



*The Buglers:*

Sarah B.	Angelika B.
Linda C.	Phil C.
Warren K.	Lois K.
Max K.	Russ L.
Nancy R.	Ron R.
Cari B. (Design and Layout)	



*Photo by Max K.*

## **EastView Salutes Our Veterans!**

**Front Row (L to R):** George K., Warren K., Dick H., Peter B., Ed W., Joe D., Chuck M.

**Second Row (L to R):** Bob R., Keith S., Bob A., Shawn C., Ed S., Mike K., Betty A., Reg S., Buz B., Phil C., and Max K.

**Missing from photo:** Dick H., Andy I., Russ L., and Alec L.

**David and Barbara C.**



Barb and Dave C. met at the University of Maine, where both were graduate students in Wildlife Biology. Barbara McKean was born in Truro, Nova Scotia, where her father was the local ophthalmologist. Barb went to public schools in Truro, then to Dalhousie University in Halifax, where she earned a B.Sc. in Biology and a teaching certificate. A scholarship in environmental education took her to the University of Maine and led to an M.S. degree. Dave’s early years were spent in Iowa, Louisiana, and Tennessee, as his father pursued university degrees and eventually landed as a professor at the University of Tennessee, where Dave pursued an undergraduate degree in Forestry before heading to Maine and M.S. degree in Wildlife Biology.

The next event for Barb and Dave was a small wedding in Truro and an appointment at the U.S. Consulate in Halifax, where Barb was granted a Green Card, allowing her to move, with Dave, to Logan, Utah. Dave pursued a Ph.D. in Wildlife Science, studying effects of DDT on wetland birds, and Barb landed an excellent job as a research assistant on a comprehensive study of the desert biome. Next to her desk was a wall filled with glass cages and rattlesnakes from deserts of the West. “Fearless Barb” assisted her supervisor when “milking” venom from these snakes for genetic analysis. We loved Logan, a small town in the mountains, and convenient to many places, such as Jackson Hole, where we enjoyed year-round outdoor activities. These were the early days of ski touring in the U.S., and we took full advantage of the abundant powder snow with our military-surplus wooden skis and cable bindings.

Dave dragged his graduate work out as long as possible (5 years). Barb was becoming very attached to the western landscape. But, we had to go on with the rest of our lives and Dave was attracted to a teaching/research position in the new School of Natural Resources at the University of Vermont, where he joined the Wildlife Biology Program in 1976. A year later, Barb was hired by South Burlington High School, where she taught chemistry, math, and physics. She also coached the cross-county teams for many years and could out run most of her students. After two years in a starter house in Essex Town, we found an old farm house and 96 acres of an abandoned hill farm in Huntington. Barb planted and maintained perennial and vegetable gardens; Dave planted, groomed, and sold several thousand Christmas trees. Twenty years passed quickly; we were so busy that we forgot to have children!

One day, while studying birds on Lake Champlain islands, Dave spotted a house for sale in Grand Isle and reasoned that a home on the lake might be a nice pre- and post-retirement move. Barb started over with gardens; Dave had time for fly fishing. Soon after settling in Grand Isle, we spent most of a year living in Australia, where Dave studied conservation planning with the New South Wales Wildlife Service. While there, UVM offered a unique voluntary separation program that allowed Dave to leave his traditional faculty appointment and become a research professor. Barb taught for 5 more years, earning full retirement benefits. Dave declared himself to be semi-retired, still studying birds on Lake Champlain and supervising some conservation planning research at UVM, but now with time for more travels.

Bird watching, hiking, and fly fishing have led us to some wonderful places. Our first big trip after retirement was back to Australia for two months. The next year, it was New Zealand, where we returned 15 times! Then it was Alaska (Dave and his fly rods have been there 20 times), Mexico, Belize (12 times), Costa Rica, Italy, France, England, Scotland, Peru, Ecuador, Chile, Argentina, Bahamas, Cuba, South Africa, Kenya, Tanzania, a bunch of western states and Canadian provinces, and regular visits to Barb's family in Nova Scotia. Whew—I have never listed all of this travel before.

It was during our 2024 trip to New Zealand (arguably our favorite destination) that we were notified about an upcoming vacancy of a two bedroom apartment in EastView. That was perfect timing for us and the perfect place for the next chapter of our lives.

**November Birthdays**



Nina B.	11/3	Ann B.	11/12	Max K.	11/15	Tiffany N.	11/24	Ed S.	11/28
Suzanne B.	11/6	Bill R.	11/13	Bob A.	11/16	Zita N.	11/24		
Frank W.	11/10	Uli H.	11/14	Bob R.	11/18	Betsy L.	11/28		

## Have You Noticed?

Jeffrey

*Angelika B.*

When I asked the sculptor Jim Sardonis for a work of art, I told him how much I adored his whale tails (now situated next to I-89 near Burlington). He said he would make our statue, Jeffrey and his mother, out of a piece of left-over granite from the whale tails. Why that name? In 17th century England, a fervently religious poet Christopher Smart, who lived much of his life in an insane asylum, wrote a poem about his cat Jeffrey and how every movement he made whether hunting, eating, playing, stretching, or cuddling was in praise of his creator. To me this wonderful idea applies to all creatures.



**Brass Jug**

*Faith C.*

The brass jug at my front door came to me from my late husband's grandparents, whom I knew. They purchased this antique milk jug in Belgium. Its original purpose was for transporting fresh milk from dairy cows to town for sale.

I had admired it while dating my future husband and his parents left it to us in their will! At Christmas I always filled it with fresh evergreen branches and tied a big red bow around the handle.

This jug holds many precious memories for me.

**Bench and Rocks**

*Peggy R.*

The bench/step stool is a twin of the one Reg Spooner has outside his apartment. Ours came as a house gift in 1988 from LL Bean.

The rocks came from the OMYA marble quarry from a tour of their Rt. 7 south quarry. On the tour, we were bussed to the bottom of the quarry and invited to take samples of the shattered rock. Unfortunately, there have not been any tours since before Covid. The bottom shelf holds rocks with a combination of calcium carbonate and potassium feldspar.

When Warren K. was clearing the art room, he planned to get rid of the larger flat stone on the middle shelf and I have adopted it. Now Warren refers to me as "that woman who is off her ROCKer".



**My Memory**

*Peggy K.*

Years ago in Cornwall, my mother gave me this milk container for whatever reason (when I wanted a car or jewelry!!) and I've kept it ever since. I'd love to get it "redone" but I have no idea who might do that work.

## The Breakfasts of Addison County

*Ed S.*

You can blame our neighbor Larry Ring for the following silliness. He has asked me to divulge the dives we go to every morning at around 8:30 am. Having to admit Jane and I are in a breakfast rut is painful but, alas, truthful. So here goes:

Sunday, we most often go to the Halfway House, near Shoreham on Route 22A. We go find a table and Cora (owner and server) brings us coffee and hot chocolate (no whipped cream, thanks). Usually we order Cora's excellent omelet with ham and lots of veggies, accompanied by rye toast and potatoes (grilled, thank you).

Mondays and Tuesdays, we most often go to Rosie's, where we will be seated at our usual table by Ronnie or June and served by Anita. The coffee and hot chocolate will come without us asking. We often get two poached eggs accompanied by hash and potatoes. Food is good and usually plenty of energetic families to provide entertainment.

Wednesdays, up to Bristol and Snap's restaurant, where the imaginative cooks have some very interesting specials, served to us by Lucy. These creative items are usually our favorites. "The Knights of the Round Table" (men's breakfast club) meets that morning to settle the world's problems for our collective benefit.

Thursdays, quite often will find us at Mae's Place in Brandon. There is nothing special about this place, but the people are friendly. The menu rather humdrum. We go there because we then have an excuse to visit our daughter's A-frame on Fern Lake and play with Bean, her little fuzzy, cute kitten.

Fridays we often go to The Bridge restaurant on Route 125, where the "new" bridge over Lake Champlain ("new" means rebuilt 14 years ago) meets Route 125. Lisa has been trying to sell her establishment but has not as yet identified any prospects. Oh, and yes, the eggs with that small flatiron steak are excellent.

Saturdays, to prove to ourselves our flexibility, we might decide to go to ShireTown Marketplace on College Street in town. The ambiance is minimal, the food only average, but their usual patrons, Midd Kids, are fun to watch. That's as close to youth as we can get.

Our typical bill for these splendid repasts, including a \$9 tip, is around \$30. Cheap entertainment.

## Favorite Books and Authors

*Angelika B.:*

I recommend Ed Young *An Immense World*.

*Bill R.:*

I was at a political fundraiser in NYC towards the end of my career. I didn't know a soul in attendance. A gentleman came up to me and we had a wonderful chat for at least half an hour. He excused himself and said he was expected to say a few words to the gathering. He introduced himself as John Grisham. The nicest most down to earth person you could meet. Since that time I have read almost every single one of his books and he is by far my favorite author.



### Photos of Otter Creek Falls

*Max K.*

The photo on the left was taken July 18, 2023. Contrast that with the photo on the right, taken August 25, 2025.

### Wayfinding - My Favorite Holiday!

*Dave D.*

Growing up, my parents made an extra special effort to make sure Christmas was a magical time in our home. I think it was because we didn't have a lot, as some would say "we came from modest means." But each year, somehow, our living room was filled with gifts, with color coordinated wrapping paper bringing the room to life! It's amazing what happens when an 8-pack of socks suddenly becomes eight separate packages.

While I still love the Christmas holiday, over the years I have become a solidly committed "Thanksgiving guy." Why? To me, Thanksgiving is about community, it is about being together, sharing a meal. It's a quieter holiday but also filled with tradition. It is a time to be thankful. In keeping with that tradition of being thankful, here are a few things I am thankful for that I want to highlight

I am thankful for our facilities team who will soon be bundling up to sand sidewalks and clear paths, to make sure we can safely move about, while balancing paint jobs and cottage flips. I am thankful for our care staff, who undertake uniquely challenging work every day, but who bring their humanity to work with them, with their many simple acts of kindness. I am thankful for our kitchen crew, cooks, servers, dishwashers who know that food is the great connective tissue of our community and that a missed meal is about so much more than food. I am thankful for the concierge desk – who handle literally whatever comes in the door – patiently answering questions and directing traffic with a smile. I am thankful for our community life team, who bring empathy, kindness and enthusiasm to each game, activity, and support they provide. I am thankful for our cleaning crew, who in addition to making sure EastView shines, take time to engage with residents, to see them and to make sure they are heard.

And, of course, I am thankful to our residents who reciprocate and return the care (and smiles) they receive, and who set the tone for our community. EastView is a caring community. And for that, at this time of year especially, I am thankful.



### AGF Report

*Russell K.*

The final Max K. AGF Report Graphic for the 2025 campaign tells the story at a glance of another successful campaign. The residents are passionately appreciative of the workers here at EastView. The AGF Committee put out an invitation to meet a challenging target and the residents exceeded the challenge, reaching a total of \$167,128, with over 90% participation in the IL apartments and cottages combined. In addition, there was a remarkable response from residents and families of the care neighborhoods with more than 62% participation, a 20 % increase above the past two years.



The size of the gifts is also remarkable. Two thirds of the gifts were spread almost uniformly across the range up to \$2000.

The other third of donations continued to spread to gifts of quite amazingly high amounts. Employees and residents all have cause to be grateful for this impressive and generous response.

The 17% increase in total dollar giving since 2024 combined with the full staffing level achieved this year tells an interesting story. While there are eight more employees receiving the bonus this year, the 20,000 hours increase in total hours worked means that more employees worked more hours, so that their bonus is increased. While the \$1.55 per hour bonus is slightly less than last year, the bonuses are generally higher due to the more hours worked. The average bonus is \$1,664, about 6% higher, and the median bonus is \$1,798, about 18% higher than last year. More hours worked means more was earned in bonuses and more services were provided for residents. That is quite a handsome note of appreciation that we can all celebrate.

Thanks to everyone who gave to the AGF. Thanks again to our outstanding staff.

**EV Resident Tiffany N. Turns 100!***Tiffany N. S.*

Helen Tiffany N. was born in Winsted, CT on November 24, 1925 and enjoyed an idyllic upbringing and childhood living on 22 acres in the country with six siblings. After public school, she went to Middlebury College and graduated in 1947 (a ½ semester after Alice P.). She had the luxury of majoring in the appreciation of fine arts and even took cooking and sewing, 3 credit courses offered by the college. When home during the summers, Tiffany did her part to help with the war efforts first working on an assembly line glueing seams for heavy military ponchos and later soldering gloves for airmen. Back then, under duress of the war, the work week was 55 hours!



At Middlebury, Tiffany met her future husband, Bartley. Tiffany and Bart were married in 1948, two weeks after graduation. They moved to Boston where Bart first started to work in the insurance business. Realizing he did not enjoy that, he soon found rewarding work with the Boy Scouts of America. They had three children. Their sons Jim and Bart, Jr. both graduated from Williams College and both spent careers in education, as secondary teachers and administrators. Their daughter, also named Tiffany, followed in her parents' footsteps and graduated from Middlebury, later returning to work for 35 years at Middlebury College, serving as the Director of the Center for Community Engagement.

In the mid 70s, Tiffany and Bart lived in NJ, and Tiffany earned her MLS (Master of Library Science) from Rutgers just before turning 50—quite an accomplishment working full-time and pursuing graduate school! Tiffany worked as a librarian and then a library director both in NJ and then in TX.

From Texas, Tiffany and Bart returned to their New England roots and retired on Cape Cod, a dream come true. Bart Jr. and Jim designed and built their parents' beautiful retirement home on 4 acres in Brewster, MA. There, Tiffany volunteered at the Brewster Ladies' Library and with the Lower Cape Outreach, an agency similar to HOPE here in Middlebury. With the help of another reference librarian, Tiffany catalogued about 2 years of sermons by a minister who had preached in the 1800s at the Dennis Union Congregational Church. What was so extraordinary about that was the sermons were written in small handwriting on both sides of very small pieces of paper because paper was in such short supply! After 20 years on Cape Cod, they returned to Middlebury and lived in a Battell Hill condo for 18 years.

Over the years, Tiffany and Bart enjoyed travel and had the opportunity to go to England, Mexico, the Canadian Rockies, Bermuda, and Tucson, AZ, where a number of Tiffany's relatives lived. Some of Tiffany's hobbies include knitting Aran sweaters, quilting, and quilling (though she feels she is strictly an amateur at quilling and not in Holly P.'s class). If you stop by Tiffany's apartment, you can view a gorgeous four-season quilt she made. Tiffany has also been an avid bridge player and has thoroughly enjoyed that lifelong hobby.

Tiffany loves her family, including 7 grandchildren and 17 great grandchildren. Tiffany chuckled, "Didn't do well for population explosion."

Tiffany attributes her long healthy life to good genes from her mother (who lived to be 102), having a good diet, and getting plenty of exercise. (Incidentally, son Jim used a GPS app to measure the ½ mile walk around EastView, starting at the MeadowSweet front door.)

Tiffany came to EastView almost 2 years ago and took Suzanne B.'s advice to come before you can't. She is delighted to be here and says that her children are more relaxed knowing she is here. It was the right decision at the right time.

**Welcome to EastView!**

Welcome to new staff members and residents who have joined the EV Community in the past month.

Staff: Autumn L., Olivia B., Emma H., Adeline H. (Servers); Megan L. (RCA); and Chuck P. (Weekend Housekeeper). Residents: Joan W. (MeadowSweet); Joseph D. (GardenSong) and Sheila & Bob H. (Cottage).

## Middlebury Rails

*Ron R.*

July 29, 2022: The first passenger rail service since 1953 was inaugurated with the departure of Amtrak's Ethan Allen Express (stretching the term a little) for New York's Penn Station, in a scheduled time of seven plus hours. Since the 1990s the service had originated in Rutland. The tracks and roadbed, by then owned by Vermont Railroad, required substantial upgrades, permitting speeds of nearly 60 miles per hour. Slow by European standards, but the train has transported substantially more passengers than predicted, and, as the writer's older son (a train fan) commented, 'we now live SOMEWHERE'!

Service to Middlebury by the Rutland-Burlington Railroad, later just the Rutland Railroad, began in December 1849. By 1857, a timetable shows two trains a day traveling in each direction through from Boston in the same day to Burlington and four trains each day between Rutland and Burlington. The fare in 1849 was \$6.00. This from the definitive publication, *Railroads of Vermont* by Robert C. Jones, published in 1993, and held by the Sheldon Museum Research Center and the Middlebury College Library.

The Middlebury station, situated on the west side of the tracks, burned and a new structure built in 1891, in the same location. In turn this building was moved to the east side of the tracks in 1912 to accommodate the construction of the Seymour Street underpass. With the end of passenger service in 1953, this building was repurposed for commercial use. The platform for Amtrak service, completed in 2022, is located on the west side of the tracks, as originally.

For any ferroequinologists (check this in Google) among our readers, the Ethan Allen Express consists of a combination of Siemens and GE diesel locomotives, four coach cars, a business class car with a café, and 1x1 traction, i.e. an engine at each end. A new red, white, and blue paint scheme is gradually being applied to all the locomotives and could be seen as a little jazzy.

Close to home, four groups of EastViewers, enjoyed the foliage viewing trips in early October, traveling on the Ethan Allen Express from Middlebury to Rutland, or for the forth contingent, a bit further to Castleton, everyone returning via the EastView bus. The train offers a very different, more closeup view of the countryside, than the road. Something to look forward to next fall.



## Night Blooming Cereus

*Dee H.*

Just before we moved to EastView in December, 2023 I took a cutting from the original Night Blooming Cereus my father had given me back in the 90s, stuck it in the dirt and brought it to EastView. It rooted and I've been nursing it along. About 2 weeks ago I noticed a tiny nubbin on one of the leaves and watched it grow, knowing we could expect a beautiful flower sometime soon. Last night it bloomed around 9 PM. Incredibly fragrant, almost overpowering. By morning the exotic bloom had closed, drooped and was no longer lovely.

My parents used to have a party on the night they expected theirs to bloom. Dad's plant could produce 5-10 blooms on the same night and it was worth waiting for.



Our EastView veterans Keith S. and Shawn C. received their quilts from the organization "Quilts of Honor" at the Milk and Honey Guild quilt show on October 11. Former governor Douglas headed the presentation group.

## 句俳 Haiku *Angelika B.*

Winter is coming  
Nature rests and so must we  
Welcome quietness

All dogs of EastView  
are my best friends and beloved  
but it's not enough

Life is so fleeting  
be aware and thankful  
too

## A Look Abroad - Negotiating for Side Effects

*Russ L.*

We usually assume that parties enter into negotiations to achieve a mutually acceptable agreement on a matter in which they share some common interest, as well as conflicting aspirations. Agreement normally is reached through compromise and concessions by both sides. Third parties may become involved as mediators to assist the parties in communicating with each other and in reaching an agreement.

Although we like to assume that the parties engaged in negotiation are doing so to reach a mutually satisfactory agreement, that is not always the case. Sometimes parties engage in negotiations not to reach an agreement, but for "side effects." That often is the case in negotiations between nation-states at war. State leaders may engage in negotiations, or accept mediation, to please domestic constituents, or third party states, seeking an end to the war. They also may negotiate to buy time to augment their military forces or to deceive the other party with regard to their true objectives.

Consider the case of Russian president Putin's responses to mediation efforts to begin formal negotiations to end to the war in Ukraine. President Trump has complained that in his conversations with the Russian president, Putin always "talks so nicely, but then he bombs people at night." Putin has worked hard to ingratiate himself with Trump by "talking nicely." Recently Melania Trump joined several humanitarian organizations in negotiating with Putin to gain the repatriation of an estimated 19,500 Ukrainian children abducted by Russia during the war. So far, the Russians have kept the negotiations going by returning a token number of the children. One wonders about Putin's motives. Is he attempting to settle the issue of the repatriation of the children? Or is he negotiating with the first lady to further his personal relationship with President Trump?

As for ending the war itself, Putin has hardened his conditions as he has made more military gains. Ukraine's President Zelensky and European leaders believe that Putin is deliberately offering unacceptable peace settlement conditions as part of a strategy of stalling for time to continue his military advances. The stalling, coupled with intensified Russian attacks on Ukraine's cities, however, has created a greater sense of urgency in Europe. European Union leaders are now well-advanced in internal discussions to use frozen Russia assets to aid Ukraine in the war effort and post-war reconstruction. President Trump cancelled a meeting with Putin, complaining publicly that he did not like being "played." The American Congress is considering a bi-partisan bill to increase trade sanctions on Russia if Putin does not begin "good faith" negotiations. Negotiating for side-effects can result in unwanted consequences.