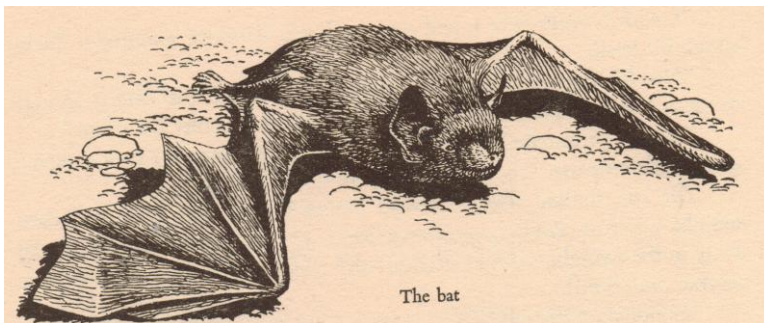


## Sonic Lure 1950s style

Viv Heys recently lent me a book called "Enid Blyton's Animal Lovers Book". (1952) In it is this wonderful example of an early sonic lure. Zacky is a gypsy who introduces Susan and Richard to the animal world. Regular readers of Enid (you know who you are) will be pleased to know they also find lots of time to eat



The bat

*Enid Blyton's Animal Lover's Book*

"Zacky, catch a bat for us," begged Susan. "Please do. I do want to see one closely."

Zacky fetched something from his caravan. It was a piece of brass, and from it stretched a fine thin wire, tied to what looked like a copper ring. The children looked at it curiously.

Zacky took up a tiny bow—Richard thought it looked like the bow of a fairy fiddle! It was just a bit of wood, with thin wire or gut of some kind strung tightly down its length.

"What is it?" asked Susan, curiously.

"My grandad called it a bat-fiddle," said Zacky, and he began to run the "bow" delicately up and down the wire tied to the brass rod and copper ring.

"I can't hear any tune at all," said Susan, listening hard.

"Nor can I," said Richard. "Are you making a noise, Zacky?"

"Yes—but the sounds are so small and high that our ears can't hear them," said Zacky. "Not even mine! They are the kind of sounds that the bats themselves make all the time they fly: not their own voice-squeaks—another sound altogether. Now watch. . . ."

He went on "fiddling" with his queer little bow—and suddenly the dodging, darting bats seemed to be bewildered. They flew here and there wildly, they dropped almost on to Zacky's hands, they flew crazily, and one actually grazed Richard's head with its wing.

"The sounds I am making are upsetting the bats' hearing," said Zacky. "They don't know what is happening. Watch now. One will be sure to fly so near that I can catch him."

He "fiddled" away, making no sound at all that the children could hear. Some of the bats flew off as if in fear. Others flew round, still bewildered. One dropped down to where Zacky was working the queer little bow up and down the wire.

And Zacky had it! Quick as a cat's paw his hand flashed out, and he held the quivering little bat in his hand. He held it gently but firmly.

"Is it frightened?" said Susan.

"For the moment it was—but now it isn't," said Zacky. Richard marvelled that Zacky had such power to quiet any animal he held. The bat lay docile now, a quaint, furry little thing.

The two children bent over to look at it. "It's like a mouse with wings,"