

*The Buglers:*

Angelika B.
Phil C.
Max K.
Bob P.
Ron R.

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

500 Miniature Shoes*Audrey M.*

For over 60 years, I have collected miniature shoes, but the heyday of my collecting was over the 25 years when Andy and I spent six months each year traveling throughout the USA in our RV. We stopped at antique shops along the back roads, and it was in those that I found many of my shoes—always single shoes, not pairs. I started collecting them because I liked what I saw or because of the manufacturer, not because of the value. The fun of the hunt is not knowing what you might find in the next shop or what might be coming up in the antique auction.



There are collectors' books of miniature shoes. Once, Andy convinced me to buy one for \$50.00. On the last page was a picture of an ugly shoe. I mean it was ugly, ugly—the ugliest shoe I had ever seen. The next day we went into an antique junk store and there it was! I bought it for \$10.00. Now it is one of my favorites! Some shoes have been listed for \$1,000 and one for as much as \$3,000, but I have never paid those prices. Once I debated a full day before I paid \$100. All my shoes are in perfect condition because I don't collect any that have chips. Regrettably, I never kept an inventory of where I got them or what I paid. Andy, however, often remembers these details.

The shoes themselves are made in many different countries and by different manufacturers—Spode, Royal Worcester, Limoges, Waterford, Bennington (VT), Delft, etc. I waited three years to find a certain one from Bavaria. They range in size from about half an inch to maybe five inches and might be made of china, wood, or leather, have a glaze or bisque finish, or a resin-type covering. No two are alike. You need to look at each from every angle to appreciate the craftsmanship.



Some are very decorative, some sparkle, some have pointed toes; the heels might be square, chunky or stiletto thin. Men's miniature shoes have heels. I have some Native American shoes with hand-sewn beads all around. I even have a salesman's sample miniature box holding a pair of rubbers. Some functioned as snuffboxes. Many wooden shoes have tops that come off.



Today there are few collectors of miniature shoes because the older ones are “dying off” and young people are not interested. Sadly, I am no longer in touch with any colleagues. But, once a collector, always a collector. Just the other day, I found a shoe for my spinach collection that I didn't have.

I once had 1,500 miniature shoes, but now my collection numbers about 500. Residents from GardenSong and MeadowSweet enjoy outings to look at them in the curio cabinet outside our apartment. I frequently change that display as well as the ones in three cabinets in our home. Why not come by and see my collection.



Sarah P.

Born and raised thirty miles north of Boston in Boxford, Massachusetts, Sarah attended local schools, and received a BA in Studio Art and Economics in 1988 from Wheaton College in Norton, MA. After graduation, she moved to Boston and joined Crate and Barrel, overseeing visual merchandising for their Boston area stores. Sarah met her husband Mark in Boston while he was in medical school. Following his graduation, they married and moved to Pacific Grove, CA during his residency and fellowship. They had their first child, Sophia, in California and then moved to Vermont in 2000 to be closer to their New England families and for Mark to join Middlebury College as doctor and team physician. A second child, Jake, was born in Middlebury that same year. Both children attended Middlebury Union High School and Middlebury College. Sophia graduated in 2020, and Jake is a junior this year. Sarah and Mark love this community, and consider Middlebury, and Vermont in general, to be a great place to raise a family.



Sarah's love of sports has shaped her. Especially as a female, team involvement has given her confidence throughout her life, and made her feel that anything is possible through hard work. Sarah continues to enjoy many sports, tennis and paddle tennis being her favorites.

She has been a broker at IPJ Real Estate since 2009 and loves meeting new people and helping them achieve their home-ownership goals. She is currently President of the Vermont Association of Realtors.

Sarah joined the EV Board of Directors in 2014 and has really enjoyed being part of the team: "Becoming involved has been such a rewarding experience. Getting to know residents and seeing the amazing staff create an atmosphere that is welcoming, rewarding, and full of vitality is really a joy to watch. It has been an honor to be part of EV's growth from Rob A.'s initial vision to where we are today."



March Birthdays

Bob A. 3/2
Susan T. 3/14
Janet G. 3/15
Pat T. 3/17
Nancy C. 3/19
Lee A. 3/20
Sarah B. 3/26

Photography is Fun

Max K.

If you have been around EastView for a while you have probably seen some of my pictures and wondered, "Why does he take so many photos?" The answer, for me, is that scouting for an interesting subject or scene, looking through the viewfinder and trying to position myself to get just what appeals to me, pressing the shutter button; taking another one positioned just a little differently, and then taking another one is just the beginning of an interesting process.

After I have repeated these steps in different places and under different conditions until I'm wet, or tired, or hungry, or all the above, it's time to go home and start "post-processing". Once that involved a darkroom, trays of chemicals, and solitude. Today with the "digital darkroom", it means taking the memory card out of my camera, attaching it to my computer, and seeing what my efforts look like on the screen.

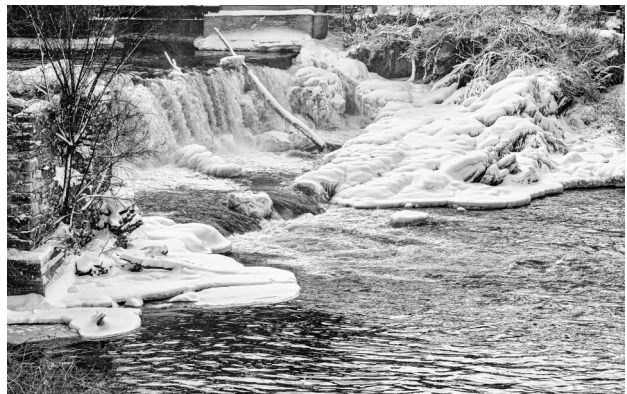
I use two well-known programs from Adobe: Photoshop and Lightroom. They are amazing. I can "trim" the pictures, bring up the shadows, lower the highlights, and straighten the horizon that is tilted because I didn't hold the camera straight.

Until now the photo has been in color, but maybe the picture of the Middlebury Falls covered with ice would look better in black and white. That's easy to get with the push of a button.

Of course, the next step is the familiar call, "Lois, what do you think of this one?" Dinner will be a little late because it's time to cycle between four pictures of the Falls to choose the "best" one.

Finished? Nope. Time to turn on my printer with its ten ink tanks to provide accurate color rendition, select the picture(s) to be printed, load the right paper, and press "print". Only to have nothing happen. Damn! The printer display says the Cyan ink tank is empty, so I look at my ink inventory and, hooray, I have a spare! With that installed, press "print" again and wait. And there it is: A beautiful picture. Maybe Cari will hang it in the Inn.

It's not for everyone, but for me, it's a fun hobby!



Middlebury Falls in Winter, January 2023—Photo by Max K.

A Few of My Hobbies

Bamby P. B.

Bamby is known to many of you as EV's hairdresser. She is a private contractor who rents space in the salon and every Wednesday she cuts and styles hair. Also, as a private caregiver, Bamby often takes Dottie K. to EV Orchestra rehearsals and knits in time to the music. She describes some of her hobbies here:

I'm a mover; I don't like to sit still for very long. I have a gym in my basement and every morning I follow a coach named Sydney Cummings on You Tube. My day just doesn't feel right if I don't work out for an hour to start it off.

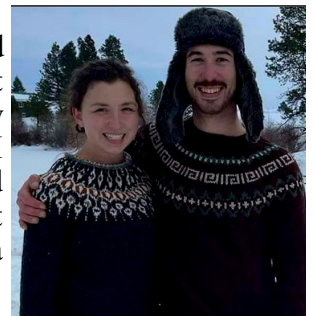


Bamby & Fiona

My favorite way to keep moving is hiking every weekend with my dog Fiona and The Hikers Under Ground (HUGgers). The group came to life when Covid hit and social distancing was required, even on mountain trails. Several of us continued to hike, wearing masks, and stepping off the trail when we came near other rule breakers. Covid wasn't going to get us down! There are 8 of us ranging in age from 35 to 81. We have built wonderful friendships that I will cherish for the rest of my life. Thank you, Covid!

I do have other hobbies. My mom taught me to knit and crochet, and the wool comes out when the temps drop. My last project was an Icelandic sweater for my future daughter-in-law Riley, who lives with my son Ashton in Montana. Years ago, I made Ashton an Icelandic sweater and last year he mentioned that she would love to have her own. So, she told me the color she wanted, and I went to work. She loves her new warm sweater and I'm sure they both will be wearing them a lot this winter.

Another hobby of mine is finding free furniture, mostly on the sides of the road, and painting it. I use milk, chalk, and clay paint, sometimes with a salt wash to make the pieces look vintage. I really enjoy creating a new (old) look.



Riley & Ashton
(Wearing their sweaters)

Spillover from a Hobby

Sally W.

It was hardly a hobby. For me it was a spillover from a hobby...possibly. It was what I did with bucketsful of clams that Cap would leave on our cool, dark cellar floor after a time out on the water off Barrington, Rhode Island. For many boys growing up as Cap did, a sturdy flat-bottomed wooden skiff, a good outboard motor, a pair of tongs and stales to go with them were standard equipment. For Cap, a sunny warm day was a signal to go digging...indeed, a cold, dark day was a signal, too. A brisk wind was always necessary. Cap was after the clam, the hard-shell clam, the quahaug. A hobby that lasted a lifetime.

My part, the spillover hobby, was doing "something" with the quahaugs in that bucket in the cellar. The small ones, cherry stones or little necks, were easy. They just needed to be opened and slurped down with or without cocktail sauce. The larger quahaugs were sometimes made into a quahaug pie with a biscuit topping. But mostly they were the heart and soul of chowder. I knew my grandmother's recipe from the west side of Narragansett Bay: quahaugs and salt pork chopped fine, diced potatoes, onions sliced crosswise, clam liquor, water, and a little bit of milk. No thickening ever. That recipe generally took two days' doing. Cap's family favored a recipe originally from Nantucket. It was a three-day production and required the use of a two-quart granite-wear double boiler and a metal clamp-on-the-edge-of-a-table grinder. Then the same clams, onions, potatoes, salt pork, and CROWN PILOT CRACKERS. It also called for a little tomato ketchup or paste to adjust the slightly disgusting color of the concoction. It was delicious.

Now don't think I'm hustling to Shaw's to pick up a bucket of those little clam beasts to make chowder. The two-quart granite wear double-boiler and an old-fashioned metal meat grinder might be found if I were to scour all the yard sales from here to there. But these days, an essential ingredient, the pilot cracker, no longer exists. So, no more Nantucket chowder.

Nonetheless it would be possible to develop a spillover to my spillover long-gone hobby: a tireless and incessant campaign to persuade the Nabisco Company to bring back the pilot cracker. Many have already tried: there's even an association dedicated to this effort. Perhaps I, and perhaps you, dear reader, could send off a few pleas Nabisco's way.

We Are Fantasy Computer Gamers

Paul S.

Getting older is no picnic. It is not the years so much, but the accompanying losses—particularly the loss of mobility. Adding Covid isolation can make life very lonely and boring. Linda and I are not immune to that. Fortunately, for now, we still have each other for company. And, even if movement hurts, we can always go to Tamriel.

But where is Tamriel? It's nowhere. It's a computer game and exists only in cyberspace. But if Tamriel is not a physical world, it is still one of amazing size, beauty, and complexity, with lush jungles, open plains, forests, and deserts, filled with creatures who seek either to destroy us or to obtain our help. Furthermore, in Tamriel, we are not old human beings, puttering in our chairs. We are Elves—and High Elves at that. Our nod to the physical world is having gray hair, but in every other way we are young, strong, and—dare I say it—handsome. Furthermore, we are adept with the swords, magical staffs, and protective armor we need to fulfill our quests. As we do our work, we become stronger, and more diversely powerful.

For example, today our job is to protect Queen Ayrenn, the legitimate ruler of the Aldomeri Dominion, who is constantly under attack from members of the Veiled Inheritance who seek to overthrow her rule and replace it with a demonic dictatorship. This is important work; indeed, without us, the Queen would have little chance of survival.

You might say this is just a fantasy story, like many that fill our bookshelves. That is, of course, true, but with one significant difference: books are wonderful, but they are passive. If your book says that David Copperfield gets out of his chair and crosses the room, then that is what he does. But we do not read about Tamriel; we live there. In that world the things we can do are endless. And we are never bored.

Knitting and Spinning

Nancy Lee R.

Which came first, knitting or spinning? For me, it was knitting.

As a teenager, I did some basic knitting. My first sweater was knit with number three needles and very fine rose colored yarn. It took a zillion stitches to complete. Amazingly, it fit! Unfortunately, I didn't store it properly and the moths had a feast. This experience kept me from doing any other knitting projects until 2007, when Bill and I purchased our home in Hinesburg, VT.

A friend took me into a local yarn shop, where I saw a sweater on display that I knew I wanted to knit. So, I purchased the pattern, yarn, and needles. My joy of knitting was rekindled! For the next ten years, I knit many baby blankets, scarves, shawls, mittens, and sweaters for my grandchildren.

I joined the Twist of Wool Spinning Guild. It didn't take long before I purchased my first spinning wheel—an Ashford Joy. I took to spinning like a duck takes to water. My first spun and plied yarn wasn't too bad. That was all the encouragement I needed. Now every February I attend an event in Freeport, Maine, called SPA. The New England Textile Artists created SPA around 2008 in Portland, Maine, for spinning and knitting enthusiasts. At that event in 2018, I was given enough dyed roving (roving generally refers to wool fiber that has been processed but not yet spun into yarn) to spin for a sweater. Then I started spinning and spinning and spinning! A year later I had enough yarn spun and plied to knit my long sleeve crewneck sweater. This sweater won a Perfect Score Ribbon at Addison County Field Days.

At the beginning of Covid, I purchased another spinning wheel—a Schacht Matchless 50th Anniversary wheel made of cherry. During Covid, I knit 12 sweaters, some for myself and others as gifts.

Along with knitting, some other fiber things I do are: rug hooking, tatting, beading, stump work embroidery, penny rug appliqué, ribbon embroidery, smocking, heirloom sewing, etc. I consider myself a fiber artist.



NeedlePoint

Peg D.



My fascination with needlepoint began with a night class that I took when we were living in Morrestown, New Jersey. That led to owning many needlepoint stores—one in every place I lived until moving to EastView a few months ago. Store ownership gave me the opportunity to learn from co-workers, provide help to clients, and travel to shows all over the USA. I have gotten to know various needlepoint artists, specifically Teresa Lee and Maggie, and have stitched many of their painted canvases.

When I moved into EV, it was a reality check of the immensity and diversity of my collection. Pillows of every size, shape, and color are on the beds, chairs, and sofa. Varied needlepoint is displayed on the walls. The closets are crammed with quilts, fabric, and yarn. A dragon rug painted by Teresa Lee that I stitched hangs over the living room sofa. This is my favorite particularly since my husband loved dragons. Teresa copied my favorite blue and white willow design onto canvases that I have stitched. Also, I absolutely love the petit point (18 stitches per inch) geometric designs on the pillows Maggie painted.



Over the years my original preference for wool and DMC (embroidery floss) has moved to silk yarns—the colors are AWESOME so the canvas really comes to life. After I finish my pillow, I wash it, put it face down on a board, and block it to perfection. Then I size it and take it off when it is all dry. Once I find just the right fabric to complement the needlepoint, I create the finished pillow. If I want to frame the needlepoint I make sure to go to “my” very good framer because the frame must enhance the work.

My passion continues. I usually have three needlepoint projects going at one time and each is in a separate bag. I welcome visitors who are interested in looking at my needlepoint.

Genealogy

Philip C.

An unwritten obligation for many of us at EastView is to be the storehouse of family lore through at least the three or four preceding generations of our families. We probably had parents and grandparents who told us about growing up during the Great Depression and WW II, and maybe we even remember practicing rushing to the cellar or hiding under school desks in the event of nuclear attack. How about going back another generation or more and learning about our non-American forefathers and the circumstances of coming to America? All of a sudden we are asked to become genealogy experts.

The rewards of genealogy study go beyond passing information to our descendants. We are probably as curious about our grandparents' circumstances as our grandkids are about us. Help is available—ask other family members; seize any opportunity to look over the papers left in their attics; maybe even subscribe to a professional genealogy organization like Ancestry or MyHeritage. These sources are very reliant on census statistics (US and other countries), but do have subscription costs and are restricted to deceased individuals. A bonus is the ability to attract the attention of remote relatives. I hit the jackpot by entering into “pen-pal” communications with subscribers/remote relatives in the UK, South Africa and Australia. I learned that one of my wife's great-great-greats (a British Marine at the time) was the first casualty of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Creating a family tree, adding biographical information and topping it off with some crusty old black and white photographs is both fun to do and will cement your reputation as a “favorite Grand.....”

Haikus

俳句

Bistro is open,
A sandwich or a salad
And a cookie, too!

I am retired.
What touchstones define me now?
Did I help the world?

All is harmony.
Piano, strings, chimes, oboe:
EastView Orchestra!

Come Home to Who You Are

Tai H.

I grew up in a small rural town in Connecticut, with fields behind our house and, beyond the fields, acres of woods. One of my favorite activities as a seven- or eight-year-old was to walk in the woods and climb my favorite “climbing” tree. The branches grew at just the right spots so a young child could climb all the way up, almost to the top. Once up, I’d sit for hours and watch the world below me meander by, as the world did in the early 1940’s. Here in my tree, I felt deeply safe, contented, and at peace.

Life continued...university, jobs, family, and involvement with the outside world. My interest and participation in the Japanese martial arts led me to the love of the simplicity and strength of the Zen practice. Once I found the practice of meditation, I found that all-encompassing feeling of being at home in the world and at home in myself.

Now, the pace of the modern world is aggressive, loud, and fast. Not much space for the qualities I so longed for. One of the reasons so many people are suffering from stress is not that they are doing stressful things, but they allow so little time and space for silence.

The simple act of sitting on a cushion on the floor, or in a chair, and giving yourself time to be yourself, can change your life.

When we meditate, when we sit and simply pay attention to our breath, we begin to see that there is an “I”, a self, who is searching for peace and liberation from suffering. The more we sit, the more ideas and illusions begin to dissipate. It’s like watching a mountain that is covered by heavy clouds. When we keep watching, the clouds dissolve and the mountain begins to emerge. We see the mountain that was always there.

To sit still, to regulate our breath, to be aware of our posture, to feel our consciousness changing, to feel our heart opening, to feel we are making space in ourselves with which to deal with everyday life, this becomes our real teacher. We open our hearts. We clarify our way of looking so that we see freshly, vividly, clearly...we become truly awake.

You are welcome to join our meditation group that meets from 8:00-8:45 on Monday mornings in the library. If you have any questions, please call me or email me.

A Look Abroad: China Watching

Russ L.

One of the most significant annual global events is the Munich Security Conference. Each February it brings together international movers and shakers to meet informally and to publicly present their views on global security. In 2008, for instance, Vladimir Putin signaled a major shift in Russian foreign policy with a frontal attack on what he called “American hegemony.”

This year all eyes were on China’s representative Wang Yi, their top foreign policy official. Wang announced that China soon would be presenting a peace proposal for ending the war in Ukraine, but much of what he said was disturbing. In keeping with China’s provocative military exercises in the Taiwan straits, Wang declared, “Taiwan has been a part of China since ancient times. It is never a country and never will be a country.” That prompted the representative from Taiwan to warn that Taiwan could become the next Ukraine. These comments came just a few weeks after President Biden publicly committed the US to defending Taiwan in the event of a Chinese invasion. Imagine the US confronting a Chinese invasion of Taiwan along with the war in Ukraine.

Earlier in February, the US cancelled Secretary of State Antony Blinken’s visit to China because of the Chinese spy balloon kerfuffle, so Blinken met with Wang at Munich. After that meeting, Blinken stated that he believed that China was strongly considering “supplying lethal assistance” to Russia in the Ukraine War. Two days later, Wang was in Moscow meeting with Putin.

Which will it be, a risky Chinese invasion of Taiwan, or just more saber rattling? A Chinese peace proposal to end the war in Ukraine? Or Chinese military aid to Russia? A reason for guarded optimism is that, for China, the costs and risks of an invasion of Taiwan would be high, as would providing military aid to Russia. Besides the risk of war with the United States, either or both of these actions could lead to a new Cold War, which would cut China off from the economic benefits of at least five of its top six trading partners (EU, US, Japan, South Korea, and Taiwan) along with the reputational costs of throwing away its hopes of being recognized as an upstanding leader of the current global system. Stay tuned.

There is a good discussion of these issues in *The Atlantic* editor Jeffery Goldberg’s recent interview with US Secretary of State Antony Blinken. Go to “Atlantic YouTube Channel”—you will find it on the menu.