

—BIG HEADS TO JUMPING HENS—

Earl Wilson

Island Proves Great

SAN JUAN, Puerto Rico—Earl Wilson and I are pretty sharp. We flew down here 1,800 miles to discover an Argentinian named Anamorena...

But through her we discovered Puerto Rico's hospitality. Fact is, we have a slight case of Puerto Rican hysteresis this minute.

Hounding off one of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's big birds, which had zipped us down here in 5 hours 45 minutes, we were rushed to a government-operated bar, where free hospitality in daiquiri glasses was forced down our throats while we waited for our bags.

Tickets entitling us to more free hospitality served in cocktails were handed to us when we waited into the Caribe-Hilton.

"Meet Señor Rodriguez," somebody said. Rodriguez is like Jones up home. Keeping up with the Rodriguezes can be grueling.

"Puerto Ricans never do anything fast," el señor said. Dinner was around 10 or 11. Before dinner there was two hours of hospitality.

Anamorena sang at the beautiful new Darlington Club, created by Leonard Darlington Long, an Atlanta and Charlotte S. C., builder—and offered something new in bars... chairs with castors.

"I have a tummy," Mr. Long explained unnecessarily. "It gets caught under the table when my chair legs get caught in the rugs. So we decided to try these castors."

Admirable. Like the stage that comes down from the ceiling, a fountain bordering the dance floor, and the round-the-world menu.

Then came shapely Anamorena, brunette and snapping-eyed.

"Everybody save to me, Klit, which part Brewken you from?" she told the audience, with no fear of Brewken. I could speak much better English, but my manager won't let me.

She's great. She'd sung recently at the Chateau Madrid in New York, in Dallas and Houston, and she has a husband, Ray Le Nobel, a Chicago farker.

"Is he rich, I hope?" I asked innocently.

"No," she answered, "but he has lots of furs."

Puerto Rico's making a big bid for tourists and I'm an enthusiast, already. Actress Martha Stewart, who dropped in a few years ago, decided to stay.

Puerto Rico has rock 'n' roll, pronounced "rockabilly."

Señor Rodriguez gave a party and when we asked if we could bring 12 more people along he said, "Sure, we'll just put a little more water in the soup."

You have to enjoy people like that.

THE MIDWINTER EARL... Tom Dewey went to Harkness Pavilion, Fort trouble... Jerry Lewis, making a deal to do George Jessel's life story, said, "I'll play your life but I'll be darned if I'll lead it!"

Mrs. Steve Allen, after leaving her baby, said, "Well, keep trying."

Dorothy Lamour's wonderful and party, too, in her new set at the Versailles, the mike she wears in her girdle is effective, and her \$84,000 Queen Elizabeth ("Don't you know when you've been with long enough?") is great. Zsa Zsa Gabor, ring-siding with Harry Karl, kept saying, "Why, she's charming, she looks so good, she's darling!"

Nanette Fabray and her ex-Dave Tebet of NBC, were down-toured. "A Very Special Holiday," where young Jack Wardman was brilliant... The new Broadway invention: Instant Whisky... Duo: Faye Emerson and playwright Bill Bernie.

Lauritz Schlicher turned down the Lawrence Tibbett role in "Fanny" for a TV series.

The 64¢ quiz wants Maurice Evans of "Apple Cart" to expert-rotate on Shaw and Shakespeare... "Auntie Mame," had an emergency appendectomy.

The Bill Johnsons (Jett MacDonald) have an heir... The Duke of Windsor is a backer of Walter Szlezak's show, "Fifteen Gentlemen," about King George IV... Leonard Hall being urged to run for Gov. against Harrison '39, he'd rather be Postmaster Gen'l.

Ex-vaudevillean Henry Dunn (of Cross & Dunn) is a polo vic-tim... The premiere of the Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds film will be held at Grossinger's Dec. 3... H'wood duo: Françoise Tone and Susan Hayward... French authoress Françoise Sagan, long-distanced her boy friend in Paris for 20 minutes from The Composer.

Earl's Pearls... Hard to believe, but once you could enter a lunch room and a quarter get two hamburgers, coffee and a pretty decent overcoat... —H. C. Dietschback, Dayton.

Santa's Sack Has 'Brainy' Toys This Season



Dreamy-Eyed Lad Zeroes-In An Atomic Cannon

By EMERY WIGHTER

Charlotte News Staff Writer

You too can have an electric brain and you can have it in your home this year.

Don't do much except guide a little toy on the course of your choosing on your living room floor. But that's perfectly all right too for that's just what it was built to do.

"The Brain" newest thing in electronic toys heads the list of new playthings Junior may find in his stocking this Christmas.

It's an "Army" weapons carrier with a big-headed soldier sitting in the driver's seat. Push the device's helmet back and there's this electronic brain. By pulling this and pushing that you can direct the course of the vehicle and make it go any way you desire.

To make it more interesting red and green lights flash on to tell which way the gadget will turn next. Better stand clear for ever so often the thing shoots off a rocket.

BATTERY OPERATED

Battery operated of course. And so is the atomic cannon, a long heavy, beautifully-made

thing that any fighting man would like to have.

Buttons to press here, there and the long barrel of the cannon goes up. Press another and it comes down. Turn a crank and the barrel moves from left to right.

Push another and Bang! An atomic rocket bounces off the wall. If you're off target a built-in range finder will help you hit your mark.

Sewing machines, mixers, autos, other gadgets also work by battery. You can even shoot your best friend with a battery-powered burp gun and not harm a hair of his head.

A timely toy is the hand-operated Panama Canal. It comes complete with ships, locks and all other necessary gear. Like the cook in today's kitchens, the user need add only water.

The ships move under their own power and the mechanical locks take them through to the other side of the canal.

SLEEP TRAILS

There are sleek new electric trains, some wrapped in cellophane and some you can build yourself. There are even model sets for those who already have

trains. For freight models, there's a new car with a brakeman walking around on top. And there's a new re-roller device for putting car wheels back on track.

Baby dolls. Surely, there's one with fingers made of vinyl plastic and soft as sister's. Here are others wearing nylon stockings, jewelry. When dolls tire, there's a beautiful new bed made by one of the state's furniture manufacturers.

Here's a real deal. A model of the Marine Corps new man helicopter that really flies. It has a gasoline motor and can be controlled by a wire which is attached.

Model planes this year have plastic wings which bend but not break when they take a hard knock in landing.

Do it yourself toys are plentiful. There are dandy kits for building tiny transistor radios no larger than a package of cigarettes. Some are reasonably-priced.

Lots of the toys are good for laughs. Here's a target game. Aim your gun at a hen sitting on a nest. Hit the hen and she jumps high in the air.

PEOPLE THE Contest Takes Shape

By CHARLES KURALT

It's A Funny Town:

The Great Shoeshining Contest will be held at Joe Zappaloro's Service Newsstand, 402 S. Tryon St., at 3:30 tomorrow afternoon.

It will pit Scoop Antley of Tate's Barbershop against Horselfy Simpson, the aging challenger who works at the newsstand. One fall to a finish.

With Scoop claiming to be the world's greatest shoeshine boy and Horselfy the only dissenter, the scope of this contest becomes clear. The wire services and national magazines have been duly notified.

WE WISH to announce the addition of Sandy "Chattanooga Shoe Shine" Grady to the list of judges. Mr. Grady is a veteran of Soap Box Derbys and Volkswagen road races and a man of unimpeachable eyesight when he has his glasses on. He joins Waldo "The Glim" Profit and "Big John" Hildreth on the shoeshine stand.

"I'm nervous as a honey bee," Mr. Antley confided just yesterday. "I want to get it over."

"I'll take him," said Mr. Simpson, a man of few words.

This is to be a contest in the modern manner with judging on the following basis: Glitter—85 points; Technique—10 points; Rag Popping and Incidental Conversation—5 points.

Decision of the judges is final.

WE HAVE a postscript to the story of Bob Clifford, the Central High sophomore who is buggy about trains. The day after his story appeared here, Bob and his family were out riding in their car.

They came to a Southern railroad crossing. The engineer of a slow moving train on the tracks recognized Bob, a crippled youngster who spends most of his spare time down at the station.

So instead of stopping for the train—the train stopped for them.

A beautiful blonde babe in a red dress hipped into a W. Trade St. cafe the other night, causing eight or

ten patrons to nearly choke on their beer. She smiled her way down the aisle to expressions of admiration from either side, walked up to an old citizen sitting at a back stool, kissed him right on his bald dome without a word and tripped out.

There was a stunned silence. The old guy grinned like crazy, and refused to tell anybody anything.



HORSELFY AND SCOOP: One Fall To A Finish.

THE WORRY CLINIC: Who's The Crackpot?

By Dr. George W. Crane

There are two groups of psychologists. One is composed of theorists or "braintrusts" who can't apply what they teach. The others are really Applied Psychologists who can actually put psychology to work in the home or factory.

Case T-326: Professor Doe is a member of the Psychology Department at Emory University. "What kind of crackpot psychology is Dr. Crane using?" he publishes a recent letter to the publishers of my college textbook "PSYCHOLOGY APPLIED."

It seems to think faculty salaries can be raised by encouraging larger enrollments per teacher.

"At Emory University we are trying to reduce the ratio; not increase it! We are not trying to popularize psychology nor capitalize on the semi-neurotic interest of laymen in psychology."

"You may save yourself the mailing costs and a great deal of bad publicity if you will take my name off the mailing list for future advertising of Dr. Crane's textbook."

Prof. Doe is entitled to his opinion. He may be a young man who has enjoyed a cloistered educational background and is thus out of contact with reality. Many teaching psychologists can't practice what they preach.

Although he refers to my newspaper's readers as semi-neurotic laymen, I'm quite willing to let you be the jury as to who is the crackpot in this problem.

Typical faculty salaries now

adays are \$5,000 per year. Even the bountiful Ford Foundation gift raised these salaries only \$200 per year as an average, so in those Ford favored schools, the professor's income is now \$5,200.

But it can easily be jumped to \$8,000 annually, and also leave 400 per cent as much money for college overhead, by stepping up the student-teacher ratio from the present 12:1 to a 24:1 figure.

At present, leading city high schools, such as Chicago's, have 24 students per teacher. And these are fully accredited schools. The teachers do a splendid job and don't complain at that 24:1 ratio.

College professors could easily handle a 24:1 ratio and would be happy to do so, if they were paid 60 per cent more in salary per year.

Notice the financial aspects of this new plan. At the present 12:1 student-teacher ratio, and with a nominal tuition rate of \$500 per year, each professor attracts a total of but \$5,000 to the college overhead.

By raising the ratio to 24:1, he would attract \$12,000 (24 x \$500). If his salary were thus boosted 60 per cent to \$8,000 annually, he would still have \$4,000 for college overhead.

This plan is sound. And it doesn't delay indefinitely the time when faculty salaries can be boosted!

No longer need we fritter away time vainly HOPING that some philanthropist or Uncle Sam will come to the aid of our colleges.

When I presented this plan

"What are you doing with... THE TOILET FLOAT!"

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS Feature Page

Edited By Jim Banbury

The Everyday Counselor—Carelessness Is Bad Habit

By DR. HERBERT SPAUGH

Carelessness is one of mankind's worst enemies. It is the cause of accidents, deaths, broken homes, and many other heartbreaks.

Careless smokers have been responsible for millions of dollars worth of fire damage. Some states have signs posted along the highway, "Help Keep Our Forests Green—Use Your Ash-tray."

Hotels and motels likewise hang out warning to their guests. A friend handed me the following which he found in the motel room which he occupied on a recent trip.

"Rules for Smoking in Bed" "Rule 1. Inform the management where you wish your remains sent, as it is a matter of record that many fires are caused by smoking in bed."

"Rule 2. Be sure to let the guests in adjoining rooms know that you intend to endanger their lives, so they may take the necessary precautions to protect themselves."

"Rule 3. Locate the nearest door, so that if you are fortunate enough to escape your room, you may reach safety."

"Rule 4. Be fully prepared to foot the bill for the damage to blankets, linens, spreads, mattresses, etc., as you can rest assured we will hold you personally responsible."

"Rule 5. Now sit down in the chair, the one on the left is right handy, and then how foolish it is for you to take these risks—you'll enjoy your smoke while thinking it over."

"It has been a pleasure to serve you and we hope you will stop again. Business has been good, but we don't have guests to burn, so please DO NOT MAKE AN ASH OF YOURSELF."

You have heard the old saying, "A burnt child is afraid of fire." Conversation with the friend who gave this to me revealed the fact that he had been a victim of one of these hotel bed fires. While he had not been severely injured, he had been smoking just before getting into bed. He thought he had ground out his cigarette in an ash tray which was near the bed. In some way, while the bed was being prepared and pillows moved about, the cigarette but which was still smoldering got between the pillow and mattress. This had been very fire-conscious when he raised the pillow and discovered to find an unaccounted warmth around his shoulders, and to find himself choking with smoke. Fortunately, he awoke in time, but he raised the pillow, and a large hole had burned in the mattress. It was still smoldering. A pitcher of water extinguished the fire. But my friend had been very fire-conscious ever since, particularly when it concerns smoking in or even near the bed.

"These days I have been particularly fire-conscious also. It was on Halloween evening during my first year at college when my dormitory burned. The majority of the students were out at parties. The only fire department of the town was likewise having a party. Some of the latter were the "illegals" who were in the building. It was only drinking beer. Yet I look about me and think to get their equipment into action. The four-story stone building was almost a total loss, except for the walls. It was thought the fire was caused by a careless smoker who may have tossed a cigarette into a wastebasket. I think you ought to thoroughly check this possibility."

To inform yourself of the many disorders, including exhaustion, that may be induced by individual, usually "wrong" diet—and bearing in mind that "one man's meat is another man's poison"—you might read the following two books:

"Body, Mind and Sugar," by Dr. E. M. Abrahamson and W. Peretz (Hend and Hugar, Inc. Publishers) and "Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit" by Adelle Davis (Harcourt, Brace).

Acquaint yourself with these guide books, then discuss them with your family doctor, or any other reputable physician—preferably to getting down to brass tacks, about the diagnostic meaning of your chronic symptoms.

Do not make an ash of yourself."

Mary Haworth's Mail—She Seems To Be Tired Always

Thank you for any suggestions,

Dear Mary Haworth: I am 45, married 19 years and have three children—ages 13, 14 and 10. I am small-five feet, four inches tall, and weigh 122 pounds. My problem is the terrible fatigue I am constantly fighting, and apparently the cause isn't physical.

In the past I've had many friends, and was president of a woman's group of 500 members, but recently I dropped all participation as I hadn't the energy. Now I never hear from these women, and I just feel relieved but during the long hours from 9 a.m. to mid-afternoon I find myself talking to me. Isn't that terrible!

I get so tired after an hour's work that I drop on the sofa and have a smoke and start musing. Sometimes I fall asleep. Occasionally I turn on the TV but lapse into musings even despite this distraction. Maybe the answer is to get a job in the midst of people; but this seems impossible if I want to keep my marriage a good one.

I do my own housework in a seven-room house. I cook, sew, drive a car, take my husband's business calls and do his typing. Also I read a lot, and help the children with their homeworks. But I don't enjoy any of it, because I am always tired.

I have no creative talents except as a homemaker; but would very much like to do some writing. Perhaps it would help to put my musings on paper—setting aside one or two periods a day for this. Would it be impossible if I were to try this? Am I encouraging a bad habit?

G. R. Mary Haworth counsels personal her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of The Charlotte News.

Dear G. R.: Taking into account the overall picture of my adult life—as devoted spouse, attentive mother, willing homemaker, overtime clubwoman I doubt that your problem of acute fatigue has a mental origin.

Your emotional orientation, as expressed in your social (or human) motives—that is, in the things you consider important: like being a fulltime wife, helping your children, assisting in women's club work, etc.—indicates that you are predisposed to be wholesome, average and normal.

But your history of ailments suggests that your physical and nervous equipment has been obliged to run on insufficient fuel, of one kind or another. So I think you ought to thoroughly check this possibility.

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