

KNOCK KNOCK FAD IS NEWEST MENACE TO CIVILIZATION

Idiosyncrasy Sweeps the Country Like Wildfire

HERALD OFFERS THEATRE PASSES FOR NEW IDEAS

You Might as Well Get In as You Will Suffer Anyhow

By HOWARD HANCOCK
CHALK UP another victory to the "nuts" of the country, and give them credit for putting over the latest, and by no means most sensible, fad that has been sprung on an unsuspecting public in the current "knock-knock craze", which threatens to be forty-times as popular as "So's your old man," Mah Jong, Cross-word puzzles or Yo Yo balls ever were.

The fad apparently originated in Philadelphia just before, or during, the Convention a couple of weeks ago, and it hit the Quaker City more viciously than seventeen-year locusts hit Roanoke Rapids. They call it "Knock, Knock," and there appears to be no possible escape. Here is an example of how it works:

After a hot, busy, tired day you finally creep into your bed for sleep. Suddenly you hear two raps

upon your door. Quite naturally you inquire: "Who's there?" "Panther," a voice exclaims. Now what could one say to that. Perhaps, you think, you hadn't heard right. Perhaps it was all a nightmare, or it seems entirely possible it was Zioncheck. "Panther who?" you shout; triumphantly, gleefully, a voice answers you back: "Panther what I wear. What do you wear?" And so it goes, far into the night. Those who have become acquainted with this latest idiosyncrasy seem to live for little else. Apparently it sprang up as a sort of mental perversion in Philadelphia. Now, it appears that one of the nation's gravest dangers is that the "knock-knock" curse will spread. I explained the fad to a few of my friends. Believe you me, I have never regretted any circumstance more keenly in my life.

There must be at least ten thousand variations, and all of them are "worse". Last week-end, for instance, at a resort hotel on the coast I heard a nearby diner rap twice on the table. Without looking up the waiter inquired: "Who's there?" The diner answered "Howard." "Howard who?" the waiter asked. With such glee as should accompany mirth the customer responded: "Howard you like to bring me some bacon and eggs?"

In the lobby a drunk staggered up, and having nothing to knock upon said verbally "Knock Knock."

Not wishing to offend I responded "Who's there?" The surprising answer was "Amonia." Dutifully I asked "Amonia who?" Triumphantly he said: "Amonia a bird in a gilded cage." What are you going to do about it . . . after all, manslaughter is a crime in any state.

Then to top it all off the room clerk exclaimed: "Knock knock." After making the expected inquiry as to who was there he smiled: "Depression." In exasperation I inquired "Depression who?" with which he fairly went into ecstasy and replied: "Depression club hasn't brought back your suit yet!"

There seems to be positively no stopping point. The janitor in my building this morning rapped twice on the wall as I came down the steps. "Who's there?" I inquired, fully making up my mind to move from the building. "Dynamite," was the answer, and upon inquiring "Dynamite who?" I was informed: "Dynamite for me, but she wouldn't for you."

There's no telling when or how relief will come. A friend to whom I had explained the fad (in a weaker moment) sprang this one: "Knock, Knock." "Who's there?" "Esslinger." "Esslinger who?" "Esslinger party over the fourth of July." Or there's the one about: "Knock, Knock." "Who's there?" "Idaho." "Idaho who?" "Idaho lot rather go to the seashore than the mountains."

Maybe we can expect some relief from the next session of the Legislature. Anyway, moving along on this wave of insanity that is sweeping the country by press, by word of mouth, and by radio, the HERALD will offer five free tickets to the Peoples Theatre, for the next few weeks, to the five persons sending in the best, most original

Mileage Hints

By J. F. Winchester
Supervisor of Motor Vehicle
Equipment, Esso Marketers

YOU have often heard mechanics or automobile enthusiasts talk about "oil pumping," and you have wondered just what they meant. This term indicates that oil is being forced from below the piston to the combustion chamber and out of the exhaust. This action causes excessive oil consumption, a smoky exhaust and carbon accumulations in the combustion chamber. This latter condition may foul the spark plugs, causing missing, and will lead to knocking and valve trouble.

Oil pumping usually results from such things as worn piston rings or cylinder walls, insufficient expansion of the piston rings, worn ring grooves, piston rings improperly fitted to the grooves, pistons fitted with too great a clearance, stuck piston rings, too high an oil pressure or incorrect valve timing.

In some cases oil pumping indicates the need for new piston rings, in other instances it may be necessary not only to install new rings but also to rebore the cylinders. If you note any evidence of oil pumping it is advisable to let a competent mechanic check up and see what's causing the trouble. It will pay you to have whatever is wrong remedied as soon as possible rather than to let the trouble persist and result in excessive oil consumption, fouled plugs and generally inefficient engine operation.

"knock knocks." All you have to do to compete for one of these free tickets is to send or mail in your

entry before Thursday of next week. (No telephone calls—PLEASE!) Winning suggestions will be given in our next issue and tickets will be sent the winners by mail. Just address: "Knock Knock Editor," The Herald, Roanoke Rapids.

And our parting shot is "Knock knock;" "Who's there?" The answer is "Oatmeal." Like a soldier who sees his duty and does it, you should inquire: "Oatmeal who?" To which our explanation is "Oatmeal is a serial; Abyssinia;" again you inquire "Abyssinia who?" and the parting shot: "Abyssinia next week, with at least five new knock-knocks, if HERALD readers are as original as we think." "In the meantime, try it on your friends—providing, of course, they are not overly affected by the heat—and you are out of throwing distance.

Misses Bennie Allsbrook, Ercelle Harris spent Sunday at Va. Beach. Mrs. J. H. Wrenn and son, Jackie, Miss Pearl Armstrong spent the week-end in Norfolk, Va.

John Tabor, Harvey Gordon of U.S.N.H.S., Portsmouth, Va., were the week-end guests of Miss Ophelia Daniel.

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