

# Cowarts Learn To Adjust To House Design Project

BY DORIS DALE PAYSOUR  
Daily News Staff Writer

Since mid-February Sandra Cowart hasn't cooked a meal.

She hasn't been to the grocery store or raided her refrigerator.

"I can't get to it," she shouts over the roar of an electric saw, the banging of hammers, the deafening den of the giant sander and constant scratch of paint remover blades.

Half the time she can't get to her kitchen—either one of them. "That's the biggest advantage of the whole thing—not having to cook," she said.

She and her husband Glynn eat out every meal, with the Greensboro Council of Garden Clubs picking up half the tab.

That's part of the contract the Cowarts have with the council which is sponsoring the Cowarts' English Tudor home, Hillside, on Fisher Park Circle as its second Designers Show House and first home done in cooperation with Carolinas Chapter of American Society of Interior Designers.

## The 31-Room Tudor Home Will Be Open To The Public For Three Weeks Beginning Sunday

The gardener's house accompanying the Cowart home is being converted to a boutique.

The 31-room Tudor home will be open to the public for three weeks beginning Sunday, when 1,200 members from the 49-year-old council's 78 clubs will take over Sandra's hostess duties.

Sandra Cowart, president of the ASID Carolinas Chapter and house design coordinator, and her husband have been trying to outsmart the oil-base paint fumes by moving their mattress and box springs "upstairs and downstairs, camping out on the floor" or wherever they could out-run the smell.

"It's not as objectionable as it was or else we've gotten used to it," she said.

They've been rotating among the eight bathrooms and living out of big movers' boxes.

The council supplies them a second home "for the duration" but to fortify council-provided security the Cowarts have chosen to stay home. "Especially after we heard the show house in Alabama was buglarized."

Glynn has moved his residential design office from the house to a place provided by the council—which also pays gas mileage to and from his work—but Sandra still operates her design business at home.

"I've moved things in and out of my office four times. I can't find anything," she said. "I couldn't have managed, she said, without her 'calm' secretary, Denise Branson, who somehow unearths all the essentials Sandra misplaces."

Her clients, she said, like her makeshift fabric sample aisle so much she's going to leave it in the long second-floor corridor outside her office.

"Oh boy, do I have a lot of patient clients. I tell one I'll get with her Thursday and then my time gets eaten up with decisions that have to be made right then as a painter stands with brush in hand."

Glynn scampered through the house looking for his cigarette lighter usually kept in the kitchen drawer. "It's in the foyer," Sandra said.

One night as Sandra worked in the living room, the phone rang and a man asked, "Who's speaking?"

"He told me he was sergeant so-and-so with the police department and that a man had called to say he was locked in the garage at this address and did that make sense to me. It sure did."

She explained that a photographer was taking — "before" pictures in the garage, which will become the tearoom. To get the lighting effect he wanted, he cut off the house lights and closed the door which automatically locked him in. Remembering a phone, he groped for it and called in SOS.

That wasn't the end of the saga of the garage which has been sprayed a dark green to hide the flaws and fuse boxes and give it an outdoorsy atmosphere.

"One of the fuses blew," she said, "and when we went to replace it we discovered all 150 fuses had been sprayed over and we couldn't read the identifying labels."

An electrician thought it might be the buglar alarm system and turned on an outside light to test it, making the siren go off.

"He told the 50 students working in the basement it meant the police had come to raid them."

"We're going to pick a time convenient to everyone and get about 20 people stationed from basement to fourth floor and start testing and relaying information."

Later, Charles Johnson of Randolph Technical Institute, who had donned a mask to spray the garage ceiling, had his work interrupted when the sprayer nozzle burst.

"We died laughing even though it wasn't funny," Cowart recalled. "When he took off his mask, he had that wild



Staff Photo By John Page

Garden Council Members Barbara Freeman, L. Shelba Hatley

Work On Yard At Gardener's House Which Is Being Converted To Boutique

green mist all over his face. It looked like the Incredible Hulk had just come up from the basement."

There's been one intruder since work began, Cowart said.

"A strange guy wandered into the living room from the sunroom even though he had started at the front of the house."

When he encountered chairman Barbara Peterson, he asked if he were at 307. When Peterson inquired who lived at 307, he said he must have the name wrong, too, and hurriedly left.

Cowart said "one of the biggies" of spring cleaning she won't have to tackle is the house's more than 100 windows, which the council is having done professionally.

"I did it twice. It took five teen-agers all day seven Saturdays."

With all the inconvenience of living in a house which is being redone top to bottom, Cowart said it's really a chance of a lifetime for her and Glynn.

"There's no way we could come in and do all this. We couldn't even afford all this energy in time."

"I had a theory and this confirms it. If you're really a professional (designer), everything flows."

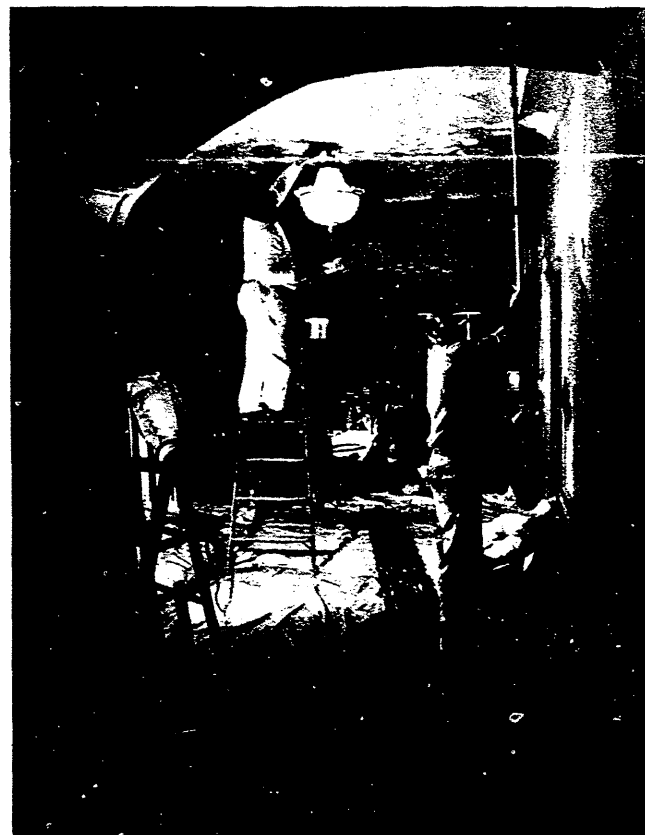
"You can see from kitchen to sunroom. Nobody had to change a thing. The space says something to you and you can rely on your sensitivity."

"I would only allow it to be used if it were an ASID designers house. The ASID examination is so strenuous that membership guarantees the job."

"Still, it's better than I expected."

"The designers have three seconds to go for attention span. A show house is done with much more emphasis and contrast than someone's home."

"As a designer, I need more stimulation than the average person."



Staff Photo By John Page

Painters In Foyer Of Cowarts' Designers House



Staff Photo By Jim Stratford

Sandra And Glynn Cowart In 'Fabric Aisle'

## He's 'Rage' Fat Doctor

PARIS (AP) — In this city obsessed with slim, trim fashion, Robert Chung is the rage "fat" doctor. He readies the beautiful and the bloated for the beaches of St. Tropez with a back-to-basics, call-of-the-wild diet and exotic little pills.

For this Chinese doctor, rice is definitely out.

"All starch is bad for weight-watchers," says Chung, chatting in his posh office near the Arc de Triomphe. "Eat food you would consume raw or uncooked, and you'll have fewer figure problems. You wouldn't eat rice or pie crust without cooking it, so they're out."

Dr. Chung's rule is to recall the days before fire and the food our primitive ancestors and wild animals thrived on: Leafy green vegetables, most fruits, fish and shellfish, game, chicken and beef. Chung doesn't say you have to eat them raw, just that you can eat them that way.

With the diet, Chung dispenses his own formula pills that reek of the wild.

"They're made of elements from goat brain, animal ovary and dust from 'nux vomica,' which is used to make strychnine," Chung says.

"The pills are harmless, and homeopathic," he adds. "They help the thyroid gland to react and eliminate fat faster. Homeopathically, you can take most substances, even poisonous drugs, in minute quantities."

Chung's lethal-sounding concoction has produced no ill effects to date. On the contrary, Arab sheiks fly him to the Middle East to slim their harems, and Pat Kennedy Lawford writes him glowing notes. The wraith-like figure of Marisa Berenson, the jetsetting actress, is testimony to Chung's success.

Members of the Monaco royal family take his counsel. Singer Johnny Hallyday jogs and dines with him.

Chung does his best to make his diet taste good and dieting anything but glum.

A paragon of fitness, the fortify bachelor exercises with the jet set by jogging every day, skiing in Avoriaz, France, water skiing in Biarritz or Thailand.

And he dances at chic discos nearly every night. "You lose 900 calories in an hour," he says.

He disapproves of the eggs-bacon-pancake American breakfast. "It fatigues the liver. Stay with fruit, coffee and thin toast."

A visit to Dr. Chung's office starts with a weigh-in and check-up. Next Chung gives a dietetic pep talk and the necessary capsules.

"Relapses do happen," Chung sighs. "That's all right, once in a while."

For clients who go on an occasional eating binge, he prescribes red "gala" pills. "If you have to fall off the diet wagon for a feast, with the gala pills you won't gain a gram."

Just before sending clients into the diet wilds, Chung issues a princely bill, usually about \$200 for an initial three-month treatment.

"I never felt better," said one patient who went down two dress sizes in four months without even giving up her evening cocktail.

He warns that his little pills alone will not do the job. Dieters must eschew the "wrong" foods and drinks: Animal fats, pork, bread, potatoes, rice, sweets and cream.

A gastro-enterologist who trained in his native Hong Kong and in Paris, Chung explains obesity in socio-economic terms, though he admits it sounds oversimplified.

"In the really poor countries you don't have obesity. But when countries get over the hunger problems, people stuff themselves as compensation, and they get very fat."

"This is what has happened to the better-off African or Middle Eastern women. Sheiks pay my first-class ticket to Saudi Arabia. The weight problem is a disaster there."

Tradition in the Middle East doesn't help, Chung says.

"If all you're allowed to do is sit around, gossip and eat chocolates all day, how can you fit into a Saint Laurent?"

What about French women, who look as if they never touched a croissant?

"France is a 'relatively' rich country concerned with style more than wealth. They concentrate on quality, refined fashion and ways of eating, therefore thinner bodies."

## Dog Was Hero—Or Was He?

L.A. Times-Washington Post News Service

SANTA BARBARA, Calif. — He has been standing guard in front of the house for three quarters of a century, his head turned in a heroic pose, and though his brownish coat is a bit shabby and his tail fractured, his sleek muscles remain taut, ready for danger.

Tour buses cruising through Santa Barbara slow down and sometimes stop in front of the old three-story house on the corner for a better look at the dog.

Larger than life, he is a marvelous beast, this iron statue of a Labrador. And the stories that go with him are equally marvelous.

He once saved a child from drowning, it is said. Exactly. The child he saved was his mistress and the statue was erected in his honor.

No. He saved the family that lived in the house by awakening them when a fire broke out.

Yes. But in the process, the dog died in the flames. And the grateful, grief-stricken family ordered the statue built.

Yes. And the dog, you know, is buried underneath it.

There is not a great deal of agreement on the specific nature of the heroics, but there is a widespread belief that heroics of some sort did take place.

Joan Smith has lived across the street from the statue in the well-to-do Upper Eastside neighborhood for about seven years.

"From what I understand," says Ms. Smith, "the dog at one time saved the family's lives because he alerted them to a fire in the house."

It was not, however, the family that currently lives in the house.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Carrel bought the house in 1970, long after the legend and the statue were cast.

Try Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas G. Dumas, who sold them the house, suggests Mrs. Carrel. And try Earl Hayward, the furniture store owner, he knows something about the dog.

Earl Hayward does indeed know something about the dog. More than he would have readily admitted when he was a boy.



Earl Hayward With Dog

Hayward, 69, stands next to the statue of the dog on a warm late winter day and recalls another warm day 60 years ago when he, a brother and two friends were returning home from swimming at Fern Falls up in Mission Canyon.

"We always liked to look at this big old dog," says Hayward. "So that day we decided to get on, and I was the last one — I was the smallest one...Rolly was up front, then Lanky and then Ken...And I didn't have room so I got between Ken and the tail and squeezed down in there and that's when the tail broke off. The tail fell off, but I didn't."

"With the tail coming off, we all really took off...ran like the dickens."

Standing there 60 years later, Hayward puts his hand on the dog's head, and says:

"I've watched this dog all my life. This is a monument for this whole area around here, this big old dog...I heard that it saved some-

one's life at the turn of the century and for that reason they made a monument...I don't know if it was in the ocean or a fire or what it was."

Mr. and Mrs. Dumas, who sold the dog's home to the Carrels, also have a version of the statue's creation.

First of all, the rough treatment suffered at the hands, or rather the backsides, of young Hayward and his buddies, was not the only indignity to befall the dog, according to the Dumases.

In 1946, the Dumases bought the corner home, one of a row of three-story, elaborate stucco houses reportedly built before the turn of the century by William F. Crocker of the San Francisco Crocker.

The Dumases, it turned out, had not only purchased a home, they had also bought the focus of a Halloween tradition and the object of fraternity hazing.

Dumas, 66, a native of Greece and semi-retired, discovered during his family's first year in the house that a Halloween tradition, since abandoned, seemed to demand that neighborhood youngsters paint the dog.

He also discovered that local fraternities of the time regularly sent their pledges out with a task of stealing the nearly 4-foot-tall, 340-pound iron alloy dog.

But why a dog at all? Whom had it rescued?

The unglamorous truth, say Mr. and Mrs. Dumas, is no one.

Rover was the dog's uninspired name, and he belonged to a little girl named Eleanor Willits who once lived in Three Rivers, Mich. The dog and the child were born in the same year, 1877, and grew up together in Three Rivers.

When Rover died at the very old age, for a dog, of 18 years, Eleanor asked that a statue be made of her beloved pet.

The larger than life casting was hauled to California when Eleanor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren J. Willits, bought the corner Crocker house in Santa Barbara about 1903.

This, the Dumases insist, is the true story as related to them by Eleanor, herself, who became a very close friend.