

Mrs. Eubanks Dies In Durham

Graveside services were held Friday morning for Mrs. Stella Pritchard Eubanks, who died Wednesday night in Hillcrest Nursing Home in Durham following a long illness. Mrs. Eubanks was 88.

The services were conducted at the Old Crapel Hill Cemetery by the Rev. Robert L. Johnson, director of the Wesley Foundation in Chapel Hill.

Mrs. Eubanks was born in Orange County and has lived in Chapel Hill since childhood. She attended school in Chapel Hill and at Elon College.

In past years she was active in the Chapel Hill Community Club and the Chapel Hill Garden Club.

She is survived by her husband, Clyde Eubanks, and one son, Paul Eubanks, both of Chapel Hill; and one brother, John W. Pritchard, of St. Petersburg, Florida.

READING RUSSIAN

Three University scholars are attending a special short course in the reading of scientific Russian literature at the Defense Language Institute at the Presidio of Monterey, California. They are George S. Baroff, Herbert P. Ginsburg, and Charles D. Ward, all of the University's Department of Psychology.

Personalized Service MONUMENTS MARKERS MAUSOLEUMS DURHAM MARBLE WORKS

1501 Morehead Ave. Durham, N. C. W. E. HALEY, Manager PHONE Day 489-2134 Night 489-2068

-A Talk With George Esser-

(Continued from Page 1)

receiving a post-hypnotic suggestion: after an hour you can remember the ideas and the facts that he gave you, but you can't quite recall where they came from.

"The problem we are attacking," he said, "is that many people in North Carolina—and this is true all over the country—are caught in what Governor Sanford called the cycle of poverty. They have no chance to improve their situation, they have no opportunity to realize the great American dream—not 'rags to riches,' it's another term, I can't think of it right now. Dwight McDonald used it."

In effect, the term means starting low and rising above your beginnings, not in the moralistic, melodramatic Horatio Alger sense, but in the purely practical sense that with education and the utilization of good opportunities a man can escape the frustration of a welfare existence and become at least an earning citizen, if not a white-collar manager of something or a respected professional.

"In North Carolina fifty per cent of the children who enter the first grade don't finish high school. Of the fifty per cent who do finish high school, thirty-one per cent don't go to college. Of the nineteen per cent who do go to college, only six per cent finish college. Our educational system is concentrated on this six per cent."

This concentration results in an unfortunate burden being put on eighty-one per cent of the population. A man starts out as an on-off worker (quite possibly his father was employed only sporadically), and the result is often a home which gives his children no sense of opportunity and no motivation to find, or even use, an opportunity and they too grow up to be sometime employees.

Moving Ahead in CARRBORO

and their resulting situations have the same effect on their children. Thus, the cycle of poverty.

There are two ways of approaching the problem.

"There has been some experimentation with teaching in the first three grades of school. Carrboro has done some experimentation along this line. The ungraded primary system contains some aspects of it. The idea is to establish teams of teachers, so that instead of having three first grade classes with twenty-five children and one teacher each, you have three groups of children, three teachers with one principal teacher, and one person, not necessarily a teacher but some qualified, educated person to assist the teachers during the day. The children move from one level of learning to another at their own speeds, and the children who move faster get less attention. The idea is to teach the children to really be able to read by the end of the third grade, to really be able to write, to be able to handle numbers. It has been demonstrated that a child who is slower than the other children falls behind the others after the third grade, doesn't really know how to read or understand, and by the eighth grade he has fallen so far behind that he doesn't see anything in school, he's disgusted, he doesn't have any motivation to learn, and he doesn't feel he's learning anything—and he isn't. This is one approach to the problem."

The other approach is a little more in Mr. Esser's line and is actually being tried in some of the nation's large cities—Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Oakland.

"You look at a community, and it has its government which is concerned chiefly with the physical aspects of the community. It also is responsible for law enforcement. There are also county agencies, with their own particular areas of concern, health, welfare. And there are various private and charitable organizations—community chest—that have their own interests. All of these agencies are concerned

with helping people, but they're all used to thinking in their own ways, approaching problems in their own ways, and they don't always understand what the other agencies can contribute."

To help people caught in the cycle of poverty, the State has authorized funds for vocational training. The proposed system of community colleges is being developed. Other efforts have been made in various directions to alleviate to the problems of the "invisible poor." But this is not enough. Community health, welfare, and other assistance agencies continue to approach fragmentarily the total problem of the left-behind people.

The North Carolina Fund's planned function: knit all these agencies together to form one concerted assisting and improving force in each community, eliminate the waste resulting from the dispersal of official energy.

The idea is to create a central agency in a selection of North Carolina communities, giving a good cross-section of rural and urban, eastern and western, which will assist local health, welfare, law enforcement, governmental, and other agencies to "think total, and stop thinking segment" about the problem of citizens whose circumstances and background have forced to drag their heels.

The problems faced by the people themselves are various. Automation is one. "If used to be that a man with a strong back could always get a job," said Mr. Esser, "but that isn't true any more. A lot of people are not qualified for the available jobs, and there are a lot of qualified people for whom there are no jobs. Automation is putting men out of work." An orchestration of community agencies devoted to helping people could possibly retrain men who have been automated into unemployment.

Home background is another problem. "We can't do much now about children until they get into schools. A lot of them come from homes where there are no books, often where there is no television, and the result is that a lot of children have simply not been prepared to accept an education. The various agencies

work at these problems in their own ways." But an effective reduction of the incidence of this kind of pre-school background cannot be achieved by the piecemeal efforts of several agencies. They have to work together, or the effect is spotty.

Housing is another problem. "In Washington they're experimenting now with finding people housing they themselves can't find, even teaching the how to use good housing—teaching them to plan meals, to live on a small budget, to furnish and run a home on a small budget. Unbelievably basic things. A lot of families have the income to live in better housing than they do, but they haven't the contacts or the opportunities to find it."

Mr. Esser plans to work with a small staff in setting up these experimental combinations of community agencies. Within one hour two calls came to him from people interested in working on the project, and "quite a large number" of other applications have been made to him. But his staff will remain small.

"It's not going to be easy to bring these agencies together so that they work together and understand each other. The public health nurse has been thinking like a public health nurse for years, the social worker has been thinking like a social worker, the town government has been thinking as a town government. None of them really understands how they can work together, because none of them understands fully what the others can contribute."

Mr. Esser's staff will attempt this on an experimental basis, first to find new methods of approaching the problems of the "invisible poor," second to spread the use of the most effective methods discovered.

Finances he will not discuss. The money for the Fund will come, "almost certainly," from various foundations. "And the Federal government has money for this kind of thing too." But since no actual funds have been made available, Mr. Esser is not counting his balance before it is in the bank. "But we wouldn't have gone into this the way we have unless we were pretty certain of getting the money."

AT UNITED CHURCH

The Sunday morning worship service will begin at 11 a.m. at United Church, 211 W. Cameron Ave. The communion meditation, "Speech Is A Rolling-Mill," will be given by the minister, the Rev. DeWitt L. Myers, Jr.

-Chapel Hill Chaff-

(Continued from Page 1)

for short plays."

"Well," he said, "she's had a novel accepted by Harper's." So I went down to her home on North Street, in one of Miss Alice Jones's apartments, interviewed her, and published the story in the Weekly.

The acceptance by Harper's was a sensation, but it was only a start. It was followed by the choice of the book by the Literary Guild, which meant the sale of about eighty thousand copies in one block. Then the sales skyrocketed, and Betty Smith became one of the great literary names of the year.

"What's the total sales of 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,' to date?" I asked her in our telephone conversation yesterday.

"The latest report from publishers and foreign booksellers gives the number as about six million," she said. "That embraces both hard covers and paperbacks. It has appeared in sixteen languages. I have just heard of the latest, Spanish."

Miss Smith bought one of the oldest of Chapel Hill's houses and moved into it in 1945. It was known as the Mickle house before the Civil War. The Mangums lived in it later, and today's owner calls it the Old Mangum House. She did a good deal of renovating but the place retains its old character and charm.

Her 17-year-old granddaughter, Candy Carroll, a sophomore in the University, lives with her, and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Dagobert Pfeiffer and their three children are now visiting her from Switzerland.

When I went to call on her on that day twenty-years ago she told me that Tom Wolfe's writing "Look Homeward, Angel," had given her the idea of writing a novel. Both books are based on personal histories and she told me she asked herself: "If he can write the story of his life, why can't I?"

So she worked every morning before giving her two daughters breakfast and getting them off

to school. "I worked two hours," she said, and she told me the same thing yesterday. "I do my writing early in the morning," she said. "It's the quietest time and the best."

About a month ago I reprinted passages from an article by the New York Times music critic about the 150th anniversary of the birth of Wagner and Verdi. He gave Wagner unstinted praise as a composer but characterized him as a "monster" and presented examples of his frauds, cruelties, and immoralities. These were stated as unquestioned facts.

A couple of weeks later the Saturday Review came out with an article on the anniversary by another eminent writer on music. This article was not nearly so tough on Wagner's behavior; the only offense that he mentioned was the composer's extorting money out of the Mad King of Bavaria. He didn't say anything about the drinking and wild women and the bad treatment of friends that the Times critic had charged against Wagner.

I have no doubt the Swallows and Mrs. A. C. Burdham and Mrs. Fred McCall and Norman Cordon and other music people I know will prefer the second article and, if asked to weigh the record in the balance, and pronounce a verdict, will say that the Mad King of Bavaria ought to be fortunate in history for the privilege of having had money pried out of him by as great a genius as Wagner.

William Cochran, secretary to U. S. Senator Jordan, came home Friday before last for the week-

end. He was accompanied by Miss Julia Graves Graham on a visit to relatives. Mrs. Cochran met them at the airport and returned there Sunday afternoon. What Mr. Cochran told her in a letter that reached her two days later was this: The plane, taxiing along about to rise, was grounded by a violent thunder-and-lightning storm. It was not air conditioned and Mr. Cochran and Miss Graham and the other passengers had to stay there on the airship, in the stifling heat for two and a half hours until the storm ended.

Mrs. Harry McMullan of Washington, N. C., is in the hospital here. Her granddaughter, Miss Patricia Rumley brought her up by automobile Thursday and went back home the same day.

All normal Americans, reading the newspapers, certainly think how fortunate they are compared with the victims of earthquakes and other great disasters in far parts of the world. Everybody is able to help. Contributions marked "For Skopje Relief" can be sent to the American Red Cross, Box 777, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Everyone Looks at Rugs... BE Proud Of Yours! Bernson "Chapel Hill's only qualified Rug Cleaner" DIAL OPERATOR. ASK FOR DURHAM WX2000, BERNSON

Thell's Bakery Specials A Special Every Week Special All This Week Chocolate Brownies Reg. 40c Doz. 2 doz. 69c PLANNING A PARTY No order too large or too small Call for Suggestions 124 E. Franklin St. Phone 942-1954

EARLY-WEEK SPECIALS AT YOUR FAVORITE COLONIAL! BEST ANYWHERE... ALWAYS FRESH AND LEAN GROUND BEEF 3-POUND PKG. \$1.29 WINNER QUALITY FRANKS 1-LB. PKG. 49c SPEARS VINEGAR Full Gallon 49c MAYONNAISE DUKE'S FULL QUART 39c C.S. BRAND FULL QUART 35c BANANAS POUND JUST 9c BUTTER POUND 39c PEARS 3 NO. 2 1/2 CANS \$1.00

STOP PAYING RENT! NOW you can afford To own your OWN home AS LOW AS \$12.00 PER WEEK Complete three-bedroom house—NOT A SHELL... Phone 942-6994 TODAY CARRBORO DEVELOPMENT CORP. 302 W. Main St. Carrboro, N. C.