



To all of you creative writers in our community, we want to publish your work in future editions of the *Bugle*. Write a poem, a Haiku, a song, a short story; write about an adventure or a hobby; or create a crossword puzzle. Remember in order to make the *Bugle* even better we need your input. Please send your submission to any Bugler.

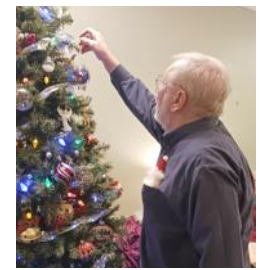
- *The Buglers*

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)	



Holiday Traditions at EastView

Over the past thirteen holiday seasons, we have established some wonderful traditions. Just after Thanksgiving, the Facilities team delivers dozens of holiday bins and boxes from our off-site storage facility. The trees in the Lobby, Terrace Dining Room, Community Room, and MeadowSweet and GardenSong Living Rooms are fluffed and lights are checked and hung. We purchase boughs and wreaths from a local farm. Residents and staff then gather to decorate trees, boughs, and wreaths with ornaments that include those hand made by residents over the years. Special collections of carolers, Santas, and crystal trees are lovingly placed on mantle pieces throughout the Inn. Menorahs take their own special spots. In MeadowSweet, care staff gather with residents for a festive evening of hot cider and cookies, with everyone given a chance to trim the tree. Many hands make light work, a fun time is had by all, and the community is suddenly transformed. One lesser known tradition is the Staff Secret Santa: members of the staff who choose to participate pick names of residents of MeadowSweet and GardenSong and purchase gifts which remain anonymous and are placed under the tree to be opened on Christmas morning. Every resident receives a gift. Most years we also have staff cookie swaps as well as staff gift exchanges. We host giving trees for a local toy drive and animal shelter. Residents challenge one another to give a certain number of boxes of cereal and cans of protein to HOPE's food shelf. We always enjoy wonderful holiday concerts and sing-alongs. We have even had bonfires on the Solstice. We are so lucky to live and work in such a special, caring community!



Jan W.

The road to EastView: Minneapolis, Minnesota; Sheffield, Iowa; Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa; Clear Lake, Iowa; Cambridge, Massachusetts; Travels; Chappaqua, New York; EastView!

Stories along the way:

Minneapolis—born, but with the War my father enlisted in the Navy and my mother and I moved to my parents' hometown in Iowa.

Sheffield, Iowa (pop, 1100)—an amazing small town. I grew up surrounded by four grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins and friends. Yes, I skied behind a tractor, slid down a machine shed roof at my cousin's farm, collected lightning bugs, slept outside to watch for shooting stars, and even tipped over one privy with my classmates. My class of 30 kids still has reunions. After all we went to school together K-12. Every three years my extended family meets on the original and beautiful family farm which my great grandfather owned and a family member still farms. Currently I am the oldest of these descendants.

It was a shocking event when my father died suddenly of a massive heart attack at 42 leaving my mother to care for my brother (13), sister (6) and me (16) plus my father's elderly parents. Thank goodness for a strong mom, family and friends.

Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa—When asked where I wanted to go to college my answer was always "outastate". After my father's death I decided to stay in Iowa and go to Grinnell College, both parents' alma mater. I was very naive about the application process and had never heard of the SAT/ Achievement tests, a Grinnell requirement. I was so naive I walked out halfway through the Achievement tests because it started to snow, and I didn't want to get caught in a storm on my drive home. My children are still amazed that I left the tests.

Clear Lake, Iowa—Summers I worked and lived at a lakeside hotel managing the dining room. It was my dream job. I got a tan and met my future husband, Richard Wells from Scarsdale, New York. He was in Iowa literally counting cows for New York investors.

Cambridge, Mass.—After college, Richard's Peace Corps experience and my initial teaching, we were married in 1966. Our "mixed marriage" was unusual and shocking at that time, but we never had a problem about religion during 55 years of marriage. We celebrated both Jewish and Christian holidays and traditions. I moved to Cambridge where Dick was in his first year at Harvard Law School.

While we were in Cambridge I taught English and Social Studies at Bigelow Middle School in Newton, Mass., a school receiving national attention for its middle schools. Very unusual. Living up to its reputation, Bigelow was the most exciting and interesting of my teaching experiences.

Travels—During summers we traveled to Europe, Iran, Afghanistan, Israel, the Soviet Union including the Asian parts of Samarkand, Tashkent, and areas with the Tadzhiks and Uzbeks. At extended Iowa family reunions, a couple of former military men who had had deployments in Afghanistan identified me as the cousin who spent her honeymoon in Afghanistan. I can only imagine what they thought. The following summer we went to South America—Columbia, Bolivia, Brazil, and Ecuador including Dick's Peace Corps mountain village of Columbe. At his former home skinned guinea pigs hung on a clothesline waiting to be eaten. There was no running water or electricity, but they did hold his mail for two years.

The Shah of Iran was to participate on horseback in the Harvard graduation. Having visited Iran we were especially interested, but it poured rain most of the day. We sat in our apartment and never saw the Shah, the horse or any ceremony.

Chappaqua, New York—Political experiences including 9/11 and the Clintons will appear in subsequent articles.



December Birthdays

Lois A.	12/2	Linda S.	12/6	Shirley B.	12/20
Deb F.	12/3	Ed W.	12/8	Nancy F.	12/26
Gordon C.	12/5	Peg D.	12/19	John F.	12/27

The Founding of Middlebury College

Nancy R.

In 1783, the Revolutionary War was over, and settlers began to return to Middlebury. Within a decade there was a growing number of houses, mostly log cabins. That began to change, thanks to a sawmill in operation at the falls, owned by Gamaliel Painter, whose land would become the center of Middlebury east of Otter Creek. He was already attracting doctors, lawyers, and other professional men by offering building lots.

Schools, located in residents' homes, taught reading, writing, and arithmetic to local children, but Middlebury wanted more. In 1797 a committee was formed to establish an Academy, a secondary school. On September 30 they met at the home of lawyer Samuel Miller. One member, Seth Storrs, another lawyer, brought a guest, his old friend Timothy Dwight, president of Yale. Dwight listened to the discussion and made a suggestion: why not also establish a college? Why not, indeed? The idea took hold, and the local representatives to the Vermont Legislature agreed to apply for a charter. Samuel Miller's house still stands, much altered, at the head of Main Street and is known to this day as Charter House.

Plans for the Academy moved forward; the town raised \$4,000 to fund the largest building in town, forty by eighty feet with three stories featuring a major extravagance, glass windows. It stood on the present site of Middlebury College's Twilight Hall, surrounded by a park that is still there. Jeremiah Atwood, a graduate of Yale, was principal. Everything was ready when Middlebury College received its charter on November 1, 1800. On November 4, five students were admitted, one with sophomore standing. They moved into the Academy's third floor; Jeremiah Atwood became president and the only professor. He was assisted by several tutors, one of whom was Thomas Merrill, who had graduated from Dartmouth first in his class (second was his life-long friend Daniel Webster). Merrill was later to become pastor of Middlebury's Congregational Church, a position he held for thirty-seven years.

In 1802, the student admitted as a sophomore was ready to graduate, the first in Vermont. The *Middlebury Mercury* proudly described the event which was attended by a large crowd. There was a procession through town to the courthouse, followed by a full day of music, speeches, and orations in Latin and Greek. What the newspaper failed to mention was that the occasion was not quite so auspicious as it appeared. The graduate was not there; he was ill and died soon after.

The College grew, and by 1810 it had outgrown the Academy building. This time its supporters wanted a substantial stone structure that would be the start of a campus. But who would pay for it and where was the campus to be? The Academy was on the west side of town, whose residents wanted the College to remain. But the more populous part of town east of Otter Creek also wanted it. Gamaliel Painter came up with an answer to both questions: the side that raised the most money for the building would get the campus. The list of pledges from the east side is lost, but the document from the west side is in the Henry Sheldon Museum. It consists of two large pieces of paper, with more than one hundred signatures of residents on the west side of Otter Creek in Middlebury, Cornwall, Weybridge, Shoreham and other towns, pledging cash, land, or building materials. The west side won, the east side was persuaded to pay up, and the building was completed in 1816 on sloping land donated by Seth Storrs beyond the Academy. It is Painter Hall, the oldest of the three buildings that make up Middlebury College's Old Stone Row and the oldest college building standing in Vermont.



Welcome to EastView!

Welcome to new staff members and residents who have joined the EV Community in the past month. Staff: Adeline H., Chelsea C. (Servers); Colton O. (Facilities); and Maddy H. (RCA). Resident: Dorrie K. (MeadowSweet).

Have You Noticed?



My Christmas Train *Bob P.*

In the 1980s, I bought a Lionel Train similar to the one I had as a kid. Over the years it transformed into a Christmas train that thrilled my grandchildren before they moved on to grander toys. The tiny wrapped Christmas presents on some of the cars were the work of my late first wife. Nostalgia overcomes me at Christmas.

Uncle Sam *Warren K.*

Uncle Sam is one of a collection of today's artists that I have. I often change the objects outside my doorway.



Chinese Garden Stool *Dexter L.*

We spent two years in Kuala Lumpur and purchased this Chinese garden stool when there.

My Angel *Dee H.*

You have to look closely to tell this is a very old angel with wings. Barney's mother found this treasure in a Virginia antique shop that she visited frequently. It reminds me of her.



Garden Nymph *Deb F.*

Sitting on the rock near the path is a young female that I always thought of as a garden nymph. She rests quietly, eyes closed with knees bent and her head resting on her arms. It is a very peaceful pose. She was a gift from our daughter, Allison, and reminds me of her.

Wayfinding: Drawing Conclusions

Dave D.

Each Thursday as 2:30 approaches I exhale deeply, step away from my keyboard, and remind myself that “it will be fun.” Then I head up to the Community Room to get ready for drawing class. It can be hard to make the time and to force my brain into a different space. I am a creature of habit and sometimes midafternoon is when I do my best work. I don’t have time, nor skill, for drawing! But each time I go, I get back to my office feeling lighter. I never regret going and I always come away better for the experience. Better for the conversation and **connection**, not because I can draw a cross contour line or cast shadow.

I understand that as we age, sometimes we have to give things up. This year’s version of Thanksgiving tag football looked a lot more careful than last year’s. Most of my friends have given up running in favor of biking and rowing. And it’s true, we should listen to our bodies and make thoughtful decisions. But for each thing we give up, I believe there is something else we might be able to pick up. I have little to no skill as a drawing artist. I am fated, I believe, to be a permanent beginning guitar player. Some day I plan to try watercolor painting. I am a bad carpenter but I plan to build a bookcase.

What I can tell you is that it would be easy to skip a week or to not have undertaken the drawing class at all. But my life is richer for the experience. Drawing is fun. It’s not my comfort zone, but it makes me think differently and most of all, talking about life and art with my drawing classmates is the best! I know there are obstacles, real and imagined, that get in the way of things we might want to do, but I challenge each of us to try. If you have something on your mind, an activity you have always thought about trying, share your idea with Cari or with me. Let’s make it happen.

As we head into the season of New Year’s resolutions, my challenge to you – resolve to pick something up: try something new, poetry, music, art, movement, activism, writing, whatever piques your curiosity! And Happy New Year!

Vermont Vinegars

Debra B.

Vermont Vinegars is the logical extension of generations of Vermont farmers doing what we love. Ultimately, vinegar production was inspired by my brother and his family of fruit growers in Monkton, Vermont. I strayed from the family’s farming tradition for a full career in banking in Vermont and then in the developing world, before finding my way home again. Travelling the world, I met visitors to Vermont who often enthused over their experiences visiting our small towns and discovering specialty food that made their Vermont experience exceptional. I had to travel 10,000 miles away to discover the potential of what was in my own backyard.



The lessons from conversations with consumers and producers for the Vermont market were to use what I find locally, keep it small batch, and pay close attention to the quality. When possible I start with local fruit that I juice; ferment into alcohol; before fermenting it a second time into vinegar. But as with anything you love doing, it’s hard not to keep finding new ways to be creative. The standard wine and cider vinegar line-up often includes some new flavors like crabapple, peach, honey mead, malt, champagne, tarragon infused, and maple flavored. Since anything you can make into alcohol can be made into vinegar, I’m worried the vinegar lineup may get truly out of control!

Luckily vinegar is the base ingredient for vinaigrette where the true fun begins. Staying close to Vermont Vinegars’ mission of keeping it local, the main flavors revolve around local fruit infusions and flavors, which are enhanced with maple syrup. A naturally low-calorie vinaigrette is the result. The recipes have evolved thanks mainly to the constant feedback available at weekly farmers markets every summer. While selling through stores is easier, it doesn’t give the wonderful one-on-one conversations with my consumers and best critics.

Debra Boyer is Mary W.’s sister.

Historical Tidbit: Shays' Rebellion Ended Here!

Gordon C.

Captain Daniel Shays was a hero in the pivotal battle of Saratoga, the American forces winning our independence from British rule. At war's end he returned to his home in the rural western part of Massachusetts. He was summoned to court to face charges of tax delinquency. (A hero's welcome home!) Daniel Shays was not alone. His neighbors, mostly poor subsistence farmers, were harassed by tax collectors and sheriffs threatening to confiscate cattle and meagre possessions.

Tax policy was determined by the legislature in Boston which was dominated by wealthy merchants of imported goods. They ignored all appeals for tax relief.

The discontent grew to 4000 people. Groups formed. Daniel Shays emerged as a group leader. The groups blocked court houses where foreclosure cases were scheduled thus preventing the court from sitting. Eventually they decided that they had to overthrow the State government. For that they needed weapons.

They planned a raid on the Federal Armory in Springfield, MA. On the day of the raid, the State militia and a private army were there to defend the Armory. The raiders were stunningly defeated. The raiders scattered. Some were captured. Others slipped over borders into New Hampshire and Vermont. Daniel Shays disappeared in Vermont.

In time, the vast majority of the raiders were pardoned. Very few were brought to trial, sentenced, had their sentences commuted or overturned on appeal. No one went to jail.

Daniel Shays was pardoned. He returned to MA. Later he moved to the Conesus area in upstate NY where he lived in obscurity.

End of story?

It was the end of the story as the 1780s ended. However in April 2013, more than 200 years after the Rebellion, Daniel Shays' hiding place in VT was discovered. It was in the Sandgate mountains in Bennington County. The site has been investigated. Of note are several defensive breastworks. Clearly, Daniel Shays was expecting a gun battle if government troops came a-calling.

The site investigation report was delivered to the Vermont Archaeological Society on September 2020 and is available to the public. The author is Steve Butz, Professor of Archaeology, SUNY Plattsburgh.



Libby's Trail

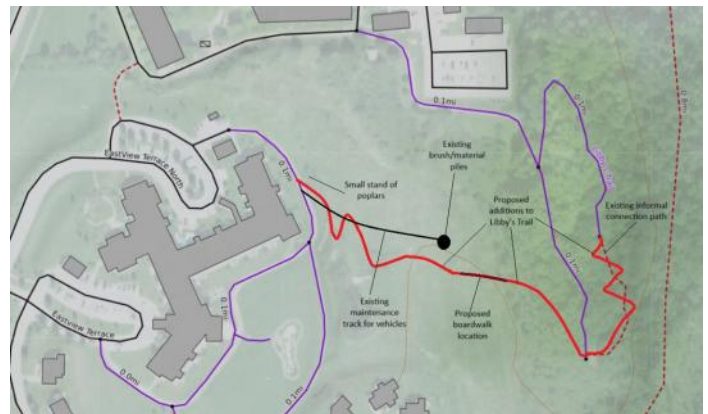
Lois Kraus

We are so honored and pleased to now have the wonderful addition to Libby's Trail winding its way across EastView's property.

This trail was originally created by her family in 2003 to honor the memory of Libby Brakeley. Her husband donated the necessary funds and family helped build it. Many of us have walked the woodland trail behind the hospital, enjoying the quiet woods where there are also a few benches where one can sit and admire the fields beyond.

Now her husband Hap has paid for a big addition and her son Sam and his helpers have extended the trail a long way behind the EastView main building. It includes a well constructed wooden bridge over the swamp and a gently sloping trail to link up with the original trail.

It is a carefully planned and executed generous gift to all of us and we thank the Brakeley family.



4th Annual EastView Pumpkin Decorating Contest



Best in Show

HAYLO "Scooby Doo"

Runner-up: HENRY "3-Eyed Monster Eating a Happy Pumpkin"

Most Creative

FAESY'S "Kitchen Only Pumpkin"

Runner-up: HAYLO "Scooby Doo"



Favorite Carved

KEITH "Franken Melon"

Runner-up: JUDY "Home"

Most Unique

HENRY "3-Eyed Monster Eating a Happy Pumpkin"

Runner-up: HAYLO "Scooby Doo"

Favorite Painted

KIRA "Just Gnoming Around"

Runner-up: CLAIRE "Smiley"

Funniest

ANDREW, GAYL, LINDSEY, & KRIS

"One for the \$\$"

Runner-up: KEITH "Franken Melon"



Best Group

NINA & GABE "Forest"

Runner-up: NANCY & BOB'S "Kitchen Only Pumpkin"

Cutest

LISA "Untitled"

Runners-up (TIE): CARIS "Princess Prudence" & PAULA "Untitled"

Best Traditional

WAYNE "Orwell Vt Spook"

Runner-up: LINDSEY "Yee Haw"

Scariest

DAVID "Crazy Charlie" & "Son of Crazy Charlie"

Runner-up: LISA "Matilda"



句俳 Haiku

All the pets who left
we will miss you forever
thanks for your presence

Angelika B.

“Grands” can’t read cursive.
Astounding the hours we spent
Learning a lost art.

Jan W.

Joints creak noisily.
Sight and hearing are fading.
I’m in the right place.

Gordon C.

Bureaucratic Politics and the Ukraine War

Russ L.

In dictatorial regimes foreign policy decisions can result solely from impulsive choices made by the head of state. But in democratic regimes there usually is considerable discussion among the head of state and his advisers before a decision is reached. Political scientists refer to these discussions, which can include bargaining, competition, and compromises among different government officials and organizations, as “bureaucratic politics.” This approach sees decision-making as a political game where different players with their own goals, interests, and perspectives negotiate to convince the head of state to agree with them.

Responsibility for the success or failure of foreign policy decisions, though, ultimately lies with the head of state. President Truman famously had a plaque on his desk, which read “The buck stops here.” George W. Bush, referred to himself as “the decider.” What is decided, and how it works out, ultimately is associated with the head of state.

Presidents sometimes choose someone outside the ranks of their official foreign policy team to carry out diplomatic tasks. Presidents Wilson and Roosevelt, both relied on private citizens, Colonel Edward House and Harry Hopkins, respectively, to carry out delicate talks in the two world wars. Wilson and Roosevelt by-passed the professionals to rely on persons whom they knew well and trusted.

President Trump has taken a similar approach to the Ukraine War negotiations. The chief negotiator for the “28-point plan” for a settlement of the Ukraine war has been Steve Witkoff, a real estate investor whom Trump appointed as his “Special Envoy.” Witkoff worked closely with Jared Kushner, Trump’s son-in-law, and a fellow real estate investor. The key Russian negotiator, Kirill Dmitriev, also has had a career in real estate. Dmitriev was educated in the U.S., at Stanford and the Harvard Business School. His first job was at Goldman Sachs. The real estate at issue here is real estate in the state of Ukraine. As *New York Times* columnist Tom Freidman put it, “Putin is in the real estate business in Ukraine the same way Hitler was in the real estate business in Poland.”

The negotiations produced the 28-point plan, which immediately was leaked to the media and endorsed by President Trump via social media. The plan, however, received push-back from members of Congress who saw it as rewarding Russian aggression. Then things became confused. Secretary of State Marco Rubio, who also participated in the talks, told concerned Republican senators that the plan was written by the Russians, and that it should be viewed as no more than a Russian wish list. Rubio, however, was contradicted by Witkoff, who said that the plan was crafted jointly, with strong input from the American side. Then a spokesperson from Rubio’s State Department stated that the plan actually was “authored” by the United States, with input from both the Russians and Ukrainians. Zelensky was briefed on the plan by US Vice President J. D. Vance. Rubio reversed his position and adopted that presented by his department’s spokesperson. Behind the scenes is the political competition between factions supporting Rubio and Vice President J. D. Vance as they compete to be the Republican nominee for President in 2028.

Beyond the bureaucratic politics, what are the priorities of the two “deciders”? Is Trump so desirous of being credited with brokering a peace settlement that he has little interest in its substance? Does he view mediating *any* agreement to take precedence over American and European security interests? Conversely, is Putin *uninterested* in any peace settlement until after he has achieved his military objectives in Ukraine? On December 5, Putin stated that Russia would take the entire Donbas region “by force,” unless Ukrainian troops withdraw from the region. A few days later President Trump stated that it was time for Zelensky to accept the reality that he is losing.