



Please let us know the kinds of articles you would like to see published in the *Bugle*.

- *The Buglers:*

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

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

Cari B. (Design and Layout)

Appreciation

Nancy Lee R.

For several winters, we have not had the usual amount of snow. However, this year as Bill McK. mentioned, we have had an old-fashioned winter with several significant snow storms. Luckily, for many who have weekday jobs the storms have occurred on the weekend. They could then be free to hit the slopes and have great powder. The other side of weekend storms is that people who normally have weekends off are called up to clear snow from sidewalks, driveways, vehicles, etc.

We are fortunate that our crew at EastView show up without any complaints and do whatever is necessary to complete the job. They also do it with smiles on their faces. Our team is often led by Chuck rolling along in his Kubota, followed by Thomas doing laps with the shovel in the driveways. Deric also does impressive shovel work and often drives the gray truck with the plow attachment. Jay does this as well.

The snow removal job is accomplished and all of EastView's residents benefit from the care given to making sure we are safe to travel about. Saying thank you to Chuck and his capable team doesn't sound like enough. How about a BIG round of applause for the team!



Deric B.



Jay C.



Chuck W.



Thomas R.

Laura MacN.

After my 1985 high school graduation in Pittsburgh, PA my father got a job at Bennington Ironworks and relocated our family to Cambridge, NY. I went into a health assistant program and my first job was taking care of the elderly. After that, I worked at the Mary McCullough hospital in Cambridge until it closed.

My parents cleared off some pine trees on their property and my husband and I built a house and raised our two kids in Cambridge, NY. This town borders on Vermont. Besides my private in-home caregiving jobs, I also worked in Manchester, VT, at the Village Country Inn, which was a beautiful, but pricey, Victorian Inn, and later worked as a waitress at Mulligan’s Sports Bar for 18 years. Many tour buses came from all over the Northeast. One day at lunch I waited on a nice couple and asked where they were from. They said Pittsburgh. Well, low and behold, it turned out they lived just one neighborhood away from me and for years I had been their paper girl. That was so funny! We all hugged and they took pictures. I remember meeting some famous people while working at Mulligan’s. One day this guy hit me in the arm and said, “Hey kid, give me a bowl of chowder and don't tell anyone I'm here.” Well, that was Bill Parcells, an NFL coach. I told everybody he was there!



I was introduced to Middlebury after visiting some friends. I love the fact that this is a college town and the community is very involved. I worked at the Waybury Inn for a few years before coming to EastView as an RCA. Caring for the residents has been a very fulfilling job that I totally love. I do a lot more than just caregiving. I participate in making each holiday special. For example, for Valentine’s Day, I made each resident a wooden heart for their door and ordered cookies from Cheryl’s cookies to make the holiday special. I also put up a display of sea glass art in the lobby during an art show. Occasionally, I drive residents to appointments. I've recently started making creative bookmarks. These are available in the lobby. Oh yes, my little Japanese Spitz and I were instrumental in getting a dog policy at EastView. This October I will have been here for nine years. I love my job, the residents, and friends I have made here.

Welcome to EastView!

Welcome to new staff members and residents who have joined the EastView Community in the past month!

Resident: Carol W. (GardenSong).


Staff: Olivia B., Quinn D., Goshen C., and Wesley A. (Servers); Brittney P., Elaina S., and Payton V. (RCAs); Chantel M. (Community Life Assistant and Enhanced Services Provider); and Alan T. (Driver and Enhanced Services Provider).

It’s a Small World

Angelika B.

When Nancy and Bob F. moved to EastView, they met another couple, Susan and Larry R., who came here from Wilton, CT. They had never met there, but their daughters Marny and Julie were best friends in the 6th grade in Wilton.

The late EV resident Bob J. and Lois A. were born in the same hospital, called Lakewood, in Ohio.



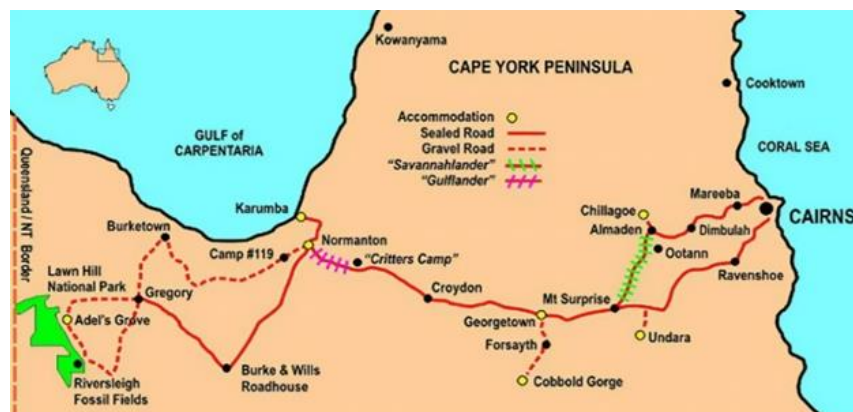
March Birthdays

Robin U.	3/4
David B.	3/10
Kate B.	3/10
Linda K.	3/11
Susan T.	3/14
Janet G.	3/15
Pat T.	3/17
Helen C.	3/24
Sarah B.	3/26
Mary B.	3/27

Outback Rails

Nancy and Ron R.

People interested in rail travel probably know about Australia's India Pacific and Ghan trains, traveling respectively from Sydney to Perth and Adelaide to Darwin. We have greatly enjoyed both. In 2011, on our fourth trip Down Under, we wanted to sample the Queensland Outback. Searching guidebooks and the internet, we found two rail trips that filled the bill – the Gulflander and the Savannahlander.



We started with an 11-hour bus trip of 700 kilometers from Cairns on the coast into dry country to the small, two-pub (we were warned to avoid one) town of Normanton (pop. 1391), once a thriving port and home of the Gulflander, established in 1888 to carry gold and other minerals from the interior. We were the only late-season passengers on a Rail Motor, two 1950's-era self-propelled carriages, which makes a weekly five-hour trip east to the smaller town of Croydon (pop. 258), leaving mail and packages at track-side boxes of scattered residents. An overnight in Croyden and road transfers of 200 km. took us to the still smaller town of Forsyth (pop. 129; 5 students in the school), another former gold mining town and the Savannahlander's terminus. There were basic accommodations and a pub for the overnight stay. The town was gearing up for a major event: the annual bull auction in a region of cattle stations. We set off the next morning, with six other passengers, on a pair of 1960's Rail Motors.



The Savannahlander travels 428 km. from Forsyth to Cairns at a sedate cruising speed of 50 kph. The first day, we traveled as far as Mount Surprise (pop. 138). Here, a van took us on a fascinating side trip to Undara Lava Tubes where the small resort's accommodations were converted railway cars. A guided walk gave access to one tube complex; another was flooded. The tubes are very large and inhabited by wildlife, including bats. To walk where eons ago molten rock flowed was a remarkable experience.

After a quiet night in our railroad car room, the first hint of daylight brought forth the lunatic chorus of kookaburras, among the noisiest and boldest birds anywhere. At the outdoor breakfast, a plate not carefully guarded would be raided in a flash.

After breakfast we returned to Mount Surprise to rejoin the Savannahlander for a long day's travel back to Cairns. We passed through hilly countryside crossing rivers that were mostly dry, awaiting the wet season, when the bridges are often flooded. We stopped for lunch in the village of Almaden (pop. 41) before entering the rich agricultural region known as the Atherton Tablelands. In the tiny hamlet of Boonmoo we were "attacked" by bush rangers. The train stopped at a farmhouse and two masked kids wielding swords were lifted aboard demanding money. We obliged; their father lifted them off, and everybody laughed. We were back in Cairns shortly after five o'clock, having descended some 1200 spectacular feet through many tunnels, often in sight of the rushing Barron River, to the coast.

Migration Magic

Linda K.

One of the dependable signs of our approaching Vermont spring is the return of birds to our area for their annual nesting activity and the raising of the next generation of their species. After their young have fledged, adult birds typically hang around for a while longer eating, building up their energy supply, molting their worn feathers with replacement feathers that are much less colorful, all in preparation for the return trip to their real home, south of us to the warmer regions of the globe. Life should be easier for our bird friends who travel south than for the hardy species that save the time and trouble and stay back here in Vermont. These species—the woodpeckers, the nuthatches, some finches, chickadees, and sparrows—have to be very creative in staying warm and finding food. They succeeded at this long before bird feeders were invented! But many, due to their dietary needs, find it necessary to migrate. Much of this behavior is driven then by access to food sources, not so much the weather.

Unfortunately, today birds face a daunting future at both ends of their migratory trek. Deforestation in southern regions and fragmentation of the land in the north, especially through unregulated development, both contribute to a huge decline in the global bird population. Added to this are the stressors of cats who are said to kill some 3,000,000 birds a year, as well as climate extremes and light pollution of the night skies, which is when the birds do their migrating. It is amazing that this silent movement of billions of birds making their journey in spring and fall continues, new birds are born, and bird life goes on.

You might wonder why migration even occurs. Why don't birds just stay down south where life is easier and do their nesting and raise their young there? It all has to do with food. The nest is built, the eggs are laid, the birds hatch, and they are hungry. When this happens over a large area of Mexico or the Caribbean or the Amazon rainforest, the surge in demand for food creates intense competition for insects, berries, worms, and all the other foods that birds need to survive. Hence, over eons migration emerged as nature's way of dealing with food scarcity. Birds travel north because they have the room to spread out, nest, and feed their young in a less competitive environment. Many use Vermont as a stopover on their flight to the forests of Canada.



Audubon Society photo of hermit thrush

This migration begins slowly with some species typically coming early. The redwing black bird is one that we see in Vermont. Males often come first, to establish their territory, with females arriving a little later. Courtship ensues and nests are built. Vermont's state bird, the hermit thrush, is another early bird with many being reported already this year. Traditionally robins have been a sure sign of spring. In recent years more and more robins are overwintering here in the north. With snow covered ground they will typically turn to sumac berries to make it through tough times. Like robins, bluebirds seem to be more frequently overwintering. This year there have been many reports of them at suet feeders. We have had this experience ourselves. It's a good example of how adaptable birds

have to be to survive. Migration in our area really heats up in April and then peaks during the four weeks of May. It is in May that we will welcome the colorful warblers, the hummingbirds, the vireos, as well as many other species. Water birds are not to be forgotten. Loons, many species of ducks, and others also make the migration trek. We who live near Lake Champlain can see firsthand the results of the migration of water fowl.

It may be surprising to learn that there is a lot of predictability about bird migration. There are four main flyways that birds follow in their northward/southward journeys in North America. Many use the Atlantic Flyway. This includes Vermont and the other eastern states. A second pathway follows roughly along the Mississippi River. The third flyway, the Central Flyway, includes Texas, Kansas, Wyoming, and Montana. The sandhill crane uses this migratory path. The fourth flyway is the Pacific Flyway. There are side tributaries along these main paths. Rivers and mountains give guidance. Along the way birds



Wikipedia photo of sandhill crane

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have typical stopping places where they rest during bad weather and fill up on food so that they can continue their trip.

There are a few very famous hotspots in the United States where birds predictably stop over during migration, and bird watchers predictably stop over there to see them! One world famous place is Magee Marsh, in Ohio, on the southern coast of Lake Erie not too far from Toledo. Here groups of birds come week by week during May. The greatest convergence has been dependably on Mother’s Day weekend! Hundreds of warblers, some cuckoos, even a whip-poor-will might be seen along the extensive boardwalk that follows the shore and interior side paths where the birds rest and eat. Why here? To continue to travel north, these tiny winged wonders are exhausted by the extensive travel they’ve already done, and they must be ready to cross the open water of Lake Erie to get to the other side and continue north in Canada. They do their preparation at Magee Marsh and other areas along Lake Erie in Ohio, where there is good protective ground cover, woods, and marshes that provide them with a safe resting place and ample amounts of food.

The birding at Magee Marsh is fantastic. It is possible to see up close, wonderful varieties of warblers, in a couple of days of birdwatching. We have had the pleasure of seeing several life birds at Magee Marsh. Across the Lake, on the Canadian side, is another wonderful birding hotspot: Point Peleé. We went there in 2015 during a birding festival and the first bird we saw was a Kirtland’s warbler, a life bird for us for sure!

We have made two trips to Magee Marsh, our first in 2017 and our second in 2019. We camp at a beautiful state park not far away. This year we have planned our third trip to the Marsh during the third week of May. We expect to see some different varieties, as we’re going a week later than previously. There is something wonderfully life affirming about being there, with hundreds of other bird watchers, mostly helping each other to see the unusual bird hiding in the bushes. Magee Marsh dependably offers that experience. 2025 seems to be the right year for us to experience a little more of that migration magic!



Audubon Society photo of Kirtland’s warbler

Lusterware

Peg D.



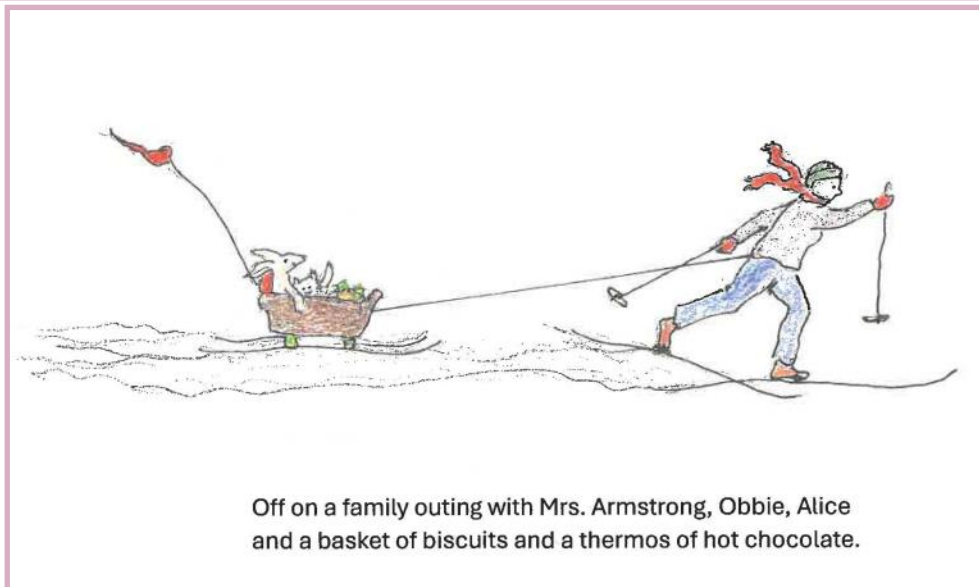
I’m a collector, not a keeper or saver. One day in Stowe where I lived, I did the yard sales and in the village I discovered the start of my favorite collection—lusterware. I love color, funny looking things and affordable items! I spied a yellow pot held up by two dogs on a blue platform—a candy dish I imagined. If the price seemed like too much, I learned to barter. Now after years of bartering, I have a large collection of lots of color with funny shapes, flower holders, jam jars, sugar and cream sets, salt and pepper holders, tea cups with saucers (which is unusual), one platter, and four more boxes hidden away.



Japan is the biggest producer of lusterware. Lusterware could be found at F.W. Woolworth, in the Sears catalogue, or in a trashcan, but I found mine in antique stores. Before I loved it, I thought it was junk.

The first lusterware was called Nippon (1891-1921). It was painted in layers of decorative colors by hand, then dipped in a colorless glaze and then into the kiln to finish it. By 1921 to 1941 Noritake became the Cadillac of lusterware. If it said made in Japan or just Japan, it could pass as lusterware.

A bright touch of color can attract anyone! Now, my lusterware biscuit holder is where I store my coffee grounds. Coffee anyone?



Cartoon by Tai H.

Buglers' note: The following is a reprint of the April 6, 2022, *Bugle* article written by the late Charlie R.

Bud Wilbur

Charlie R.



Bud

Charlie

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 W. 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. W., 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!

Interview with Gabe Schmitt

Phil Chapman

I am a regular reader of the students of the week column in the Addison Independent. A few weeks ago Gabe Schmitt, a senior at Middlebury Union High School, was featured. The article concluded with, "Gabe loves his part-time job at EastView..." I was curious to hear Gabe's take on EastView and so we set up an interview.

Gabe works in MeadowSweet and GardenSong on Sunday afternoons. He enjoys the friendly positive atmosphere at EastView, likes the interaction with the residents, and especially his supervision of bingo games, which he described as being like "the host at a party".

Gabe is planning on taking a "gap year" next year and looking forward to continuing his employment at EastView.

My Life at EastView

Olive R.

My first day at EastView didn't start out well. My mom wrestled with me for what seemed like an eternity to stuff me into my cat carrier. I knew something was up since for weeks furniture started disappearing from our house. Into the car we went and I was finally released into an apartment in the Inn. There was so much activity that I quietly slipped off and found a place to hide underneath the heating vents. I did chuckle when I realized that an email was sent to all the residents asking if they had seen me. Mom and Dad were convinced that I had escaped. For weeks I would disappear and then appear from nowhere before Dad figured out my secret spot.

I will admit I loved the wide window sills and windows that overlooked the entrance by the dumpsters. I generally don't interact with people other than my parents, but from the second floor I could safely supervise what the maintenance people were working on. Jean H. and Shawn C. would yell up to me and I would meow back, some very good conversations. While I loved the sills and open windows, I didn't like trash day and even worse was the recharging of the backup generator on Mondays. I am sure all of the residents in that side of the building feel the same way.

Eventually we moved to a cottage. Even though my parents like to entertain, most people wonder if I really exist. I usually hide, but if the guests interfere with my feeding time I will wander out and give them a dirty look from a far. I have developed a nice schedule. During this winter I learned that the radiant floor heat is the warmest in the bathroom around 6:00 at night. I head there and take a little rest. I enjoy my catnip toys, but they do make me sleepy. Speaking of sleep, I love napping with Mom in the afternoon and also at night. She complains that I take up too much room on her side of the bed. In the morning, I wake up between 4:00 and 4:30. I jump up on the bedroom dresser and stare at Dad waiting for him to get up to feed me. Sometimes I move to the nightstand so I can get real close to see if his eyes are open.

In closing, life at EastView is working out just fine and Mom and Dad seem happy, too.



Photo by Gail L.



Photo by Max K.



"The EV Mole," Photo by Alec L.

句俳 Haiku

Angelika B.

The white snow blanket
is marked by so many tracks.
who are you out there?

I would like to know.
stay! so I can meet all you
fellow travellers.

Such beauty out there
Nature is still and peaceful
Please world! Be the same.

**A Look Abroad: The Panama Canal**

Russ L.

President Trump intends to “reclaim” the Panama Canal. Panama is uninterested in giving the canal back, which sets the stage for another confrontation between the U.S. and a loyal ally. How did we get to this point?

Talk of building a canal across the isthmus between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans remained a pipe dream until late in the 19th century. Then a charismatic and enterprising French diplomat, Ferdinand de Lesseps, took the bull by the horns. De Lesseps already was a national hero for leading the effort to build the Suez Canal. Despite a valiant attempt, a combination of climate, geography, disease, and, ultimately, financial scandal brought the work to a halt in 1889. The U.S. took over the effort in 1903. A squabble with the Colombian government regarding lease payments led the Americans to support a Panamanian independence movement. The Panamanians achieved a bloodless revolution, thanks largely to threatening U.S. Navy gunships anchored off-shore. The U.S. then signed a lease with the new state of Panama, which gave the Americans *de facto* sovereign control over the canal and the canal zone. President Theodore Roosevelt took to his “bully pulpit” to boast that the acquisition of the canal rights was comparable to the Louisiana Purchase. The American scientists and engineers found ways to manage the disease-bearing mosquitoes and to overcome mountainous terrain and mud slides to complete one of the world’s greatest engineering achievements in 1915. It is hard to overrate the economic importance of the canal, which today cuts shipping time between the oceans to a little over a week, versus over a month around the Cape of Good Hope.

These things remained until the 1970s, when growing Panamanian protests, including rioting and violence, convinced then Secretary of State Kissinger, to seek a way for the U.S. to cede the canal to Panama without threatening American security interests. After months of debate in the Senate, the negotiations were completed in 1977 during the Carter administration. Even with John Wayne riding into town to support his pal, Panamanian President Martín Torrijos, the vote barely exceeded the two-thirds majority necessary for consent to ratification. Under the new treaty, the U.S. retained the right to defend the canal against foreign adversaries. It also received a guarantee of continued neutrality regarding use of the canal. Nevertheless, many of the treaty’s opponents remained unreconciled to the outcome.

The canal issue was all but forgotten until President Trump asserted his intention to “take it back.” He has not ruled out the use of economic coercion or even the use of force against tiny Panama, which does not have an army. Trump says that he is concerned about two issues: 1) Panama is “severely overcharging American shipping” and 2) the Chinese are “taking over” operation of the canal. Neither claim is accurate. Ships from all nations, including the U.S., are charged according to the same scale, as they have been since the canal began operations. A private Hong Kong company manages a port on either end of the canal, but the Chinese are not operating the canal. To appease the president, the principal owners of the ports are selling their shares to a consortium of purely U.S. companies led by Black Rock investments.

The deeper geopolitical interest of President Trump, however, is to gain control of the canal so that the U.S. is able to block Chinese transit through the canal in the case of an economic or strategic confrontation. Doing so could produce its own unintended consequences, including encouragement to other states engaged in, or considering, military expansion, such as China against Taiwan.