think of it the more important I feel it is to give kids "the works" as far as religion is concerned. They'll never want be holy---they'll act like tough monkeys in contrast, but somewhere inside will be a solid little chapel. It may get dusty from neglect, but the time will come when the door will be opened with much relief. But the kids can't take it, if we don't give it to them.

I've been criticized as often as I'm praised for my activities with kids on the grounds that what I did was for publicity. Well, criticism doesn't matter. I never forgot where I came from. Every dirty-faced kid I see is another useful citizen. No one knew better than I what it meant not to have your home, a backyard, and your own kitchen and ice box. That's why all through the years, even when the big money was rolling in, I'd never forget St. Mary's, Brother Matthias, and the boys I left behind. I kept going back.

As I look back those moments when I let the kids down---they were my worst. I guess I was so anxious to enjoy life to the fullest that I forgot the rules---or ignored them. Once in a while you can get away with it, but not for long. When I broke training, the effects were felt by myself and by the ball team---and even by the fans.

While I drifted away from the church, I did have my own "altar," a big window of my New York apartment overlooking the city lights. Often I would kneel before that window and say my prayers. I would feel quite humble then. I'd ask God to help me not make such a big fool of myself and pray that I'd measure up to what He expected of me.

In December 1946 I was in French Hospital, New York, facing a serious operation. Paul Carey, one of my oldest and closest friends, was by my bed one night.

"They're going to operate in the morning, Babe" Paul said. "Don't you think you ought to put your house in order?"

I didn't dodge the long, challenging look in his eyes. I knew what he meant. For the first time I realized that death might strike me out. I nodded,

and Paul got up, called in a chaplain, and I made a full confession.

"I'll return in the morning and give you Holy Communion," the chaplain said, "but you don't have to fast."

"I'll fast," I said. I didn't have even a drop of water.

As I lay in bed that evening I thought to myself what a comforting feeling to be free from fear and worries. I now could simply turn them over to God. Later on, my wife brought in a letter from a little kid in Jersey City.

"Dear Babe," he wrote. "Everybody in the seventh-grade class is pulling and praying for you. I am enclosing a medal which if you wear will make you better. Your pal---Mike Quinlan.

"P.S. I know this will be your 61st homer. You'll hit it."

I asked them to pin the Miraculous Medal to my pajama coat. I've worn the medal constantly ever since. I'll wear it to my grave. ♦

Arrogance of any kind, is a thing that I truly hate, especially, when I find it in myself. AWD

A GREAT BOOK

By Editor and Chief

ENDURANCE Shackleton's Incredible Voyage

By Alfred Lansing.

This true story was one of the most exciting epics that I have ever read. It contains many demonstrations of courage in the face of almost total hopelessness and probable disaster. It depicts the fundamentals of leadership, and the rewards of planning, and constant thought.

This is a collection of information and quotes from diaries, and personal papers of the players of this adventure. Commander Lionel Greenstreet of Brixham, England was alive during writing of this book and was very helpful in the description of the events as he remembered them.

A party of men was going to cross the continent of Antarctica. Their ship "The Endurance" was trapped in an Ice flow, where it was finally crushed, and totally destroyed. The men spent over a year on the flow, and four months of that time without the protection of the ship.

The leadership of Sir Earnest Shackleton was sufficient to see them through and all alive at the end of the two year ordeal. An exciting adventure story. ♦