



'Marijuana, Ho Chi Minh...'
Scrubby Reeves in the 20's



Drainage has always been a problem.

Pulpit Hill . . .



1880's along Cameron Avenue

by Valerie Jordan
Staff Writer

Indeed Thomas Wolfe did call the place Pulpit Hill . . .

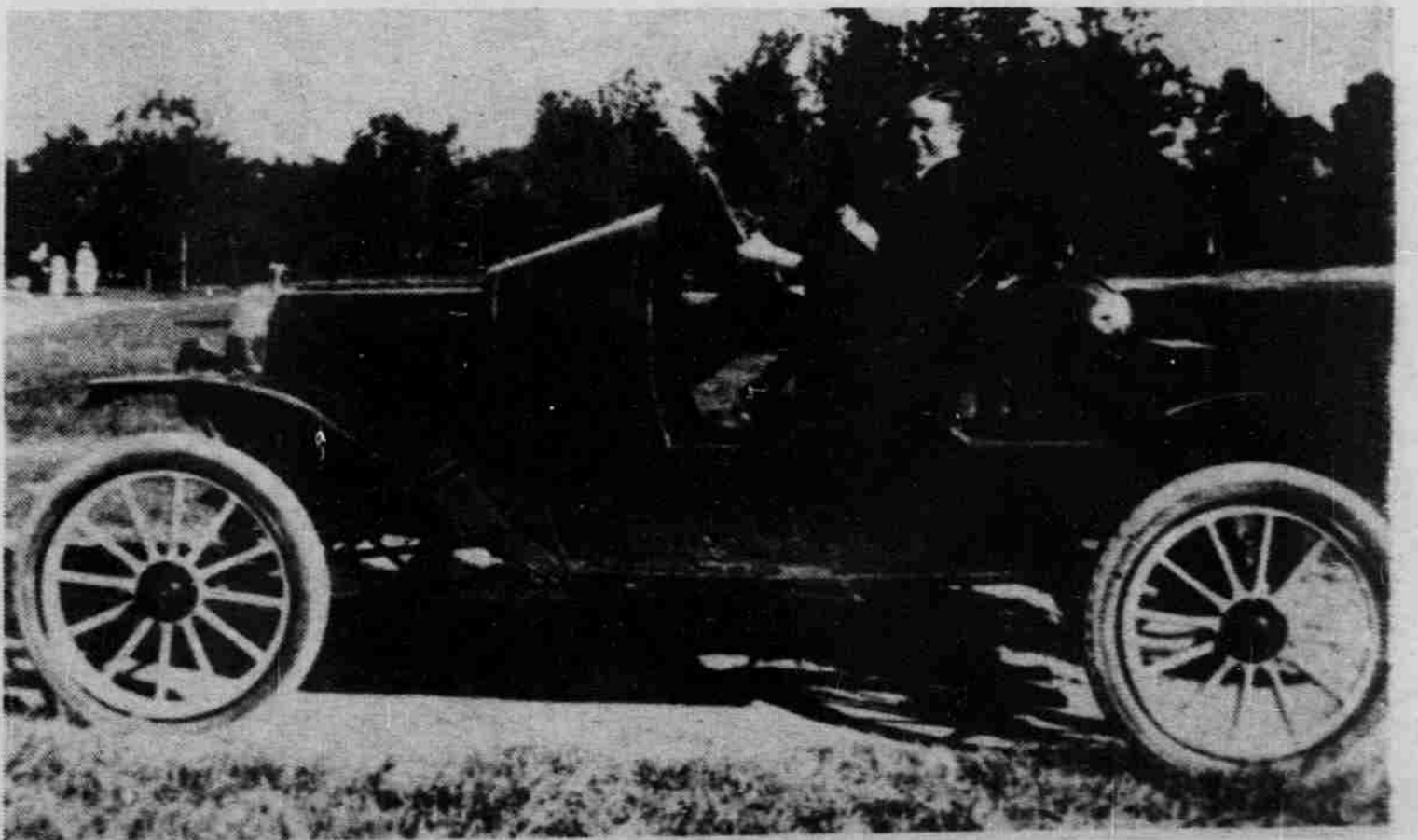
There used to be a small town in North Carolina, so the story goes, with a chapel set apart upon a hill. They say this Chapel Hill was a village with flower ladies who sold their wares on the main street, family boarding houses for students, and that in 1871 the University had only two students. Many of the streets were unpaved and the tower bell was already a tradition.

Memory is perhaps one of the most beautiful talents man has ever developed. All of those people who remember how Chapel Hill used to be, have their warm remembrances to keep them secure. And those of us who weren't around to see that village as it was, will probably remember our Chapel Hill and we too will become steeped in the tradition which has managed to keep this town, in spirit in not materially, a village.

The wonderful faculty of memory is that for each successive generation there is a special past which can be cherished and savored with dignity. We from the 70's will probably become nostalgic when someone mentions Polk Place or even the flower ladies in the alley. Chapel Hill will always be remembered by us as a small university town where the phone directory's middle section was all University addresses.

Now we all look to the future. The 60's were a time of scientific advancement, the emergence of the liberal and self-actualizing movements, the time of great explorations, and all these things have affected this Chapel Hill.

When you wake up in the morning and look out your bedroom window, you will see the spires of banks, laboratories, University buildings, and the Bell Tower. There are advancements on this campus and this progress keeps time with the rest of the world. Isn't it a good thing that one of the prices we have to pay for this advancement is not memory.



Rupert Crowell riding high in 1917.