

### It's Dangerous To Unset Nature

The Dominican Republic is discovering that many other countries have already discovered—that it isn't always safe to disturb the balance of nature. An experiment which seemed a very bright idea just a few years ago has become a costly one of hand just the same as to mention one familiar instance—Australia's long-ago importation of rabbits.

Now, according to an expert of President Truman's, the mayas back, which is almost as common in the Dominican Republic as in Central America, must be made to disappear behind the machetes of numerous government road gangs and farmers. This program is part of an attempt to exterminate thousands of mosquitoes, which live in the thick, matted mayas bushes. The mosquitoes have been wreaking destruction in agricultural areas ever since they were introduced as a snake and rat killing measure 40 years ago by President Ramon Caceres.

The trouble is that the mosquitoes haven't been cooperating. For several years they did a lot to eliminate rats. But then they discovered that chickens were not only tastier food but a softer touch, particularly since the rats which survived the early mosquito raids were the biggest and toughest of the breed.

So the mosquitoes have since ignored the tough fighting and land plunkings represented by ferocious rats, and set themselves to the task of killing thousands of chickens monthly. The rats, meanwhile, have concentrated on the rice and cocoa plantations where their destruction of cereals and rice cocoa beans is described as tremendous.

So now the Dominican Republic has to make war on its co-killers, the mosquitoes, as well as the snakes and the rats—and tarantulas, which also frequent the mayas bushes. Complications are added by the objections of farmers. Agricultural experts say destruction of the mayas bushes will help to destroy all four varieties of pests, but the farmers, who have also been using mayas bushes for fences, aren't so sure and don't like the idea of having to dry to barbed wire as a replacement.

Baseball is one sport that has always had more than its share of clowns and screwballs. Some of them—like Nick Altrock, "Goody" Gomez and Al Schacht—were actually very smart characters, putting on the laugh getting stuff deliberately and keeping many of the customers from falling sound asleep during one of those "pitcher's battles" which sound so thrilling in print and are so dreary to watch nine times out of ten.

Dizzy Dean was another of this type. He popped off in print and acted the buffoon on the field in such a manner that many considered him just a trifle nutty, to put it extra politely. But the same Mr. Dean knew what the score was at all times, in spite of serving up some of the smartest pitching the game ever knew.

Then there's the other kind of clown—lads with natural ball-playing ability but whose mental reflexes are somewhat slower than their physical ones. They are the sort who cause managers' hair to grow prematurely gray. Like the character they tell about who came up in the clutch with the bases loaded, and his team seven runs behind in the score.

Naturally, in such a situation there is only one thing for the player—a really good long-distance hitter—to do. That is try and wallop the ball out of the park. But when he went into the batter's box he kept clanking at his manager who was coaching at third. The manager paid no attention to him being engaged in trying to rouse the crowd's enthusiasm and there was no choice of candidates.

### Real Marksmen Yet They Cannot See

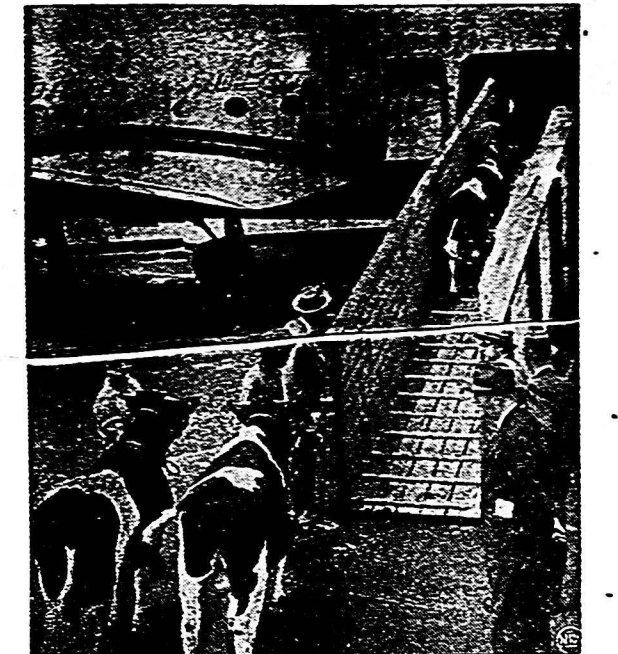
A shooting match between two teams—but different from the ordinary kind because all the members of one of the teams were blind—that was what took place at the St. Dunstan's training centre, near Brighton, England, where much thought and ingenuity has been expended on the rifle range.

A metal cylinder linked to "see" the target with their extra hand, it indicated that the aim was off the target; a low and more even note was heard when the aim was on the bull.

This is how a BBC reporter describes the contest between the two teams. The instructor locked the rifle so that it was pointing at the bull. The man who was going to shoot listened to the steady note and memorized it. Then the instructor unlocked the rifle and moved it off the target, when the note was heard to go wild.

"The man who was going to shoot then took hold of the rifle and moved it about until he found the note that he had heard before. When he thought that he had got it—he fired.

"Each man in these two teams of five each shot five rounds, and each one had to get in his five shots in five minutes. The shooting was good. The Brighton Club, shooting blindfold, scored about 250 out of possible 250 and that score included eight bulls. The St. Dunstan's men got 211, which included four bulls. When they had finished practice, the St. Dunstan's team hopes to be able to compete with a team aiming by sight in the ordinary way."



Ship Cattle in Aerial "Noah's Ark"—Two by two, like the animals boarding Noah's Ark, cattle move to the ramp of a DC-4 plane flying from New York to Italy. This shipment of animals, weighing 11,000 pounds and believed to be the largest ever flown overseas, included seven bulls, two heifers, 50 pigs, an English setter, two cocker spaniels, two fox terriers and 15 leghorn chickens. All were pure stock for breeding purposes.

## SPORTS & CRITIC

The New York Mets were swinging at anything and everything until finally Manager Rocky Harris said to him, "Wait until the ball comes over the plate. Take a late on balls once in a while. When you get up into that batter's box, start thinking!"

So the very next time Berra went to bat and let three strikes go past him, right down the middle. Then he came storming back to the bench and broke his bat on the lat rug.

"What happened?" asked one of his team mates, sitting in the dugout.

"What happened?" Yogi screamed. "How can they expect anybody to think and hit at the same time?"

And while we're on the subject of baseball, a word of explanation and apology. Some weeks ago this column had something to say about Babe Ruth's book "My Hints and My Errors" written in collaboration with Bob Considine. For the most part we raised the book as a really interesting addition to the sports shelf—which it really is.

But in the course of our "review" we did—or attempted to do—a bit of mild kidding about the way co-authors had ended their talk, holding it up as a glittering example of the tendency of athletes, and sports writers to slip over from sentiment into sentimentality. The mystery trouble was that, in some places, the character they tell about who came up in the clutch with the bases loaded, and his team seven runs behind in the score.

Naturally, in such a situation there is only one thing for the player—a really good long-distance hitter—to do. That is try and wallop the ball out of the park. But when he went into the batter's box he kept clanking at his manager who was coaching at third. The manager paid no attention to him being engaged in trying to rouse the crowd's enthusiasm and there was no choice of candidates.

Finally before the first ball was pitched to him, the batter called "Time" and walked down the third base line. Bending to whisper into the manager's ear he said, "What do you want me to do here?" The manager looked at him in mingled amazement and disgust. "What do I want you to do?" he said sarcastically. "Why—strike out, of course."

So the character strode back to the plate and swung wildly at the first three pitches, missing every one of them for a foot or so.

"Ignorance..."

"Once and for all I want to know who is boss in this house," the irate father thundered.

"You'll be so much happier if you don't try to find out," replied his wife, sweetly.

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## WHAT GOES ON IN THE WORLD

by Norman Blair

France

In regard to what is to happen to Western Germany, there seems to be a basic disagreement with France on one side, Britain and the United States on the other. In Washington and in London they think that Europe as a whole needs German production—and that to get Germany back into production is the best way to help all Europe and to cut down the heavy costs of occupation.

To this view the French have consistently made the answer that they must put their own security ahead of all other considerations—and when one thinks of what the German menace has meant to France in the past, they can hardly be blamed.

From the French viewpoint, the most important issue of all is the Ruhr. France has long battled for complete control of that industrial basin, because she sought to obtain thereby the coal she needs for her steel industry and because she thinks control of the Ruhr would be the best guarantee against Germany's rebuilding a war machine.

France has accorded the operation of international commission—on which France would be represented but not Russia—would control the operation of the Ruhr and supervise the allocation of its coal, coke, and steel. In such an allocation France would be generously treated.

General De Gaulle, has stated flatly that he is willing to assume supreme power in France—but it is doubtful if he, as head of the Government, would obtain any more pledges of British and American aid to France in case of war, than have already been given. "What the French really want are definite and clear military pacts to protect her if she is attacked—but, as things are now, it is extremely doubtful if she will get them."

Meanwhile, the De Gaulists and the Communists have joined in opposing Foreign Minister Bidault's proposal for National Assembly approval of the London agreement—surely as queer a combination as you could hope to find anywhere in this bazaar.

Australia

Australians view with certain misgivings the United States attitude toward Japan, and there has been considerable criticism in the Press regarding General MacArthur and his military pacts to protect the Presidential salary of \$60,000 a year, for life, as a reward for his great work.

Czechoslovakia

Since the Communist coup last February, things have been moving fast in Czechoslovakia. Dr. Benes reluctantly agreed to a Red-dominated Cabinet, probably because he saw civil war as the only alternative, but it is reported that he privately told friends that the situation could "only have evil results."

A new Communist-written Constitution for a "Peoples Democracy" was approved through parliament and sent to Benes for signature; and elections were held in which the Communists were the only candidates, over Communists purely as the London agreement—surely as queer a combination as you could hope to find anywhere in this bazaar.

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### SHORT STORY

Always A Payoff  
By KATHRYN BEMIS

Henry Hall came breezing into his suburban bungalow. No Mandy in the kitchen, no wife Grace in sight. "Grace will want to see something and call it dinner!" he spluttered. "Why does she play bridge on Mandy's day off?" But after fifteen years with a bald-headed, flat-chested little serf of a man like himself, a modestly-salaried manager of a woman's apparel shop, he couldn't blame Grace for craving entertainment.

He switched on a lamp in the living room and settled into his chair by the radio. His car was lighted on his keyhole.

He took out the first volume his hand touched. Perhaps a little Shakespeare would brighten his talk. He started as something flew out from a hole, zigzagged to the rug.

A ten dollar bill! He snatched it up, stuffed it into his billfold. Grace, hiding her money in books! He yanked out another masterpiece, shook it. Two more tens fluttered before Henry's eyes.

Within a few minutes, he had shaken down \$200 instead of meagre knickknacks, from the awe-inspiring tomes.

But from that night on, Henry was worried. The allowance he gave Grace was small. She must have scrimped on household expenses a long time to save the money. What sinister project was she planning?

So he was greatly relieved one evening when she met him at the door and quavered, "Oh, Henry, I've been robbed!"

Henry managed to look concerned. He asked, "Robbed? What's gone?"

"Two hundred dollars I saved

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He switched on a lamp in the living room and settled into his chair by the radio. His car was lighted on his keyhole.

He took out the first volume his hand touched. Perhaps a little Shakespeare would brighten his talk. He started as something flew out from a hole, zigzagged to the rug.

A ten dollar bill! He snatched it up, stuffed it into his billfold. Grace, hiding her money in books! He yanked out another masterpiece, shook it. Two more tens fluttered before Henry's eyes.

Within a few minutes, he had shaken down \$200 instead of meagre knickknacks, from the awe-inspiring tomes.

But from that night on, Henry was worried. The allowance he gave Grace was small. She must have scrimped on household expenses a long time to save the money. What sinister project was she planning?

So he was greatly relieved one evening when she met him at the door and quavered, "Oh, Henry, I've been robbed!"

Henry managed to look concerned. He asked, "Robbed? What's gone?"

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800 Population—\$30,000 Sports and Recreational Centre—Above is an interior view of the new Arena Building just completed by the citizens of West Lorne, Ont.—a striking example of what real, live community spirit can accomplish, and one which might well be followed by other Ontario towns and villages.

Proper Recreational Facilities For Young And Old are coming to be looked on as one of the most important features in any community, and the best means of fighting juvenile delinquency. West Lorne, Ontario, is only a comparatively small community—some 800 people in all—it has just completed this impressive Arena and Sports Centre at a cost of more than \$30,000.00. Situated right next to the Bowling Green, the Arena will serve for many community activities during the Spring, Summer and Autumn. In the Winter its ice surface of 100 by 180 feet will be used for Hockey and Skating.

Wheat, per bus. .... c 70.0  
Oats, per bus. .... c 37.1  
Barley, per bus. .... c 45.2  
Rye, per bus. .... c 51.0  
Flaxseed, per bus. .... c 1.20  
Buckwheat, per bus. .... c 84.2  
Potatoes, per cwt. .... c 32.0  
Hay and Clover, per ton, loose .... c 10.09  
Horses, per head .... c 91.75  
Milk Cows, per head .... c 4.48  
Calves, per cwt., live weight .... c 5.26  
Sheep, per cwt., live weight .... c 3.40  
Lambs, per cwt., live weight .... c 6.84  
Butter, per lb. .... c 6.03  
Turkeys, per lb., live weight .... c 13.5  
Ducks, per lb. .... c 21.0  
Eggs, per dozen .... c 13.3

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