

Creating Instruments of Beauty

In 1680 Antonio Stradivari established a shop in Cremona, Italy, where he created violins, violas and cellos. This year Carolyn Field set up a shop on Pickett Road for the same purpose. Her workshop has a magical array of tools. She creates instruments with great precision and love.

Carolyn was born in Houston, went to public school in Tulsa and to college at Swarthmore. She grew up surrounded by music; her mother played the piano, her sister became a professional violinist and her brother an amateur violinist. Carolyn began on piano, played flute in school orchestras, but as a young adult she decided to play an instrument that was more needed, and took up the cello.

She was playing cello in a community orchestra in Houston when she met her present husband, Frank, who worked in the research lab of Humble Oil Company and played violin. They were both married to other people and their families became friends in music and in church activities!

Carolyn has been interested in the acoustics and physics of stringed instruments for a long time, collecting articles in *Scientific American* and *Physics Today* in the 1960s. More than a decade later, after she and Frank had married, she learned, in moving to New York City, that her cello had been damaged and would cost more to repair than it was worth. Friends referred her to Carleen Hutchins, who taught violin making and repairing and was the author of several of the scientific articles that had fascinated Carolyn earlier.

"I always liked to work with my hands,"

Carolyn said. She embarked on a career in 1977 of making instruments — 42 in all, violins, violas and three cellos. "Some are better than others but they are all good," she said with understandable pride. One was a commission. Others have been bought by adult amateurs, professional players, and talented students--sometimes the grandchildren of friends.

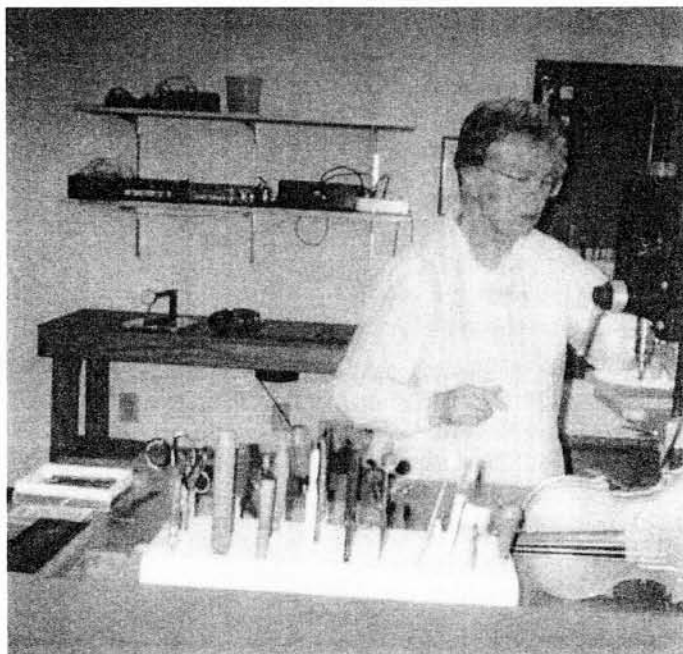


photo by Ed Albrecht

In her studio are a dozen planes — some tiny versions of the usual carpenter tool — and gouges, chisels, scrapers and calipers accurate to the most minute measure. Frank has constructed an electronic sound generator that creates patterns in aluminum glitter on the violin tops and backs to show Carolyn whether she is within tight tolerances on the dimensions of these plates. The sounds are

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The Forester

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In Memoriam

Helen Dietz Pratt	November 13, 2005
Sarah Ferguson Blanchard Hobbs	Nov. 23, 2005
Frank James Simes	November 25, 2005
Carl Frederick Young	November 28, 2005

Creating Instruments of Beauty

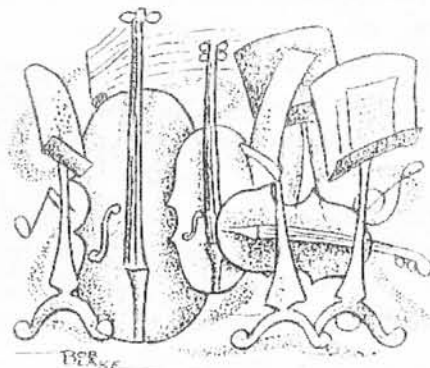
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sometimes so loud she wears ear protectors. She orders blocks of wood, maple or spruce, from a supply house. She cuts them to a pattern, glues them together, carves the ornate scrolls and varnishes the wood. She buys fingerboards, pegs and strings to complete the assembly of the instrument.

She currently plays a "vertical viola," and Frank still plays violin and viola. In Oak Ridge, TN, where they lived before coming to The Forest, she and Frank did a project about the comparable loudness of instruments, and they have both published papers in the *Catgut Acoustical Society Journal*.

Carolyn enjoys both chamber and orchestral music, and her tastes embrace a variety of composers. She makes one particularly aware of the "art" in artisan.

Mal Oettinger





President's Podium

Well, the elections are over and we have a new vice-president and three new committee chairs:

Vice-president — Penelope Easton
Chair, Finance Committee — Harold Bobroff
Chair, Governance Comm. — Georgia Campion
Chair, Facilities Committee — Frank Sargent

The updated organizational chart and a list of all committee chairs are posted on our bulletin board. The Association budget for FY-06 also is posted for your review.

The Photo Directory has gone to the printer, and should be available later this month. Watch for a notice informing you when and where to pick up your copy.

The Employee Appreciation Fund Drive will close on December 12, so put your checks in the Association drop box in the mail room. Let's show our employees how much we appreciate them.

On January 1, 2006 the "2701 Program" will be the responsibility of the Residents' Activity Committee, with Earl Davis sub-committee chair. Several changes have been made to the program format. There will be no dues, and all residents can attend all programs free of charge. However, we will still serve a continental breakfast for \$1.00. If you want breakfast, please sign the count-me-in-book (so we know how many) and drop your dollar in the basket at the door when you enter.

You may be interested in an update on both Accreditation and Medicare.

Accreditation: We are now 22% complete, and are planning to schedule the site inspection for next fall.

Medicare: Although I was disappointed by the resident turn-out for voting on Medicare (only 158 voted,) 72% of those voting recommended that the Residents' Board of Directors move forward with Medicare certification. Therefore, I have asked the Medicare Study Committee to prepare a draft resolution that will request Medicare certification for our skilled nursing facility (SNF). After review and approval by the Residents' Board of Directors, the resolution will be forwarded to the TFAD Board of Directors with a request for approval. I will keep you updated on this very important issue.

Happy holidays to you all.

Jim Shuping



Home again, home again, jiggy jog.

I recently returned from a four week jaunt to South India. It was much like going to another planet. When people ask how I liked my trip, the only honest reply I can give is, "It was intense!"

For years I have had this love-hate relationship with India beginning in 1971 when my husband, a cultural anthropologist, was dean of a group of college honor students on a nine-month academic tour through South Asia. When arriving in India, I was both dazzled and dismayed. A more fascinating country I had never experienced, and to this day, it is the most frustrating country I have ever visited. Nothing is as it seems or as you would expect. One needs to continually do a cultural Tai Chi to stay balanced. As Bill Moyers once advised in his program series, *The Aging Brain*, "to slow down the aging process, stay involved in new ideas and adventures." I can think of no better way to scramble a mindset of expectations than to go to India.



Withal, it has been exciting to return periodically during these past 34 years and witness the enormous changes that have come about in the cities as well as the rural areas. The bullocks and the donkeys still parade the village streets untethered while the pedestrians talk on their cell phones and the streets boast an internet service about every other doorway. As more and more villagers flock to the cities looking for work (for which they usually are not qualified to compete,) the numbers of beggars and diseased indigents naturally increase. This urban tragedy now is seen in many of the third world countries as well as India. In the more rural sectors, poverty still exists. But in an agricultural setting, with the family and neighborhood taking care of their own, these problems do not seem as flagrant as in the urban areas.

India now has the fastest growing middle class in the world, second, perhaps, only to China. The last few years have seen staggering amounts of foreign technological expansion and out-sourcing. Unfortunately, the internal and urban infrastructure has not kept up with these changes. At present, there is mega pollution with traffic and housing problems that are critical and must be addressed. Alas, there is still much corruption within most of the local governments and a tendency toward "every man for himself." Anarchy has become a way of life and social change is happening very slowly. Much of the short-range, self-centered civic planning may be explained historically when one considers that hundreds of years of foreign rule did not create much incentive to work with the ruling administration. But whatever the causes, this inability to pull together toward a vision with larger goals for the "greater good" is a serious lack and will have to be dealt with soon if this great country is to survive in a competitive world.

Most of my time during this trip to India was spent at a famous retreat center, *Prashanti Nilayam* —Abode of Peace, located in a rural re-

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gion of Andhra Pradesh, some 300 kilometers from Bangalore. It is a non-denominational retreat center that is probably the largest in the world. At the main entrance gate, a sculptured logo of every major religion is represented. Individuals and large groups of Catholics come in from Rome and Argentina. Buddhist nuns and priests come down from Siddham and Tibet, Zoroastrians from Iran; Moslems from Iraq and Saudi Arabia; Christians from all over Europe, England, New Zealand, America; Hindus from Indonesia, South Africa, and India, etc.

Prashanti Nilayam is a unique setting where thousands come to refocus on the basic human values and to recharge their physical, emotional and spiritual batteries with whatever contemplative practice they prefer. This has been a great resource to me through the years. Periodically, I would find myself getting frazzled by the multiple demands of my husband's profession, those of my profession, and those of family. It was a long way to go but it always worked and I always returned home strengthened and ready to pick up the reins again.

And now, like all good things, there comes a time for closure. This last trip may have been the end of that saga. I feel fortunate to have had this very special relationship with India. *Nāmeṣte**

Lois Bateson

An Honored Resident



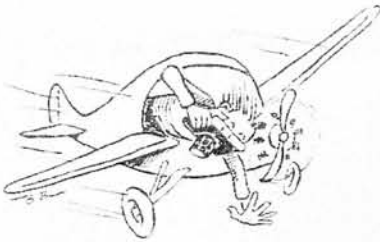
It is rumored that within hours after Bess Raper arrived at The Forest in 1992, she donned the pink smock that began her long and dedicated devotion to volunteer work at Duke, first at Duke Hospital, and later at the Eye Center.

Her commitment has not gone unnoticed. She has been honored with a President's Volunteer Service Award, shown here. It stemmed from a program started by President Bush calling on Americans to devote at least two years — or 4000 hours — to serve others in some capacity as a volunteer.

Bess Raper, now 95 years old, has long since passed that benchmark. A deep bow from the waist from us all.

*Translation: Salutations to the Divine within.

Aerial View of TFAD



The framed, boxed picture of TFAD across the hall from the library entrance has a very interesting history. It involves unique Kodak technology which may not be available today. It was done for us because we had a special "connection" at Kodak.

In 1993 during a discussion with our son Richard about making an aerial picture of TFAD, he suggested it might be possible to do a 3D image. Rick worked for Kodak at the time and he showed me some 3D pictures Kodak was making of still life scenes. An aerial picture from a moving plane had not yet been tried. Rick conferred with the Kodak experts, and they were interested in "taking a shot" at such a project.

Rick then proceeded to put together a "spread sheet" relating all the variables to be controlled during a flight for a target 2,000 ft wide. It was estimated it would take at least 24 pictures, with only 1 degree of separation between each picture, to provide sufficient data for the Kodak computer program to produce an acceptable 3D image. The other variables to be controlled during the flight were as follows: focal length of camera lens, air distance to TFAD from the plane, angle of elevation between the plane and the ground with reference to TFAD, ground distance from TFAD at various angles of elevation, air speed of plane, number of pictures required per second by the camera.

Using the "spread sheet" Rick had prepared, a flight plan was chosen with the help of pilot Lynwood Roberts, a friend of Nelson Strawbridge. Lynwood also volunteered to make the flight at no cost to us.

Details of the flight were as follows:

- Line of flight, starting at school on Anderson ST, flying toward Pepsi headquarters on perimeter road, 2,700 ft ground distance from TFAD (midpoint of flight)
- Altitude of plane 2,500 ft
- Plane speed 80 miles per hour
- Camera lens 40mm, @ f 8 aperture
- Shutter speed 1/250 second
- Kodak Lumier film, ASA 100
- Film advance set at two pictures per sec.

Actually, a full roll of 36 pictures was taken in 18 seconds, with the camera pointed constantly at the same spot in the picture. This was also a critical detail to produce a series of pictures capable of creating a 3D picture.

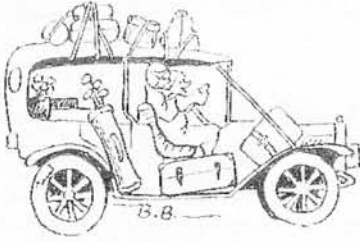
At Kodak, 24 slides, from the set of 36, were digitized. Examining the surface of the framed picture displayed near our library entrance, you'll note it is made up of $\frac{1}{8}$ inch vertical ribs all the way across the picture. Using Kodak's digital imaging technology, each rib contains a very tiny slice of each of the 24 slides. The Kodak people also removed moving cars from the picture, which would have interfered with the 3D image. It is an understatement to say that Kodak did a remarkable piece of work. The picture is actually printed on a thin plastic sheet. It is framed and mounted on a box simply to provide space for a bulb so it can be back-lit for convenient viewing.

As is often the case, the first attempt can be improved upon. Kodak technicians concluded the slides should have been taken at a faster rate, up to 4 frames per second, to bring the entire picture into sharper focus without movement of the image as the viewer changes position.

Approximately six months after completing our picture, Kodak received a request to do an aerial scene in Japan. Based on our experience, they told the customer, "Yes we can do that."

As you can surmise, the process to make a picture like this is very expensive. Because of our son's connections at Kodak, they made this picture at no cost to us. It is reasonable to assume we will not make another picture like this.

Ed Albrecht



Resident Ramblings

Hurricanes are behind us; favorite basketball teams are on the courts; and the fall foliage was never lovelier. We have discussed Medicare and learned about Point of Service. Now come the holidays to plan for and to enjoy.

Earlier this year the one-year residents held a reunion. Those in attendance were **Jean Anderson**, **Helen** and **Barry Cayne**, **Jackie Chadwick**, **Grace Ann** and **Theodore Hovet**, **Sheila Mason**, **Rosemary** and **John Oates**, and **Nancy** and **Tom Wilson**. (**Delaina** and **Al Buehler** were unable to attend.) Also attending were their hosts at the 2004 New Residents Social including **Rheta Skolaut**, **John Friedrich**, **Mary Ruth Miller**, **Sylvia** and **Ned Arnett**, **Phyllis** and **Harry Owen**, and **Susan** and **Jim Shuping**. The group shared their thoughts about the first year experience. The comments were overwhelmingly positive — noting the friendliness of the residents; the variety of activities; and the excellent service given by the staff. A Closing Comment: We are so pleased that you chose The Forest.

We all know that **Loma Young** is an artist, but now we find she has yet another skill! Hechts had a large display of pink jelly beans in a jar with the candy to be given to the customer who guessed closest to the correct number. Loma guessed the exact number—1825! She now has pink jelly beans for the whole winter. **Hilda** and **Ed Remmers** spent a week in Missouri with relatives and friends. **Steve Baxter** was in Baltimore with family, that this time included his daughter from Brazil. **Marion** and **Bernie Bender** with **Priscilla Squier** took a Caribbean cruise. **Jean Anderson's** son, **Bradley**, and grandson, **Carl**, paid her a short visit.

Mary Hobart spent a week in St. Louis with her daughter. **Betty Ketch** had an early Thanksgiving in Peoria, Illinois.

Nancy Sokol attended a family wedding in Charleston, South Carolina. **Ginny Putnam** had a large family group for a long weekend in November. We hope she found a highchair for the youngest one!



A Christmas Fantasy

It was during December and a dusting of snow recolored the pansies. One cold morning just before dawn a strange helicopter landed on the Visitors Parking Lot. **Ann Campbell** and **Dot Heroy** heard the commotion, put on some woolies, and dashed right out. When a man in a red suit who was quite obese stepped out—they knew at once it must be St. Nick! He said “I’m desperate this year to make enough toys. Health insurance for my elves and heating oil costs at the North Pole have gone up out of sight. Could you make any donations?” The group marched inside and there were those wonderful wooden toys made by **Frank Medure**, **Bill Louv**, **Art Watts**, **Bob Moyer**, **Nancy Wilson**, **Collin Ostrander**, **Jarus Quinn**, and **Hy Mansberg**. The woodworkers decided to donate all of the toys to Santa. The elves started loading them on the plane. Food Service brought out coffee and doughnuts for all. Santa climbed aboard and, as he stood in the doorway, called “**Thank you so much — Happy Holidays to all!**”

Mary Gates

Welcome New Residents



photo by Ed Albrecht

Donald and Helen Silver

Cottage 3

490-5954

Don grew up in North and South Carolina and earned both his undergraduate and medical degrees at Duke. After a medical residency at Duke he joined the faculty there. In 1975 he accepted an appointment as chairman of the Department of Surgery at the University of Missouri Medical School in Columbia, MO. Helen is a native of Arkansas. She was educated at the University of Arkansas and Duke and taught high-school English in Durham and Tucson, AZ. She is interested in art and gardening. Don lists as his hobbies and special interests teaching, medical research, and the history of medicine. His academic career reflects these interests as well. In addition to a clinical and surgical practice and teaching, he has been intensely involved in research into the causes and cure of vascular diseases. In addition, he played a major role in the establishment, at the University of Missouri, of a collection of rare medical books. The Silvers have daughters in St. Louis and Portsmouth, VA, sons in Taipei, Taiwan, and the Durham-Chapel Hill area and four grandchildren.

Herbert and Charlotte Saltzman

Cottage 75

489-1183

Herb and Charlotte both come from Philadelphia and its environs. She was a liberal arts student at Penn State and studied business at Temple while he graduated from Ursinus College and earned his M.D. at Jefferson Medical College. The Saltzmans lived at Geneva, NY, and San Antonio, TX, while Herb was serving in the Air Force. He then joined the Duke medical faculty where he specialized in pulmonary medicine. He is also associated with the Pulmonary Clinic at Danville, VA, a Duke medical school outreach effort, and has been a visiting professor at the University of California at San Diego. Charlotte admits that her main interests in college were boys and sports, and she has continued to be an active golfer, not only playing but also helping to stage charity golf tournaments, primarily in support of breast-cancer research. Herb is a tennis player. Both Saltzmans are Duke basketball fans and lovers of classical music. They have two daughters and a son. A granddaughter, Loren Brown, is a member of The Forest wait staff.



photo by Ed Albrecht

Ad Lib

"Shoot for the moon. Even if you miss, you land among the stars."

Christmas giving:



"The Wise Men set out and there ahead of them went the star that they had seen at its rising, until it stopped over the place where the child was. When they saw that the star had stopped they were overwhelmed with joy. On entering the house they saw the child with Mary his mother and they knelt down and paid Him homage. Then, opening their treasure chests, they offered Him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh."

Is this where the gift-giving began? Perhaps not, but all over the world today people are imitating the Wise Men, crowding the malls and emptying their wallets. I do not have the stamina to compete in this annual shopping test of endurance. I thumb through the catalogues, make a list and pick up the phone. Here are some suggestions for those of you who would do the same. I have given the name of the catalogue, the phone number, item number, etc. below.

ROOM SERVICE HOME 1-800 588 1170. A ladylike tool kit, eight pieces, hammer, screwdriver, etc with pink flowered handles, all very durable. Item GM203701 @ \$32.00.

Also in the same catalogue, a slim little book for canine lovers — *97 ways to make a Dog Smile*. GBV21902 @ \$7.95.

SOLUTIONS 1-800 342 9988. From Sweden, an ice-scraper — 2 blades (one for snow, one for ice) and an attractive mitten to protect the hand. Item 68609 @ \$19.95.

THE VERMONT COUNTRY STORE 1-802 362 8440. A bright red men's nightshirt. Item 18600 @ \$39.95. Also, to bring out the boy in a man, a Duncan super yo-yo. Item 44639 @ \$16.95. And for stocking stuffers, Asbach Brandy-filled dark chocolate Santas, eight to a box. Item 44555 @ \$9.95.

CRITICS CHOICE VIDEO 1-800 367 7765 A DVD of *Casablanca*. Item DL WBD065008 @ \$17.96; or a DVD of *Some Like It Hot* - item DLM GDOO1738 @ \$12.95.

BITS AND PIECES 1-800 544 7297 A great gift for the bed-ridden — a butterfly kaleidoscope. Item 08C6728 @ \$14.99.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM 1-800 468 7386. Their parents will never forgive you, but think of the fun your young grandchildren will have with a kids' accordion. Instructions and easy-to-play songs included. Four years and up. Item M4074K @ \$19.95. A quieter gift—*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland Pop Up*. Four years and up. Item M00001K @ \$25.95.

WILLIAMS-SONOMA 1-800 541 2233 If you're feeling wildly extravagant or love someone very much — exceptional California Osetra Caviar item 396343131 2oz. @ \$130 00. Their imported caviar, about double the price.

SIGNALS 1-800 669 9696 "On the day you were born what happened?" The N.Y. Times front page of that day made into a jig saw puzzle. Item HB8102 @ \$39.95. Order early December.

Don't spend all your money, and have a happy Christmas.

Libby Getz

Kacy's Memories

When I got a job at Doubleday in 1937, I could scarcely believe my luck: to be paid to read! At that time publishing was a rather leisurely business among privately owned companies. I was a copy editor, which is not the same as an Editor. I could neither accept nor reject a manuscript, I did not deal with agents and was not invited to three-martini lunches. What I did was read every word, correct spelling and grammar, make sure a character didn't have blue eyes on one page and brown eyes 50 pages later. A certain amount of fact checking and querying anything I needed to ask the author were the fun parts.

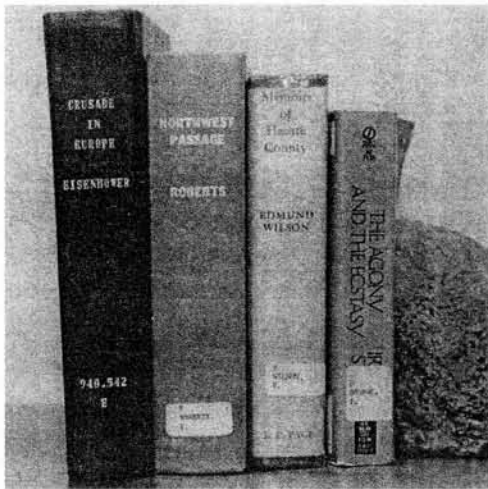


photo by Ed Albrecht

I got to know quite a few of the authors when they came to my office to answer those queries. Kenneth Roberts was famously curmudgeonly, Irving Stone certainly exhibited all the agony. I don't know if he ever achieved the ecstasy. He was always very tentative about whether his books would sell. The first time I met him, he had asked me to come to his hotel rather than meet in the office. When lunchtime approached, he took me to Ruben's for carved beef. A Californian, he was very casually dressed and the headwaiter refused to seat him without a tie. He produced a cigar box full of greasy ties, Irving put one over his shirt and we were given a table.

Edmund Wilson's manuscript for *Memoirs*

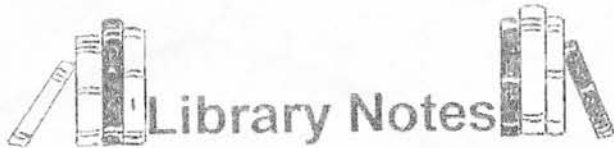
of *Hecate County* was very messy and when I called him at the *New Yorker* he said, "Don't change a thing. My style has definite value." I asked if having the steam heat on in the middle of July had definite value. There was a dead silence in the *New Yorker* office, and then "I do." "You do?" "I'll be right over." I cautioned his editor that it was rather pornographic, and he said, "I should read it, I guess." (At that time there were laws about such things.) There was a flap in the editorial department and it was decided to claim that it was literature. But the court decided otherwise when Doubleday was sued. The book was banned and all remaining copies destroyed. I recently sold my first edition.

When Dwight Eisenhower wrote *Crusade in Europe*, I copy-edited it. Experts were hired to check all the facts, so I was not responsible for that part of the job. I went with the Editor-in-Chief to Washington where Eisenhower was living before he became President. We were invited for lunch with him one day. Mamie was not there, but she sent a note to the Editor explaining that she had gone to New York to be with her daughter-in-law, who was about to give birth to David, now Julie Nixon's husband.

The president of Doubleday had called a meeting to announce to the staff that this book was very important, that the advance on royalties had been huge and that this [was] going to be one book published with no mistakes. When it was published, the *March of Time* television show featured it with a backdrop of the opening page. The first sentence began "When Field Marshal Jodl entered my tent to surrender..." But, Jodl was never a Field Marshal; he was a Colonel General. I thanked my stars that I was not responsible for that one.

In the 1960s the acquisition era began. The bottom line became all-important, and conglomerates gobbled up most of the industry. Many books I read now seem to have been published with no editorial attention at all. The party's over but it was great fun while it lasted.

Kacy Tebbel



A Bittersweet Homecoming



Some day it will turn cold, and then a cozy chair and a good book are always appealing. As our library keeps adding to its collection, taking time to browse the shelves can lead to several hours of pleasure. Be sure to check the "Recent Acquisitions" on the big table, as well as the rolling rack where items recently checked in can be found. If you need a large print book, look for that on the "island." Our rotating magazine rack contains much good current reading. So does the big table.

After finishing a magazine, just put it on the desk for the library assistant to shelve. Sometimes it's hard to find an empty slot, and we do try to keep the magazines in alphabetical order by title. Return all books, tapes, CDs, and our few DVDs to the desk, to be put back where they belong. (For example, although mysteries are also fiction, we try to keep them separate from the other fiction.) All mysteries are in the classroom, along with the paperback fiction, short stories, essays, condensed books, etc.

Sometimes when a group is using the classroom and the door is shut, please come back later. The door is supposed to be open always after 5:00 p.m.

All donations of books, tapes, and magazines should be placed on the desk, along with a slip indicating the donor.

A final reminder: when you sign a card or the notebook, please indicate the date. We use dates of usage to determine when it's time to eliminate an item. Sad to say, our space limitations require us to do occasional "weeding."

Keep on reading and listening!

Mary Ruth Miller

It was just several days before Christmas in 1944. A troop ship had come into San Francisco bringing Marines from the Pacific.

The Women Reserve Marine Corps choral group had been asked to meet the ship to welcome the men home and sing a few Christmas carols. I was a member of the choral group that was often asked to sing at hospitals, but this was the first shipboard "performance."

The men looked so young, so weary. It was a moving experience. We could see tears in the eyes of some who were close to the stage, even we women Marines, when we sang "I'll be Home for Christmas."

After several songs, we sang the Marine Corps hymn only to be booed at the end of it. Booed! Why? Why?

We were allowed to remain aboard for a short while and mingle with the men, and it was then we heard them say, "We've been thru Hell. We don't want to hear anything more about the Marine Corps."

Edna Wilson

Durham's Art Tours

How wonderful to have such a glorious Fall season. It meant we had plenty of time to enjoy being outdoors, bask in the gaudy array of colorful leaves and put off winter and cold weather as long as possible.

The good weather was an inducement to us to get to know the city of Durham and its surroundings a little better and one of the best ways we've found to do this was to take advantage of the art tours. There is an Orange County Art Tour which takes one beyond the city and down the back roads to locations that challenge your map-finding skills. Artists tend to locate themselves Far From the Madding Crowd. Once found, however, one is treated to glorious creations; paintings, jewelry, pottery, glass, metal, wood carvings, furniture, weavings, etc.

Most of the art is found in the artist's home and the tour becomes a progressive party. You meet the artist, tour his or her studio, have a little snack, and a sip of cider, and then move on to the next site. Of course we have to drive ourselves, but maps are provided for each tour. In the beginning of December (December 3, 4, 10, and 11) there is scheduled to be a studio tour in Chatham County. This is the trip that is a real adventure. Down the back roads of rural Chatham County, dirt roads along the Haw River, up and down through a terrain that seems almost hostile to habitation. However, the artists that live and work in these wooded enclaves are masters in their field, and we've seen some of the finest craft production in the whole area.

The city of Durham has its own art walks. There were two in November. The first was in homes in the Watts-Hillandale area. The second was close to downtown. Here you really can walk from one studio to the next. Many of the artists are located in the renovated tobacco warehouses and loft spaces being added to older building renovations. I must admit that, in addition to the art, a very interesting aspect of this tour is to see the stu-

dios and homes that once contained huge pieces of machinery, stacks of fresh tobacco hung from high ceilings, and an industry which produced the cigarettes and tobacco for the whole country. Lucky Strike looms high above the American Tobacco Historic District. These warehouses have been turned into beautiful, spacious offices and condominiums with hardwood floors, high ceilings and large windows. What great places to live and work! Hard to imagine the change that is taking place right before our eyes. This is truly art in the making.

And, this is just the beginning. Many old buildings are being renovated, streets are being redesigned, old stores are being demolished and new buildings going up in their place. Downtown will soon be a thriving metropolis. Hopefully when our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren come along they will know Durham, North Carolina as a city that has made the best of its heritage, and the Art Walk will have become a major center for local artists.

Peggy Quinn

