

THE GIMMICK

By Norman A. Disher

I've never believed in this love and the girl next door stuff, but I'll be darned if the gal that just moved in next door isn't the prettiest thing I've ever seen. Trouble is, she won't even give me a glance. I've stood on my head, done somersaults off the porch, and dashed about the yard looking masculine. No dice! What I need is a gimmick. You know, something to make her admire me. I've never had this trouble before but she is worth it. Just to think about her makes me feel nice all over.

I suppose I ought to act more grown-up about this, but when a guy is eighteen he should be allowed to be a little adolescent when it comes to things like love. It must be love. It must be love; I don't know why else I would go so far out of my way to attract a girl.

There she is now.
"Hello," I say, real friendly.
"Hello," she replies coldly.
"Nice evening, isn't it?"
"Yes," she answers disinterestedly.

"Where are you from?" I ask, my voice eager.
"We're from up north, near Yacoma." She's warming a little. This is better.

"Where is Yacoma?" I asked.
"Well it's—" she starts to explain but an authoritative voice calls her.

"I have to go now, goodnight," she says dashing into her house.
Damn! Just when I'm making progress! Oh, well, tomorrow is Saturday and I shall make plans. Today is Saturday and my plans are made. I have a gimmick! Ah! There she is, sitting on the front lawn.

"Hello," I say, feeling clever.
"Hello," she replies. She is smiling today!

"I hope you won't think me rude, but may I sit and talk awhile? Since we're neighbors we ought to be neighborly."

"I think that would be nice."

She smiles again.
I look deep into her brown eyes. I think she is melting.
"Well?" she asks.
"Oh?—er, oh yes. I play football!"

"That's nice." It didn't impress her.
I am desperate. "Do you like books?"

"Why yes, I do. What sort do you like?"
"Adventure." I answer, "glorious adventure and dark mystery."

"That's fine, but I like romance."
"I like romance too. I'm not all muscles and courage. I have my sensitive side." I can tell this makes an impression. "In fact I have a copy of Peryll Callingsworth's latest novel, *The Tearful Woman* on my desk. It's great!"

"I like her books very much, may I see it?" she asks.
"You certainly may," I reply, jumping up and bounding off across the lawn like a young panther. I approach the hedge and turn a little to see if she is watching my jumping form. She is.

I spring into the air, deer-like, but my foot catches on the top of the hedge and I come crashing to the ground on the other side. The ground resents my intrusion and slaps me firmly on the jaw. I remember no more, all is darkness.

Out of the darkness comes a sweet melodious voice: "Are you all right, are you hurt?"

"I don't know," I reply. Then I realize my head is on the lap of the girl next door so I relax and groan. Such pain!

"Oh, you poor thing," she is saying.
"I'll be all right," I say. She holds me closer. I groan again. She is worried. I sigh. She strokes my head and smiles down at me.

"Thank you," I say, "you're so kind."
She knows I am better now, but she does not move. I feel wonderful, I even forget my gimmick. Who needs a gimmick? Tonight we shall go dancing.

Don't Worry, Bats Will Keep Out Of Your Hair

By Wendell A. Hinkey

Last night while milking a little later than usual, it was still light enough to see two bats flying erratically over the pasture. They were apparently enjoying the warm evening air and the zest that must go with the ability to fly. Each flew about, zigging and zagging, dipping and turning with no apparent purpose or sense of direction. When they happened to approach one another, one would give chase to the other, whereupon the pursued would dodge and maneuver with a skill that surpasses any bird. For bats are not birds nor are they related to the birds. They are mammals, and like all mammals nourish their young after they are born with milk produced by the mother. In fact, this nursing process may even go on while the mother is flying in the night air after insects upon which the bats in this area live on almost exclusively, with the young bat clinging to the mother while she is flying.

Bats are the only mammals that can truly fly—any others credited with "flying" merely glide or sail. The group that the bats belong to is called Chiroptera, which means literally hand-wing, not an inept term for them since the parts of the front legs or arms which would correspond to the hands in a person have very long "fingers" between which are thin membranes of skin. These membranes extend back to the hind legs and altogether form an efficient organ of flight. Even the birds do not fly as exclusively with their wings as do bats, since birds use their tails as definite aids to flight and steering.

Superstition and misconceptions surround the bat almost more than any other of God's creatures. It is represented as a symbol of evil and mystery at Halloween and at other times. Yet the little bats that occur in

this country are about as harmless as any animal could be and are definitely quite helpful to mankind in that they eat untold quantities of insects. When you see a bat turn suddenly in the air as though it were seized by the blind staggers from having imbibed too long and too freely it is probably very much in control of its flight and is only darting after some insect which, chances are, it caught and then consumed in flight. There is no recorded instance of a bat ever having gotten tangled in anyone's hair despite the persistent rumor to that effect. A prominent student of bats once widely publicized the fact that he was offering a reward of one hundred dollars to anyone who would report to him the name of a person who had a bat caught in her hair, and would sign a statement that he had seen it happen. There were no takers though the offer stood for many years, may still. Bats are far too skillful flyers to get involved in a clumsy mistake like that. On many occasions when bats are numerous I have thrown my cap into the air and have had them swoop at it, sometimes under it, but never have they touched it or been hit by it.

Actually relatively little is known about bats since they are nocturnal in their habits and spend the daylight hours in retirement in some dark place, a hollow tree, a dark attic, or a cave. There they hang, sometimes by the thousands, upside down, holding by the claws of their hind feet. I have seen them in caves where they have made the roof of a large chamber seem almost black with bats so many were there. It seemed almost impossible that they could find so many places to hang from on the rocks above.

"Blind as a bat" is another common idea that is quite false. One who is as blind as a bat is

blessed with rather good eyesight in the daytime and keen faculties of sight in the twilight. In absolute darkness the bat is still a skillful and unerring flyer. With highly sensitive ears and with sensitized hairs on the wing membranes; they possess a kind of radar that gives them absolute certainty in the dark. Bats have had their eyes covered with a tape and then been released in rooms with many wires or strings stretched about, but they were able to fly about without touching anything

even in absolute darkness. One writer tells about a bat that he had in a room that flew through the whirling blades of an electric fan, not once but several times, apparently just for the fun of it, and came through unscathed.

Associated with this radar-like sense is the ability to find tiny holes for ingress or egress. I have found bats in attics where try as I would I could not find the place where they entered. One naturalist writes about trying to capture some

bats in a cave for study purposes by fastening a net across the mouth. There was one small hole in the net and all of the several hundred bats in that cave flew out through that hole in an amazingly short time.

Next time someone calls you batty take comfort in the fact that bats, though as ugly looking as some of us, are far the most part quiet, self respecting, energetic citizens of the animal world that are performing an exceptionally commendable job as insect catchers.

Scanning the News

POLITICAL analysts have been spending their time since Congress adjourned in trying to sum up and evaluate the first months of the Republican administration. Perhaps the best way to express the general conclusion is in the words of one observer, who said that neither party (Republican or Democrat) was "keenly happy or keenly unhappy."

Seven achievements can be listed on the Administration's side. These are:

1. An extension of the excess profits tax on corporations until January 1. This tax will yield \$300 million.
2. A limited cut in expenditures—\$1.4 billion from the defense budget, \$6.6 of a billion from foreign aid, and \$1.4 billion from all other expenditures.
3. Redeemed the President's pledge to give the states title to oil and mineral deposits on their off-shore lands.
4. Congress granted the President's request for a year's extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act. A study of the whole tariff problem is scheduled when Congress convenes again.
5. Congress approved admission of 214,000 immigrants in the next two years, somewhat less than what the President had requested.
6. Congress authorized \$100 million in surplus food for needy na-

tions between now and March. The Defense, Agriculture and Justice Departments were reorganized and a new cabinet department—Health, Education and Welfare—was created.

There is also the other side of the picture. A number of measures which had been on the President's "must" list got nowhere. Generally they were killed in committee. They were:

1. Hawaiian statehood which the President recommended.
 2. Extension of social security to groups not now covered.
 3. Increase in postal rates to get the department out of the red.
 4. A delay in the revision of the Taft-Hartley labor law and the McCarran-Walter immigration act.
- SENATOR Robert Taft's death has left the Republican party and the administration with a bridge that cannot be replaced easily, wise Washington observers are saying. It was Taft, they point out, that bridged the gap between the conservative and "wild" groups within the G.O.P. And it was he who set the tone of the present administration even if Eisenhower is President of the United States. This bridge will not be a distressing problem until Congress reconvenes again. It is then the observers are predicting, that fireworks will begin.

"EASY DOES IT"
BY HELEN HALE

SOURD sponges can be freshened by rubbing fresh lemon completely over the sponge. Rinse the sponge several times in lukewarm water and it will become as fresh as new.

Egg beaters are not really difficult to keep clean if you remember to dip in cold water immediately after using. Simply immerse the beaters for a moment. Rotating clogs should not be allowed to become wet.

Protect the bottoms of pots and pans which are going to be used

RECIPE OF THE WEEK
Sunshine Sauce
(Makes 1 cup)

1 cup canned cling peach slices
1/2 cup maple-flavored syrup
1/2 cup whipping cream
Maple flavoring

Drain peaches, mash and press through a sieve. Combine with syrup and cream and cook over low heat until thickened, stirring frequently. Add maple flavoring if a stronger flavoring is desired. Serve warm over ice cream.

for cooking out-of-doors by rubbing them with a cake of soap. Later, when you wash them, the soot washes off readily with the soap.

If paper sticks to varnished surfaces, such as furniture, soften the paper with a small amount of olive oil and rub gently with a soft cloth until it comes off.

Like kitchen drawers to keep neat easily? Line them with a plastic fabric which makes them easy to wipe clean in just a moment.

Keep a pair of embroidery hoops handy on your stain removal shelf. They will keep material taut when you're pouring boiling water over the material on a spot, or when you're sponging a stain.

Press a bar of damp soap into the broken ends of a light bulb and turn left to remove it from a socket. Remember, though, to turn out the current first. If you're in doubt about having turned off the current, remove the fuse.

A newspaper survey shows that we have one automobile or truck in this country for every three inhabitants, while the ratio in Western Europe is one for every 32 persons and in the Soviet Union one for every 107.

You may be bitten by a radioactive insect before winter, but scientists say the bite won't be any more troublesome than usual. The scientists are "tagging" the insects with radioisotopes so that they can use Geiger counters to check their travels.

Traps used to catch tsetse flies in South Africa look like cows. Set up in infested areas, the large frames, covered with light-colored tarp, have helped reduce tsetse fly disease among livestock.

Some modern coal preparation plants cost more than one million dollars.



You're "sitting pretty" behind the wheel

Take this Bel Air model. First thing you'll notice is the quality of the interior. Rich-looking appointments. Roomy seats with foam rubber cushions. Turn the key to start the engine and you're ready to go.

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You look out and down through a wide, curved, one-piece windshield. The panoramic rear window and big side windows provide a clear view in all directions.

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