

features

Interesting landmark descriptive of owners

By Sarah West

Chapel Hill is an historic town in which every other building seems to have some sort of historical significance. In spite of this overcrowded situation, some "landmarks" do manage to stand out. The little stucco cottage on the corner of Franklin and Hillsborough streets is such a place.

The cottage is interesting not merely because of its legitimate historic value as the first law school at UNC, but also because of the famous or creative, and usually unusual, individuals who have lived there during its 130-year history.

Unique in appearance, the cottage perches on the edge of the big corner lot next to the Delta Delta Delta Sorority house on Franklin Street. Passers-by may have to look twice to see it because it is nearly obscured by the huge oak in front. Upon looking twice, the house is definitely worth looking at again. The gargoyles peering down from the front porch are just one of the many interesting features of the house. Inside, one room of the two-room dwelling is dominated by a large fireplace; the other by an 8-foot bar complete with mirror.

The bathroom provides the final touch to the house's distinctive, even quirky, but ultimately charming personality. The bathroom walls are papered with a wide selection of pictures from pornographic magazines, as well as some really interesting posters. The 1960 Carolina Symposium poster, done by Al Hirschfield who is currently the theatrical and film cartoonist for *The New York Times*, is up there, as well as a sign "A Bathroom Named Desire" which is accompanied by a promotional picture of Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh from the film *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

According to John Hoke, who recently moved out, both the bathroom "wallpaper" and the gargoyles on the front porch were added to the house by the owner, Walter D. Creech, a retired UNC French professor. Creech bought the gargoyles when he studied in France. They are copies of the ones on Notre Dame cathedral in Paris.

Hoke lived in the house for two years, continuing a family tradition. Hoke's father, Robert L. Hoke, lived in the house in 1943. Father and son both served as managing editor for *The Daily Tar Heel*.

Hoke said that getting the chance to live in the house was a case of being in the right place at the right time. "I knew my dad had lived there, and one day when I was driving past, I noticed people on the front porch and I drove back to ask them about the house."

They were moving out. Hoke looked around, called Creech, and got the house. He is the most recent in a long line of people whose residence there seems curiously fitting.

The cottage was built around 1846 by Samuel Field Phillips as a law office and study. It is referred to as the University's first law school because students from the University read law there under Phillips' supervision.

Phillips was a rather interesting man—the auditor for Governor Vance's Confederate cabinet, he shocked the residents of Chapel Hill when he agreed to serve as Solicitor General on President Grant's Federal cabinet during reconstruction. Phillips held this office under the three presidents following Grant.

Phillips was also an early advocate of women's rights when he advocated a summer normal school at the University in



Staff photo by John Drescher

**Stucco cottage partially obscured by trees
... its structure and residents make it unique**

1876—an unpopular stand. Fittingly, the cottage served to house the earliest coeds at UNC in the early 1920s. One of these coeds was Elizabeth Lay, who later married Paul Green. Green taught philosophy and playwriting at UNC and is the author of the outdoor drama "The Lost Colony".

Other interesting individuals who have resided in the house include Dr. "Bully"

Bernard, who taught Greek at the University in the early 1900s, and who served as the model for Eugene Gant's Greek professor in Thomas Wolfe's novel *Look Homeward, Angel*. Lynn Riggs, who wrote the play "Green Grow the Lilacs", on which *Oklahoma!* was based, was another notable resident. Creech has also lived in the house off and on over the years.

Chapel Hill offers a distinctive experience in summer

By John Behm

There are advantages to staying in Chapel Hill for the summer: You never see 12 inches of snow, for one. Even better, you can stay out of school without staying away from it. For three months you can disassociate yourself from old UNC as much as you want—become footloose, aloof, a stranger to Wilson Library. And then be glad to return in the fall.

The summer environment in Chapel Hill is characterized by change—change of temperament, change of style. Even so, the new faces will become the familiar ones, the new job becomes the routine, the new hangout becomes the summer haunt.

Some changes are good and some are not: The location next to the post office has transformed itself from Tello's to the Rendezvous to an unpaid rent notice to Four Corners, finally, a place of some worth. Not so assuring was the change that suddenly happened one day when Clearwater Lake (or Lake Never-Clear) went from being a rope swing haven for every fun lover around to a YMCA camp that charged a couple of dollars to any intruder who dared come close.

In some cases, the visible changes around Chapel Hill can be written off to progress or to respectability or to a search for permanence. In other cases, it's just an inevitable

development brought on by powers far away from this small town.

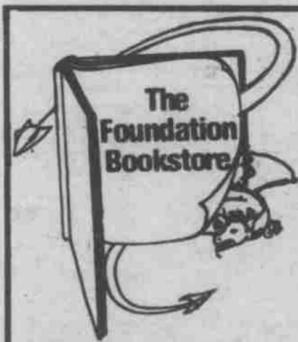
Through good and bad change, the constancy of a frontier that almost every young person believes in will always be there. In the summer time, that's all that saves the town from the doldrums. After the longest day, the hottest day, the most miserable blown-from-over-Carrboro summer shower, the most miserable mail-order pizza dinner, there will always be a crowd that dissolves from the Village Green at 2 a.m. and disappears and reappears magically all night long, burning through the night from one apartment pool to the next, skinny-dipping through life, drinking cold white California wine, promising each other that this youthful life will always last, hammering sentiment and youth's quick energy into salient ideas and morals that will last a lifetime and always keep us together—we who understand this power—and keep us separate from the rest, who will never know.

There's more free time during the summer to look for the good things that life has to offer; there are people and places to love. There's Marietta Lodge, an obscure encampment off Highway 54, once a fashionable but under-attended party ground. Now everyone seems to be equally capable of finding it, having the time of a lifetime, and leaving with every intention of coming back but being too muddled to ever remember where it was.

There's the sight of a girl in an Apple Chill Cloggers t-shirt, crying silently and in plain view of thirty other people when a university-contracted wrecking crew tore down a house on Pittsboro Street to leave room for parking and no more room for one of the finest pieces of early 20th-century architecture seen in this town.

There are people who make solar iced tea, there are long rides at sunset past Long Meadow on the back of a motorbike, there are places that fill you to the brim with the happy residue of reminiscences that stick with you like the old pair of sneakers with broken laces that just can't be thrown away.

Anyone planning to spend a summer in Chapel Hill should ignore the inconveniences and social cramps of high rent and town police—count on these eventualities and give them the distance they deserve. The taste of Chapel Hill summer at its best, and the best is within reach, is a quenching throatful of fresh-squeezed orangeade from Colonial Drug after a long afternoon of baseball at Boshamer. It's a quencher and a satisfier and more of that than you really need. It should be refreshment, not depletion, a great wide juicy flavor that extinguishes any thoughts you may have had that going home for the summer to work at the local branch of a state bank would have been the best thing to do after all.



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