



Bearing its skeleton to the summer sun is the Charles Reeves' A-frame on Cape Lookout. Straight ahead lies Onslow Bay, behind lies the Atlantic, and beneath the deck are supporting

posts that plunge six feet into the earth to withstand hurricane stress. Mr. Reeves and daughter Suzanne look out on boats cutting through the water. (Photo by Ken Cooke)



This photograph shows position of the vacation house in relation to the more than one-hundred-year-old lighthouse, and to Onslow Bay (in the foreground) and the Atlantic Ocean extreme top of photo). Between the Ocean and the lighthouse lies the beach where Reeves and his family land and take off in their private plane.

# Dramatic Dream House Is Isolation in A-Line

By BETSY MARSH

**CAPE LOOKOUT**—Nearly everything here goes up. From the high-pitched roof of the Charles Reeves' A-frame house to the Reeves themselves—the latter are up in the air often because flying's the only way to get here, unless you take a boat from the mainland.

The up-in-the air state of exhilaration has prevailed since the second home was completed in 1962, because it embodies the dramatic dream of so many people—an island all their own.

Only a couple of native dwellings mar the sandy loneliness, and the wind whistles through the grasses with nothing to stop it.

Summertime here means living is easy, the fish are jumping, the oysters and clams are only a few yards away. Noted as one of the best fishing areas along the coast, its waters offer up Spanish mackerel, blue fish, a wide variety of bottom fish, scallops, oysters and clams. And cold weather promises an alternative sport—duck and geese hunting on the mainland side of Core Banks at Davis.

Situated in a spot that's glorified by national hunting and fishing magazines, the house is surrounded by a beach thick with shells, dried seaweed and driftwood. And it forms a place to walk and muse for four children, and their active parents. Reeves is president of a holding company which operates in seven states; his wife is active in the State Art Society.

Southeast of Atlantic Beach, the Cape is all but unknown to many North Carolina beachgoers. And it's even more hurricane threatened in its unprotected position.

The same ashen grey color as a seagull, the family's A-frame has weathered naturally in four years. And the only trace of outside color lies in the redwood frames for the hurricane-proof glass set in under the eaves of the roof.

This second home was structured to resist the threat. "My own design," explains this giant man whom the natives call "Mr. Charlie." It's skeleton is a simple "A". A series of 45-foot-long cross-tied poles, set six feet apart, meet at the roof peak above, and thrust six feet into the ground below.

"Poles are bridge-bolted together at the top and under each deck," according to Mr. Charlie.

The resulting strength has accommodated several hurricanes with no evident damage. And the three floors and sweep of deck stand unblemished.

The emphasis is on comfort. The top two floors, small though they are, have two full baths, two half baths, and sleeping space for 22—if the sexes can be properly arranged.

A broad deck encircles three sides of the main floor. And that floor boasts an ample kitchen, well-stocked pantries, and a large living room.

The furnishings are comfortable, unpretentious and highly personal.

There are paperbacks and magazines piled on a table, and a bright netting filled with the shells from a lovely beach stroll.

Down one side are a poker table and several rattan chairs upholstered in white naphahyde.

Furnishings on the other side include four massive chairs upholstered in saddle leather that were selected on a vacation in Mexico. There's a table made from two ship's wheels.

A network of apertures ventilates the bedroom-lofts and below the openings there's a curious looking wooden propeller mounted between Mexican watercolors in bright scarlet.

"That," said Reeves, "came off my first plane." He's had several planes since, but he used to keep that one in the pasture on a family farm outside Sanford.

There's no rule against wet bathing suits and bare feet, they're welcomed. But the owner did hold out for two luxuries—hot water and lights. And therein lies a tale.

Reeves had installed a hot water tank and tiled shower. ("I think they're the only ones on the island," he chuckled) and a complex, three-part lighting system, with one picking up where the previous one failed in case of storm or hurricane.

The lighting system was based first on two generators. When they went out there was a gas lighting system. And when that went a set of kerosene lamps.

Last summer, the very isolated beauty of the place plummeted it onto network TV. Chevrolet had searched the length of the Atlantic coast for an unblemished bit of coast on which to shoot a set of commercials.

After plane-borne scouts scoured the coast, they fingered this spot.

In July, a covey of New York models, camera crew, three security men and two advance models of Chevrolet put down on the sandy stretches. And the Reeves place became their on-location set. Not overly eager to rent out, the head of the house set a steep daily rent—\$100 a day—and got a taker.

Suddenly in this spot where the generator is all-important, the TV crew also needed a generator operator. That's where the Reeves' son came in. It was a job that kept him hopping around the clock—at \$25 a day. The former beauty queens were photographed at night, necessitating all night light.

At mid-day the breakers are so much white foam against blue-green water. And Shackelford to the right and Coke Banks to the left look like spines of a little dun-colored strand lined with the tiny matchsticks of telephone poles.

That's from the water's vantage where the host has tak'n guests out for a spin

under the unbelievable sun in the \$20,000 craft that sleeps four and is named for Mrs. Reeves.

"Originally," the host explained over the roar, "I designed the house for a boat basin and floating dock under the front deck. "But the channel wouldn't hold and the boat basin was moved."

Even the grocery and laundry run to Harker's Island is a lark by boat. And the young also like to explore Shackelford where wild sheep and horses graze, new foals loller on untried legs and under-ground springs spill over with clear, sparkling water. And remains of a once prosperous 19th century whaling town—Diamond City—remain to entice the curious.

The unsophisticated change of pace and back-to-simple-nature routine apparently delights the four Reeves children. This house is an oftentimes haunt for Terry, age 22, who was graduated from Carolina in June and will enter the university's law school this fall; David, a rising junior at Carolina; Suzanne, who enters Mount Vernon Junior College this fall; and John, age 12.

You can laze on the deck on a summer afternoon in Reeves-designed chairs with built-in footrests, and send your dreams skyward.

And while you're looking up you might see a small plane descending. With one member of this beach-minded family at the controls.

Piloting a plane is the special province of every member of the family—with the exception of Mrs. Reeves and 12-year-old John. And already Mrs. Reeves is taking lessons.