

The “Buglers”:

Lee A.	Linda C.
Phil C.	Lois K.
Max K.	Paul S.
Cari B.	

Bud Wilbur

By Charlie R.

Writing an article for the Bugle can have unexpected results. An article may trigger wonderful memories for other residents that are far afield from what was written; it may also connect seemingly disparate events. For instance, would you connect “Grandpa’s Knob” with “Dixieland Jazz”? This happened to me with the March Bugle article by Gordon C. about the windmill project on Grandpa’s knob.



In 1970, I first heard “Bud” playing jazz piano at a party. I had been in bands since the fifth grade and jazz bands starting with The Old Chapel Six at Middlebury College in the fifties. Since I was “between bands” at the time, I rushed home for my horns and joined the man introduced as Bud Wilbur. We formed a new jazz band that very night. The Hancock Jug Band lasted ten years with Bud as leader. In this photo, Bud is on the left and I am on the right with my cornet.

During those years, I learned about Bud’s various experiences. He had retired from MIT as Chair of the Civil Engineering Department. Among other experiences he once described was a windmill project on a Vermont mountain named Grandpa’s Knob.

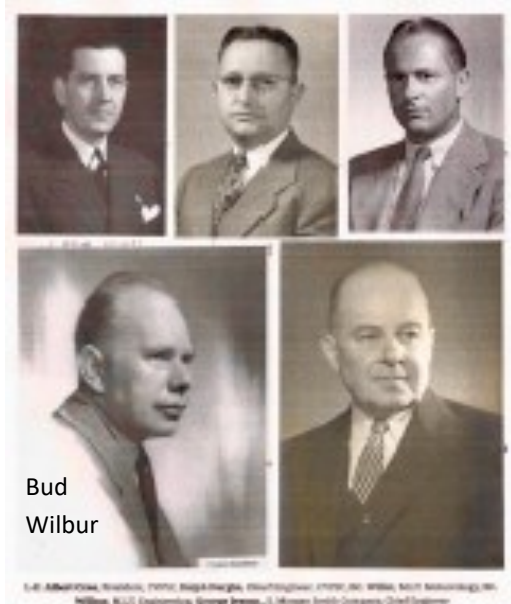
Bingo! The man I knew best as a jazz pianist had worked on the very same project Gordon had described in the Bugle!

Looking further, I found a 2021 article written for the 80th anniversary of the windmill project. It contained details of the team that conceptualized and built the windmill.

Yep, there was Dr. John B. Wilbur, pictured with the founders as being: “one of the scholars without whose minds, the turbine may not have gotten to the point it did.”

Bud had other talents. For example, though he could not read music, he authored the words and music for the MIT alma matter in 1926. It is still used with only minor tweaking to achieve gender neutrality.

So, the next time you think about contributing one of your memories to the Bugle, remember that your efforts may be the launch pad for others to recall events in their lives. Launching memories is great fun and a senior skill!



Familiar Faces

Pete G.

Pete (Donald Gail G.) is a versatile poet, an award winning artist, and a published magazine writer and photographer. His high school English teacher, Mrs. Milnar, is responsible for his love of poetry - especially Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Pete gives special thanks to Edwina Trentham, his English Professor at Connecticut College, and says that poetry class was the most interesting college course he had ever taken. Edwina was passionate in her teaching and writing of poetry in many forms. With gratitude for her inspiration, he sent Edwina a copy of his poetry book. It is not surprising that Pete writes poetry in many different forms from classical as well as from a personal point of view.



From 1959 until 1966, Pete served aboard a submarine deployed out of the United States Navy ballistic missile submarine base in Holy Loch, Scotland. His submarine would go out on 95 day patrols, many of which involved evasive tactics to hide from Soviet submarines. His shipmates gave Pete his nickname— based on the popular “Peter G.” television series.

After Pete retired from the Navy, he joined B.A.E (British Aerospace Engineering) Systems. He worked as a Senior Systems Engineer on the Trident Ballistic Missile Submarine Program. After 39 years supporting the Cold War effort, Pete retired in 2003.



On September 11, 2001, Pete was in a building in the vicinity of the Pentagon and heard the crash as the plane hit. In remembrance of that horrific event, he artistically created a structure (technically not a painting because it was on plywood and cardboard) that was given to the 9/11 Museum. The museum made a copy and returned the original to Pete. This 2'x4' artistic piece hangs in his room in GardenSong.

Pete holds an Associates Degree in Business (Mitchell College), a Bachelors Degree in Management Science (UCONN) and a Master of Science Degree in Industrial Engineering (U. of New Haven). He has also been inducted into his High School's Hall of Honor for significant lifetime achievement.

Pete is proud of the accomplishments of his daughter and son. Loree, his daughter, is a software designer. She and her two daughters visit Pete as often as possible. His son, Todd, is in his 25th year as a special education teacher. He lives in Pennsylvania with his wife and 2 children. Pete's grandson is a Pennsylvania State policeman and his granddaughter is a freshman in college.

Pete's poetry book *The Shallow Deep End A Collection of Poems* is in the EastView library.

FEAR

by Pete G.

I fear tomorrow.
 Not for the usual reasons
 But for others,
 Their grief, their difficulties and,
 Yes, even their happiness.
 I am not the first to have
 Thought these things through
 And wondered why things are
 The way they are. Always
 Questions-never answers!
 I long to reach out and touch
 old friends and rekindle the
 embers of age into infernos
 of youth. Longings are poor
 bed warmers on chilly winter
 nights when sleep won't come
 but hides like a vixen pursued
 By ferocious band of youths
 wanting to touch and be touched...
 I used to think I had time
 To chase my crazy dreams:
 But now I realize they
 Crumble with each new breath
 As I staggered bewildered through
 This winter of my life

Note: from Barbara G.:

Barbara enjoys reading poems by Seamus Heaney, an Irish poet and winner of the 1995 Nobel Prize of Literature. She particularly likes *Digging* and *Postscript*. Please click on the link below and enjoy reading poems by this poet and numerous other poets.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/47555/digging>

Buglers' Note:

April is National Poetry month. EV will be hosting readings by three local poets, a poetry workshop, and a poetry reading event featuring work by our resident poets and a selection of favorite poems.

Familiar Faces

Nathaniel H.

Nathaniel grew up in Princeton, NJ. He tells the story of a premature birth and spending his first 2 months in an incubator. When as a small child his grandfather showed him an incubator where chicks had been born, Nathaniel was convinced that he had been hatched from an egg in his own incubator.



He had an elite education—from Princeton Day School to Philips Exeter Academy to Harvard followed by graduate studies at the University of Göttingen in Germany and then Oxford. During non-academic periods, “he had been a dishwasher, a lunch cook, a stableboy, and an employee of the Strand Bookstore.” He developed his writing skills when at Exeter and studied Latin and Greek as a classicist at Harvard. In 1969 (the time of the Vietnam War) the students rioted in Harvard Square. This was upsetting to Nathaniel and he didn’t know what to do. He went back to his room, wrote his first poem at the age of 18 and never stopped writing poetry after that.

Nathaniel lived in Brooklyn for 40 years, the first 20 years of which he worked for his father as an investment manager on Wall Street. However, that work did not suit his temperament. He then turned his focus to writing poetry as well as plays.

The Vermont connection began in 1960 when his mother purchased a farm in Ripton and his father added to the small house that was already on the property. Middlebury became Nathaniel’s home. In 2017, Nathaniel came to EastView and settled into an IL apartment. During this time he published a book of poetry *The Name We Never Lose*. His niece Megan McNerney illustrated the cover. About 2 years later, he suffered kidney failure and spent 4 months in critical condition at UVM Medical Center. He owes his life to his excellent doctor there. Upon returning to EastView, he spent some time in GardenSong before moving into Meadow-Sweet.

Nathaniel has now retired from writing poetry. He is in touch with his good friend and literary scholar George Sim Johnson and continues to read poetry. In addition to 3 short books of poetry and *The Complete Poems of Nathaniel Hutner* (published in 2021), Nathaniel has written 5 full length plays (4 comedies and 1 drama) and 3 one-act plays, one of which is *Keewaydin Plays*. The focus is on Keewaydin Camp, located on Lake Dunmore, where Nathaniel went as a boy. In 1993, *Godot Arrives* (a full length play) was produced off-Broadway. This was a great success. The NY Times Drama Critic Mel Gussow gave it a RAVE review, and, as Nathaniel said, “It was very exciting and I was amazed.”

The Complete Poems of Nathaniel H. and *The Name We Never Lose* are in the EastView library.

TIME TO BEGUINE

by Nathaniel H.

Said Sweeney to Mrs. Porter,
I shall swill your soda-water,
And then lie dead-drunk
in your lap,
My eye-lids open to your
charms.

Mrs. Porter was having none of it.
“Tut,” she said,
“You are, as far as the eye can see,
King of the Egyptians,
And I am your faithful adhaerens,
Stuck to you
like glue
(What a mess!)”

“We shall have to do a bit piece,
A clean-up campaign,
With the field open
To all comers
And other prepotent people.”

And so they did.

Did You Know:

You can get a lifetime pass for free senior entry to any Vermont State Park. Just go to the Town Office and ask for one. The cost is \$2.00. Then enjoy Branbury, DAR, Mt. Philo, Button Bay, or Kingsland Bay, all near to Middlebury. Some have spots for hikes, others swimming and boating. They are all great for picnicking and outdoor relaxation.

Spring is the time for foals to be born at Morgan Horse Farm. Go and visit the stables this spring and walk out to the field to watch the mares and their young ones. It is a special treasure.



April Birthdays

Elita D. 4/10	Bob C. 4/24
Deem S. 4/12	Alice P. 4/28
Michele J. 4/12	Rebecca C. 4/28

THE HARVEST

by Deanna Shapiro, Charlotte

This is our harvest, my husband
reminds me. Let's sit on the porch—
only a few warm days left.
He wants to take stock
Is there anything we've left undone?
Once again I search the horizon
for lingering threads that might
embroider our lives.
But, no, all the colors are there.

In front of us—his eye-filling garden—
staunch sunflowers, wispy asparagus,
sumptuous raspberries, hardy greens,
browning corn stalks—framed by
the Adirondacks and setting sun,
moving ominously to the south,
magentas and purples streaking
the broad, comforting sky.

It is comfort we need—
as he disbelieves his coming birthday number,
as our energy ebbs slowly like a recanting sail,
as our losses pile up, friends and family.

We have entered a new realm,
but our field is still fertile
for tomorrow's growth.

*Note: The poet is a friend of Lois K. and this poem is
posted on Lois' refrigerator.*

THE RITE OF SPRING

-Anonymous

Who wrote this fiendish Rite of Spring?
What right had he to write that thing?
Against our helpless ears to fling
Its crash, clash, cling, clang, bing, bang, bing.
And then to call it Rite of Spring
The season when on joyous wing
The birds melodious carols sing
And harmony is everything!
He who could write the Rite of Spring,
If I be right, by night should swing!

Note on the Rite of Spring by Gordon C.:

As choreographed by Vaslav Nijinsky, the ballet was reviled as scandalous by the audience at its premiere at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in 1913. It caused a riot (or a riotous response from the audience). It depicted a celebration of spring with a sacrificial maiden dancing herself to death. What veracity to give this Pagan myth? I don't know. Igor Stravinsky's music was no help. It was full of dissonances, pulsating rhythms, and nervous energy. But the music has taken on a life of its own as a concert piece performed by many prominent orchestras. The Rite of Spring (aka Le Sacre du printemps).

MUMS

by Holly S.

You tumble out of barrels
unpinched, unstaked
carouse on the frosty ground—
tangled mass of foliage and flesh
bursting in on autumn
willful, lusty

You sprawl over sodden leaves
unsummoned, untended
sway heedless in the wind and rain—
cascades of moist blooms
spilling sunset glory
cool, wanton

I marvel at your lineage
those chaste hothouse cousins
revered by eastern dynasties—
Thank God they cast you out uncultured
to sow sweet anarchy
among my senses

All summer I hover, feel your buds
hard, unyielding—
coy gray-green ladies hiding
harlot colors and heady odors—
testing my faith until
grand uncloaking

When at last you claim the season
oh shout out my joy
plunge my arms in your profusion
gulp damp earth smell, mouth petals
dance from your bounteous bed
drenched, alive.

*Poet's note. "Mums" was my first published
poem (The Newport Review (RI) Spring 1998) and re-
mains a favorite of mine. It appears in my book WREN,
published in Burlington VT 2015.*