



EastView and the world have changed since the pandemic. The December Bugle will focus on your comments about the topic **Zoom: A Blessing or a Curse**. So please get your creative juices flowing and send your comments to any Bugler. Your comments might be EastView specific or of a more general nature.

- *The Buglers:*

Angelika B.  
Phil C.  
Max K.  
Nancy R.  
Cari B.

Linda C.  
Lois K.  
Russ L.  
Ron R.



**Third Annual Block Party**

*Dave Crook*

On September 17, the hordes descended on Deer Meadow Drive for the annual EastView Block Party. One week prior, which was the original date of the party, Mother Nature forced the organizers to postpone the event due to the forecast of rain and widely scattered mosquitos. Hamburger and hot dog suppliers were put on hold, the college graciously made their tables and chairs available for another week and EastView residents were advised of the postponement.

When the sun rose on the 17th it was clear that Mother Nature would indeed cooperate. Greg's Meat Market produced the hamburgers, hot dogs and buns on time and the Deer Meadow "grounds crew" had the tables and chairs arranged in minutes. Chefs S. and C. manned their respective grills and consulted their cook-books to make certain they had not forgotten the intricacies of cooking burgers and dogs. As the four o'clock hour approached, the attendees arrived and the hills were alive with enough versions of potato salad and coleslaw to rival the world's finest delicatessens. The festivities came to a close and the "grounds crew" reversed the process and had Deer Meadow Drive restored in minutes. All attendees seemed to welcome the opportunity to get together sans mosquitos and rain.

The residents of Deer Meadow Drive hereby pass the football to their counterparts on Kestrel Lane and look forward to next year's Potato Salad Bowl.



**Barbara G.**

I think those who were born in the middle of the Depression were truly wanted by their parents and have gone on avoiding the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. At least, for me, that is what pretty much happened. My contemporaries were too young to be impacted seriously by World War II, were in college by the Korean War, and just missed being drafted in the Vietnam War. Growing up during World War II meant we were convinced we in the USA were the good guys, and we were. It was a sad awakening when the Vietnam War broke our vision of ourselves.

Until then, my life was charmed: a secure, happy childhood on the north shore of Long Island 18 miles from Manhattan on the Long Island Railroad. We were buffered from other realities as we learned to sail our own boats and spent summers competing in regattas up and down Long Island Sound. We rode our families' horses, danced at various golf and yacht clubs, and expected Jimmy Brown to run for a touchdown whenever we needed a score. I deviated from that pattern when I fell in love with all forms of music and chose to take the train into NYC Saturday afternoons to buy SRO tickets to the Metropolitan Opera, before hiking up to Carnegie Hall for the evening concert, and catching the last train back to Plandome. It was safe in the late 1940's and early 1950's. Sometimes a group of friends drove into the city to pick me up and we went club hopping in Greenwich Village. We heard the Big Bands and Dixieland plus Jazz (yes, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, etc.).

All that changed in 1950 when I realized I would move to Ohio next year to enter Oberlin College. During the three years before, I had become friends with a young social studies teacher who also coached the Debating Club and Current Affairs group. He became my mentor, gently opening my eyes to a larger world. My life changed when I decided that four years of college would be a waste of time when I could be with him. It was not easy to persuade him. He was a man of immense integrity and waited until after I graduated before coming to ask my parents if they had any objections to his dating their daughter. We married August 11, 1951 and had a wonderful marriage until he died in 2007. We had two boys and a girl, every other year until 1957. Al was asked to join the faculty of Phillips Exeter Academy in 1963 and we lived happily, raising our family on that beautiful, exciting campus.

I spent those years mothering, student mothering, going to college at Harvard (where Al was a John Hayes Fellow in 1959-60), Adelphi University and UNH, gaining a BA. In 1968-69, Al was a visiting scholar at Cambridge, England, and we moved with our children for 14 months of learning in one guise or another. We traveled all over Europe, mostly camping with our kids, but occasionally we could slip off to Paris or Florence by ourselves. Our family still talks about this adventure. When we returned to Exeter, I joined a group fighting Onassis's bid to buy The Isles of Shoals for his mega tankers. We won! That led to my being recruited to run for the NH House of Representatives. Amazingly, I won and became the first Democrat and first woman to be elected from my district. I never worked so hard to accomplish so little. After two terms, it was time for a change, and Al and I, newly empty-nesters, swapped jobs, houses, cats, and cars with an Exeter -alumnus history teacher in La Jolla, California. That summer, we drove from Maine, where we had a beloved cottage on the coast, to La Jolla via Seattle. We visited many of our national parks and gained an awareness of how large our country is. After that year we came home, and Al retired in 1986. After he died, I moved from Exeter to Middlebury to be closer to my daughter and her family, a familiar happening here at EastView. I am happy here and grateful to be settled in a good place.

**October Birthdays**

Claire G.	10/6
Cindy H.	10/11
Jane D.	10/26
Reg S.	10/31
Yvonne M.	10/31

## EastView Community Orchestra

*Chris P.*

The EastView Community Orchestra has begun twice-a-week rehearsals in preparation for the fall concerts, scheduled for Friday, October 27, Monday, October 30, and Wednesday, November 1 (all to begin at 3:00 pm). The program will feature its usual variety, though this time with more representation from the classical composers, no fewer than six: Beethoven, Haydn, Schubert, Rameau, Strauss, and Schuman. We'll also play songs by these artists: Stephen Sondheim, John Fogerty, Lennon/McCartney, and Paul Simon. "Chattanooga Choo Choo" by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren will be one of the sing-alongs, and a few guest banjoists will return for a medley of banjo tunes.

The orchestra formed two years ago. This will be the ninth concert with a total of four planned between now and mid-July. We welcome new members. (Those who have little or no musical background may be surprised by the opportunity the hand chime offers as a way into the experience of playing music with a group.)

Mark your calendars. We enjoy your positive energy and support.



*Members of the EV Orchestra, L to R: Connie L., Chris P., Dottie K., Vanda C., Angelika B., Buz B., Nina B., Jan W, Linda C., Linda K., Paul S., Holly P., Kate B., Linda S., Janet G., and Bob P. Missing: Betsy L. Photo by Max K.*

A little tidbit from the EV Community Orchestra's Summer concert:

Connie's new verse to Irving Berlin's "The Girl that I Marry"

The guy that I marry will love to cook, at night nestled by each we'll share a book.  
 The guy I call my own will be thoughtful and brilliant and COVID-resilient.  
 He'll tidy the house while I'm away; clean-shaven he'll be post my workday  
 'stead of nappin', we'll be tappin', and bowin' with music of flowin'.  
 I shan't tarry to marry the guy who plays banjo in key.

**Darkness***Paul S.*

I put the dogs out late last night, and turned the porch light on  
so I could see them clearly and know they had not gone  
into the blackness, just beyond the border of the light;  
To know I had not lost them in the shadows of the night.

But then I turned the porch light off and watched the darkness yield;  
become the outline of a tree, become a distant field.  
The light of humans, having gone, the beauty of the night  
now yielded to my opened eyes, with only stars for light.

Then I had the oddest thought: that Death might be this way.  
Our lives are just a kind of light, that fills us every day  
With constant brilliant images, with thoughts and love and pain;  
The din of thinking everything, then thinking it again.

But then one day it all shuts down, the noise within our mind.  
Is that the end? Or when our souls are quiet, might we find  
A different form of grandeur that always has been there,  
Unseen and hidden, while our mind concealed it with its glare.

Then, in that darkness might we see, with eyes no longer flawed;  
And in that stillness finally hear the soundless voice of God.





The Day of Remembrance is an annual ceremony in which the entire EastView community honors and celebrates the lives of residents who have completed their life journeys during the past year.

This year's ceremony featured a beautiful version of *Dona Nobis Pacem* sung in a round by the EV Singers. The group plans to meet regularly.

*Left to right: Angelika B., Bob P., Connie L., Linda K., Paul S., Linda S., Gail L., Chris P., Betsy L., Kate B., and Cari B.*

## Annual Giving Fund

Fund-raising for the 2023 Annual Giving Fund ends on October 31<sup>st</sup>. Many thanks to those residents who have already made their contribution. For others this a reminder. Let's see if we can achieve one hundred percent participation, giving what we are able. Those of us fortunate enough to live in the privileged environment of EastView can tangibly express our gratitude to our devoted and hardworking staff by supporting the Annual Giving Fund. The monetary awards which are made to staff before the Thanksgiving holiday make a real difference to the people who make EastView function for us. *AGF Committee*

## Looking for Local News? See the *Addison Independent*

*Ron R.*

For EastView residents new to the area and a reminder to longer-term people, Middlebury is blessed with an excellent weekly newspaper, offering breadth and in-depth coverage of happenings in the Village and beyond, in a print edition published each Thursday. An online Monday edition adds timely coverage. For seniors the annual subscription is just forty-five dollars, which brings the paper to your mailbox on Fridays and gives you full online access. Go to [www.addisonindependent.com](http://www.addisonindependent.com) for more information and connect to great locally focused reporting and lots of wonderful photos. The "Addy Indy," as it is affectionately called, will keep you in touch with your community.

## Hiking New Hampshire's Presidential Range

*Gordon C.*

There is a 49-mile stretch of the Appalachian Trail that surmounts the 7 high peaks of the Presidential Range in New Hampshire. Along the way there are 8 huts where hikers may bunk for the night. They are maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club. They are staffed mostly by college students on summer break (the "Croo") who relish the wilderness experience.

In most huts the call to family style breakfast is loud banging on cookpots. "BREAKFAST IS READY!" But at Zealand Hut, the time my wife and I stayed there, we were summoned to breakfast by a lovely melody being played on a cello. It was "Vocalise", a classical piece by Rachmaninov. It was an unexpected treat. The music echoed through our heads as we trekked onward.

What was truly astonishing was that the cellist had backpacked her instrument up to the hut 3 miles from the road below. The return trip would be more challenging. We hoped that she and her instrument made it safely.

## LOTUS (The car, not the flower)

*Peter B.*

The Lotus Automobile Company was formed in England in 1948 by Colin Chapman and Colin Dare though the origins were even earlier, as Chapman had been building racing cars in his garage. In 1954 Team Lotus was started up with the objective of building competitive Formula One racing cars. Lotus built tens of thousands of successful racing and road cars and won the Formula One World Championship seven times.

In the early days of car manufacture, British cars could be available as kits in order to save on purchase taxes. The government also prohibited an assembly manual, a problem which Lotus solved by publishing a disassembly manual for the customer to read in reverse.

The Lotus Seven originated in the 1950's as a simple, lightweight open two-seater, which continued in production into the early 1970's. Lotus then sold the rights to produce the Seven to Caterham as a kit car, and it is still in production. The weight of the car is about 1200 pounds and propelled by a 948cc single overhead cam engine. Sixty five years later this is still not an Indianapolis race car. For comparison purposes, my first Volkswagen in 1952 had a 1200 cc engine which produced 22 HP and barely got me from Syracuse to Middlebury to see Gail on weekends. Since fewer than 500 Lotus Sevens were made by Lotus, they have now fallen into the category of collectors' items and are priced accordingly.

My automobile collecting hobby has hereby come to an end, but I look forward to driving up and down Deer Meadow Drive (at 15 MPH) and to a few jaunts around the Vermont countryside going a few MPH faster.



*The car is waiting to be repurposed from a racing to a street legal sports car at the RPM Shop of Fine Motorcars in Vergennes.*

## It Happened at EastView

*Russ L.*

Last month we reported on a resident of Deer Meadow Drive, who, on a walk at 2:30 am, happened to notice a black van slowly driving by and then stopping at cottages. The intruder appeared to be carrying something, perhaps a weapon or a crowbar to jimmy a window.

The mystery has been solved by Deb V., who has reported that it is deliveries of morning papers. That is a bit deflating, but we still have the mystery of why the EV resident takes walks at 2:30 am.

## Why I Love the Town Hall Theater

Linda P.

I recently asked a couple who are on the list for an EastView apartment why they wanted to settle here instead of other Vermont retirement communities, and without missing a beat the reply was, “Because of the Town Hall Theater and college events”. Of course this was after they were “mightily impressed with EastView”.

Where else can one head down the road from EastView just minutes before a performance of “Opera from the Met”, or a blockbuster J-term college musical, or a “Great Art Wednesday” morning film, a play, a concert or a class without even getting out of your Levis? My personal calendar is studded with such events, and has been ever since the theater opened fifteen years ago. You can find many of us here at EastView whose involvement as THT boosters and volunteers has been ongoing since we put our hearts and hands and dollars into “Fun Raisers” to help the Theater get up and running. It’s how we met other like-minded friends, witnessed the thrill of elementary school students spouting their lines for the annual Shakespeare performance, and were delighted by events put on by our now eight resident companies. Did I mention the art gallery?

**So what’s in it for all of us here at EastView?** As many small theaters nationally which produce a limited number of performances a year are closing their doors, the THT, which hosts over 150 events a year and because of limited space has to turn away more than 80% of requests for use, is now expanding. The motto has always been “more than a theater” and it is now responding to the enthusiasm with which the community has participated in and is clamoring for more events and classes with a building that will house spaces for set building, rehearsal space, and more flex rooms for small events, performances, and life-long education.

In addition to its eight resident companies, THT will partner with the Middlebury Community Music Center, the Studio School and more, offer more classes and education, share cutting edge digital equipment and staff, and will be able to stream some of its own events. And because of the community aspect of all this, the THT has already been receiving grants to collaborate with the likes of EastView for the recent “Cherry Orchard” play reading. Stay tuned for more outreach to EastView soon!

There are a lot of gray hairs in this community and the Town Hall Theater is *very* welcoming to the older generation. There is handicap access from the outside, an elevator, audio augmentation for the asking, and special seating for those with wheelchairs and walkers. A state of the art Hi Vac system was installed during Covid.

The website [townhalltheater.org](http://townhalltheater.org) is a good place to find more information and to sign up for the monthly calendar of events. There are volunteer opportunities for ushering and this is a great way to meet people as well as see the show.



EV Readers Theater’s Staged Reading of *The Cherry Orchard*, by Anton Chekhov—a collaboration with THT, directed by Lindsay P. & Melissa L. Cast: Angelika B., Gordon C., Lois F., Linda K., Russ L., Holly P., Ann R., Bill R., Nancy Lee R., Linda S., and Paul S. *Photos by Max K.*

**It Might Have Happened at EastView***Cyrrious Knott*

One of the more interesting characters at Grump Gabber's Geezer Grumble Group was Siggy Freid, who was a retired psychiatrist. One morning Siggy recounted a consultation with a troubled middle-aged woman. When Siggy asked the woman about the reason for the consultation, she told him that she was there because of a problem with her husband.

"He has become convinced he is a chicken. He goes about the house all day squawking and picking things off the floor, and at night he even sleeps on a perch that he built for himself in the garage."

"How long has this fixation been going on?" Siggy asked.

"Two years."

"Two years! And you are just taking action now?"

"I know," the woman responded. "I should have acted sooner, but I really enjoyed the steady supply of fresh eggs."

**俳句 Haiku**

All the pets who left  
we will miss you forever  
thanks for your presence  
*Angelika B.*

Joints creak noisily,  
Sight and hearing are fading.  
I'm in the right place.  
*Gordon C.*

EastView my home now.  
How many homes I have had  
Which one was the best?  
*Angelika B.*

**A Look Abroad. "What is a BRICS?"***Russ L.*

Last August, BRICS met in South Africa for its fifteenth annual meeting. Currently the organization has five members: Brazil, Russia, India, China, and South Africa. This coming January, it plans to expand by adding six new members: Argentina, Egypt, Ethiopia, Iran, Saudi Arabia, and the United Arab Emirates. The over-arching goal of BRICS is to promote a "multi-polar" international order to counter-balance what its members view as a "uni-polar" order dominated by the United States and Western democracies.

Since World War II, the United States and other Western democracies have promoted a "rules-based" set of institutions in an attempt to bring order and stability to a world of independent states. "Rules-based" refers to the rules laid out in international organizations, such as the United Nations and the World Trade Organization, as well by international law. Other global institutions of concern to BRICS members include the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, as well as powerful regional organizations like the European Union and NATO.

The members of BRICS believe that the principles and rules of these organizations, and of others like them, reflect the interests and political cultures of their most powerful members, that is, Western democracies, at the expense of the values and interests of other states. BRICS is designed to challenge those rules. Otherwise, its members have little in common. BRICS includes, or soon will include, long-term adversaries (Iran and Saudi Arabia, India and China), democracies and autocracies (South Africa and China), and economic powerhouses (China) along with less developed economies (Ethiopia). Also, given its membership, it is a fair guess that neither human rights nor climate change will be near the top of its agenda. But, as its membership grows, "BRICS+" could become a major obstacle to maintaining and extending the rules-based order favored by the United States and other liberal democracies.

If the ultimate goal of a rules-based order is to achieve an orderly and peaceful world, the rise of BRICS is another reminder of how difficult that task is. It also reminds us that the values that we in the United States take for granted are not necessarily shared by other states with different cultures and circumstances.