



The Buglers:

Lee A.
Phil C.
Max K.
Paul S.

Linda C.
Lois K.
Russ L.
Cari B.



Our Favorite Crew

*Words by Connie L. for Annual Giving Fund 2022
Campaign (Tune: My Favorite Things, The Sound of Music)*

3 Verses

Servers and Dishwashers, Cooks in the Kitchen,
MedTechs and Caregivers out on their mission,
Painters and Shovelers and weeders galore,
These are just some of those we-ee adore.

Housekeepers sweeping the dirt from the stairs.
Community "Lifers", setting up chairs.
Concierge welcoming all who come in.
Those taking our Compost to the right bin.

Washing of Windows, and Snowblowing Walks,
Dusting and Pet Care and Pairing our Socks.
Word Searches, Art Classes, and Scenic Trips.
We certainly feel things are Highly Equipped.

1st Ending

When our Heat Stops, or our Drains Clog,
When a Lightbulb's Toast.
We simply connect with Our Favorite Crew.
The Team We Appreciate --- UTMOST!

Final Verse

Wednesday night Buffets and Folding of Clothes,
Steam Cleaning Carpets and Running the Hose,
Mulching of Gardens and Orchestra Rings,
So much to mention in this little sing.

Ending

During COVID, in a Heat Wave,
When our Faucets Leak,
We simply reach out to Our Favorite Crew
Who Deliver the Services --- we seek!



Sherry K.*Lois K.*

I want you to meet someone important in the creation and growth of EastView. For those of us who have lived at EV since its early days she was and is a familiar face.

If you walk down Deer Meadow Drive to the path that connects it with Kestrel Lane you will see Sherry's Way. Sherry and her husband John moved to Middlebury in 1986, but John's family roots go back a long way in Vermont. John directed Keewaydin Camp on Lake Dunmore and Sherry ran a tutoring program there. She also ran a tutoring business from her home. She was always active as a volunteer in the community and for many years served on the Board of Porter Hospital.

As EastView was in its initial phase, she was invited to join its Board. She worked tirelessly, on site and in many meetings. Along with our founder, Rob Alberts, Sherry struggled through some difficult early days. With the help of three Board members and three residents she oversaw the creation of the strategic plans for EastView, a work that took a full year to accomplish. She was involved personally in many ways, including the creation of the Health and Wellness program and even mapping out walking distances to assist residents in exploring their new surroundings.

Her devotion to the success of EastView as a caring, intimate, financially stable community was critical to our becoming the place where we have chosen to live.

We thank you, Sherry, and look forward to you and John being here with us in the future.

**Deric B.**

I was born right over at Porter Hospital, raised here in Middlebury, and graduated from Middlebury Union High School.

After high school, I worked at Ross Dining room. About 3 ½ years ago, I started working at EastView. In the beginning I worked doing various jobs in maintenance and occasionally helped where needed in IL. Then last year, I started running things outside. Since I hadn't really had any landscaping experience beside doing some simple and small things around the house, I had quite a lot to learn in a very short period of time. But I took on this challenge and learned quickly. I enjoy everything about my new job and my knowledge and capabilities have grown tremendously. I am even planning on starting my own landscaping side business in a couple of years.

When I am not working here, I am pretty much your standard run of the mill American outdoorsman. As many of you know, I'm a firearms enthusiast, love my loud truck, and love animals more than I do most people. Dogs and ducks in particular have a very special place in my heart. At home we have a total of 5 dogs. My three dogs are: Cheech - a 6 year old black lab, Roxie - a little Pomeranian/Corgi/Shih Tzu mix, and Buffy - a 16 year old cocker spaniel lady I have had since she was born.

I enjoy working at EastView and getting to know so many of the residents.

**It Happened at EastView**

An EV couple recently acquired a dog, which they tried to train to sleep in a dog cage, but the pup was not interested. Mrs. EV decided to entice it in with food in a bowl in her hand, as she carefully backed into the cage. Then she placed the bowl behind her. But when she attempted to slide back out of the cage, the excited pup began trying to reach the food by jumping on and over her, causing her to become trapped in the small cage, assaulted by a friendly dog. Once he stopped laughing, her husband removed the dog so that she could get out. Happily, the pup now is fond of sleeping in the cage. It is rumored that her husband is now sleeping on the couch.

It Might Have Happened at EastView

Back when Grump Gabber's grandfather Griswold farmed this area, he turned part of it into a Christmas Tree farm. Griswold didn't mind the work, but he hated having to interact with customers. Their silly puns used to drive him nuts: "We're getting a tree to spruce up the place for the holidays" ... "This will keep the kids on pines and needles until Christmas" ... "Well, Griswold, glad to see you branch out." And it was cold, even with his Johnson's wool coat and pants, and a bit of rum in his coffee. But, Griswold reckoned, it could be worse. "Better choppin' than shoppin'," he would tell his friends.

--- *Cyrilous Knott*



Holiday Traditions

Every year our Christmas had followed the same pattern. The night before Christmas my father declared that he did not care if it was Christmas— we did not need to get up early, certainly not before 6 am. There was one rule: we could not go into the living room where the tree was located until Dad had turned on the tree lights. When my brother, sister, and I wandered the halls on Christmas Eve, we did not peek into the living room, or at least I don't think my siblings peeked. I did not!

On Christmas morning, my father woke very early and hollered for us to get up. He was as excited as we were. But, first we had to brush our teeth and wash our faces. Dad even had to shave. Finally, he went into the living room and turned on the lights. We ran in after him.

We looked at the tree and the presents, but didn't touch anything. We took down our stockings. There was always a toy, a book, and an orange in the bottom. The orange was a big treat. There were other little things to fill the stockings.

Then breakfast! Christmas breakfast was always kugelhupf—a German part bread, part cake that my mother made. And, of course, milk.

Finally, we got to the presents. We sat down in a circle. Dad distributed the presents and we each stacked our own. Then Mom took charge. She decided who opened the first present. We started around the circle opening the presents one at a time. We were very disciplined about this; no one went out of turn. In retrospect, I am amazed we did not protest. Sometimes Mom suggested a present for one of us to open because she was excited for us to see what was inside.

Once all of the packages were opened and the paper and such was cleaned up, we were expected to get dressed. Then we could do what we wanted until it was time to prepare for dinner.

Ah, such memories of Christmas.

Holly P.

One holiday tradition that is imprinted in my memory bank is of our large family gatherings (14 or so) for holiday meals. After we finished the dinner feast, we sat around the table and played games like "I Spy with My Little Eye". On once such occasion and because no one could pick out what color white I had in mind, I had to reveal that the color white was "Uncle Harry's false teeth." I was seated next to Uncle Harry and he had just gotten a set of new false teeth.

Linda C.

We always left Santa a tray of milk and cookies by the fireplace! Also my mother and I made Christmas cookies, decorated trees, Santas, angels, reindeer, & stars. Fun!

Cindy H.

In the days before children had a huge Christmas stocking especially knit for them by Grandma, my brother and I were allowed to go into my father's dresser drawer and find one of his long knee socks (then worn with golf knickers) and hang those up - lots of room for more presents!

Lois A.

Here's a holiday tradition my husband and I instituted for our children: On the morning of December 24 each of our two sons would find a new set of red pajamas on his chair at breakfast. The younger the child, the sooner they put on the pjs, hoping that would bring the night before Christmas sooner! I've continued this tradition with our six grandchildren - until each aged or "sized" out. It's been fun over the years to see how the retail market has grown in their offering of holiday sleepwear.

Bonnie S.



In the year 1944, my mother, elder sister, Irene, and I had arrived in southern Germany from Riga, Latvia as refugees. We were forced to flee our country because it had been taken over by the Communist Regime. It was late August and we arrived in a small town which had been suggested by a colleague of my father's. It turned out to be a beautiful little village on a lake. Needless to say, we were probably the first refugees the inhabitants had seen there. The war was grinding to an end, and everyone was anxious, because resources like food and shelter were hard to find. Somehow, we ended up living in the town's only hotel. There was a small bakery across the street where we could still buy some bread which I remember eating with a weak cup of coffee. We lived there for the next two months until our father arrived in October having been delayed by his job back home. His ship, while traveling on the Baltic and North Seas, had been attacked by the Allies but fortunately made it safely to Germany where he found us in Riederau. Father helped us find lodging in a private home in town. We had one room heated by a wood or coal burning stove which smoked a lot. The rest of our family including my younger sister were yet to arrive, but we did not know when or if they would make it.

So, as we anxiously waited, December and Christmas was not far away. My mother was concerned that she would not have any gifts for us children. Back home, we always had our special celebration on Christmas Eve with presents under the tree, special baked goods like Kringel, various sweetbreads and gingerbread cookies as well as special savory Latvian pirogies baked by our mother. Christmas day was when family shared a meal of roast goose or duck instead of turkey. We sang Christmas carols in Latvian and German. I'll always remember our Oma, on my mother's side, singing German carols by the Christmas tree lit up by real candles.

As Christmas drew near, the rest of our family had not yet arrived. We were worried because we had heard that some ships had been sunk with refugees on board. However, one day we learned that our family had made it and were arriving before Christmas. When we finally saw our Oma, my four-year-old sister, four-year-old cousin, and our aunt and uncle, they were our Christmas presents! I don't remember feeling deprived or missing any other presents at all.

Elita D.



First Reading: Rev. Max Coots

"The Vegetable Prayer" (edited)

(Presented by Nancy Lee R. at P.R.E.S.T.O.!)

Let us give thanks for a bounty of people.
 For children who are our second planting,
 and though they grow like weeds
 and the wind too soon blows them away,
 may they remember fondly where their roots are.
 For generous friends with hearts as big as hubbards,
 and smiles as bright as blossoms;
 For feisty friends as tart as apples;
 For continuous friends, who, like scallions,
 keep reminding us that we've had them;
 For crotchety friends, as sour as rhubarb
 and as indestructible;

For funny friends, as silly as brussels sprouts
 And serious friends, as complex as cauliflowers
 and as intricate as onions;
 For friends as unpretentious as cabbages
 and friends, like parsnips, who can be counted on
 to see you through the winter;
 For old friends, nodding like sunflowers
 in the evening-time
 And young friends coming on as fast as radishes;
 For loving friends, who wind around us like tendrils and
 hold us, despite our blights, wilts, and witherings;
 And, finally, for those friends now gone, but who fed us
 in their times that we might have life thereafter;

For this bounty of friends, we give thanks.

Thomas Davenport: Inventor of the Electric Motor

Max K.

Are you driving an EV (electric vehicle)? Most of us expect that one is in our future, or is already there; but, how many of us know that the EV is based on an invention of a Forest Dale inventor living in this village adjacent to Brandon, Vermont?

Thomas Davenport (born 1802) was an enterprising 31-year-old blacksmith when he traveled to the Penfield Iron Works of Crown Point, NY, to see the electromagnet that they were using to separate iron filings. In 1833, he purchased one and returned home to Forest Dale where he made a crude battery to power the electromagnet and began his experiments, once cutting up his wife's wedding gown to make insulation for wires. He ultimately made two electromagnets, one attached to a wheel and the other mounted on a fixed frame. When he applied power, the one on the wheel was attracted to the stationary one, thus turning the wheel. Adding a second pair of magnets and a switching system enabled him to make the wheel turn continuously, and the motor was born!

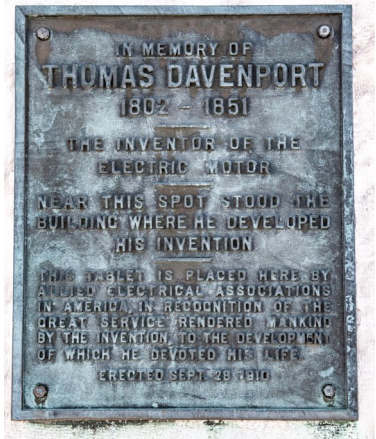
Davenport exhibited his invention in December of 1834 to Professor Turner of Middlebury College and to the public in 1835 at Springfield, Massachusetts. He also constructed a model electric train that used the track to conduct power. He continued to refine his invention, demonstrated it, and applied for a patent. The patent was initially rejected because the Patent Office did not have a category for electrical machinery but was finally granted as US Patent Number 132.

Davenport moved to New York City and set up a workshop close to Wall Street. He traveled frequently back to his workshop in Vermont and built many new versions of his motor and was even able to build an electric-powered piano. Davenport worked on ways to try to use the motor for weaving silk, harvesting grain, lathe turning and milling lumber, bark milling, sugar grinding, plowing, and printing. In 1840, Davenport built a more powerful motor to run a printing press. He used his press to publish a work entitled *The Electro-Magnet and Mechanics Intelligencer*. He spent his time in New York City trying to interest investors. Unfortunately, he was not able to make the motor profitable. The quality of batteries available at the time was poor, they provided inconsistent power, and their cost also made his invention hard to sell. Davenport was unable to secure sufficient financial backing to develop the electric motor commercially and after several years he returned to Brandon in poor health. He died in 1851 at the age of 49 after moving to nearby Salisbury, Vermont.

Davenport's motor was used later on by innovators like Edison to develop more advanced inventions. When it ran backwards, Davenport's motor generated power and was one of the earliest DC dynamos. Edison, as you recall, developed the light bulb and created the General Electric Company to build the equipment to wire a portion of New York. He is world-famous. However, poor Thomas Davenport and his invention are memorialized only in historical documents and a historical marker in Forest Dale.

There are several good references on the Web, including the following which are quoted generously in the above article. <https://www.uvm.edu/~histpres/SD/hist.html> and <https://edisontechcenter.org/DavenportThomas.html>

The picture above shows the monument, erected in 1910 in his memory and located on the south side of VT Route 73 in Forest Dale.



EastView Orchestra Holiday Concert

December 20, 2022 and December 22, 2022 at 3:00 pm

Come and enjoy festive holiday music and hear our talented vocalists.

Photo was taken at the Fall Concert 2022



December Birthdays

Deb F. 12/3

Gordon C. 12/5

Linda S. 12/6

Betty N. 12/10

Peg D. 12/19

Lois A. 12/22

John F. 12/27

A Look Abroad

Russ L.

This piece is a bit different from my others in that it contains a specific proposal for peace in Ukraine. I would be interested in any comments that you might have. You can contact me at rjleng60@gmail.com.

President Biden's National Security adviser, Jake Sullivan, and the Chairman of the Joints Chiefs of Staff, Mark Milley, have suggested that now, with the recent Ukrainian successes on the battlefield, might be a good time to seek a negotiated settlement to the war in Ukraine.

There is some urgency given the increasingly desperate position into which Vladimir Putin has put himself. If his losses on the battlefield continue, Putin may decide to accept the risks of escalating the war rather than to retreat, particularly if the battlefield extends to Crimea.

Many difficult issues would be on the agenda, including the future status of Ukraine vis-à-vis NATO and Russia, Russian reparations, and retribution for war crimes. But the territorial issues, specifically the fates of Crimea and the four regions in southeastern Ukraine, which both leaders claim as part of their states, appear to be the most intractable. Putin and Zelensky each have publicly committed themselves to refusing to compromise on their competing claims to the territories. It is hard to imagine either of them yielding to the demands of the other.

Internationally supervised plebiscites could provide a face-saving way around the deadlock. It is likely that the voters in each territory would vote consistent with their ethnic ties to either Russia or Ukraine. If so, Russia would retain Crimea, with its sizable Russian ethnic majority; Ukraine would retain Kherson and Zaporizhzhia, with their strong Ukrainian majorities. The two border regions, Donetsk and Luhansk, are ethnically relatively evenly divided; the outcomes of plebiscites would be harder to predict. Achieving agreement on the details for conducting the plebiscites would be difficult, and we have our own experience to know that the results are not always accepted by the losing party. But, given their strong commitments to their current positions, accepting the results of fair referenda would be far easier politically than conceding to the other party.



Photo by Max K.