The Barnard Bulletin

JULY 2025 Vol. XL No. 7

# A VERMONT WRITER

BY MARGARET EDWARDS

*This column is an offering of the Danforth Library in Barnard and a chance to introduce a Vermont writer who deserves wider renown. Though she wrote poetry that won acclaim, her extensive, highly readable diaries are Vermont treasures that haven't yet found "the right market"—or the right readership.*

**Viola C. White** **1890 – 1977**

Viola Chittenden White in her youth, c. 1907

Her full name was Viola Chittenden White, but Mr. White was her father, not the name of a husband. This book-smart and very pretty young woman, charming to all who met her, eluded marriage throughout her life. She was an enigma to a society that valued women as wives and mothers and pitied unmarried "spinsters"—or "old maids." Viola's personality was guarded and reclusive, but she was never pitiable. All her life, she would prefer her own company. From the moment she moved to Vermont, she would set out on solitary walks almost daily whatever the weather. These long walks provided intellectual grist for the mill of her keen observations.

Born in Hancock, New York, on August 3, 1890, White grew up in Brooklyn, where her journalist father was the political editor for *The New York Herald*. No doubt he encouraged his daughter's studious nature. After she graduated from Wellesley College in 1911, she held down various jobs in social work, became a socialist, and resided in a settlement house. But she was dissatisfied with all until she found her true calling …as a librarian.

For seven years White was a librarian at the Brooklyn Public Library, and during this time, she became a published poet. In 1921, she was the first female to be honored as a Yale Younger Poet, with her first book, *Horizons*, published that year by the Yale University Press. Two years later, Brimmer Company of Boston brought out her second book of poems, *Hours of Judgment.* She began her post-graduate studies in American literature by earning a Master's degree from Columbia. She then quit her Brooklyn job to pursue her doctorate at the University of North Carolina. There she wrote the first doctoral dissertation on a not-yet-appreciated novelist named Herman Melville.

The year 1933 was a turning point for White: at forty-three, doctorate in hand, she moved to Vermont. She'd been hired by Middlebury College ~~to~~ to be its first Curator of the Abernethy Library of American Literature. Her long career there, from 1933 to 1956, was distinguished by interesting acquisitions. An obituary from 1977 described some:

*Viola White's contributions to Middlebury College stem from her role as writer, naturalist, and librarian. While at Middlebury, she built one of the strongest collections of American literature in the country. In 1938, she purchased two rare manuscripts by Emily Dickinson and a first edition copy of Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass. A year later, she acquired one of Middlebury's single most valuable books: Henry David Thoreau's personal copy of Walden with his handwritten corrections.*

Beyond her official role as librarian and curator, however, White was equally dedicated to her own writing. Instead of poetry, her focus now became the prose of her voluminous diaries, which are marvels of description. She became a self-taught naturalist. From her diaries' compilations she published *Not Faster than A Walk* in 1939 and *A Vermont Diary* in 1956.

The subjects of interest to White are what make their way onto her pages. She is interested in the history of her town and of Vermont. She keeps tabs on the local flora and

fauna. The weather matters to her. She shares experiences with a few friends—if only berry picking and porch rocker conversations. These special moments that she records are inevitably arbitrary in their arrangement, typical of the nature of any person's encounters with day-to-day events. What comes through clearly is the often bemused, yet altogether serious voice behind each observation. A reader quickly learns to trust this diarist, as she weaves a rag-bag of well-chosen impressions into a thoughtful whole.

Viola C. White in middle age.

The best way to demonstrate the charm of White's incessant scribbling is to quote directly from her diaries. *A Vermont Diary* presents its material in the natural order of the twelve months of the year. White's observations also note each day's date. Since this is the July issue of *The Barnard Bulletin,* here is White's July chapter. It's being quoted selectively to illustrate her prose style and her range of interests:

**July 1 [, 1955]** The lindens blossoming all along the College Street edge of the [Middlebury College] campus are glorious objects. Over and over I stand on tiptoe and inhale the fragrance of just-opening blossoms, narrowly missing a bee. Many of the trees are shaped like umbrellas, or Camperdown elms. One stands inside, hidden from the world, at the heart of sweetness.

**July 2** When the settlers here were faced with the failure of crops and imminent famine after the Revolution, it would seem to me that all the prizes for conduct went to the backwoods settlement of Lincoln [Vermont]. [In] places like Middlebury, they cut off what remained of the wheat crop, boiled it, went into the woods for wild leeks, and ate the inner bark of oaks. In the cold year of 1816—when every month was visited by hard frost, and the ground froze solid, covered with several inches of snow on June 6—Lincoln, on the contrary, went on the principle of barter.

[Here White quotes directly from her source, which is likely to be J. F. Goodhue's *History of Shoreham*; but unfortunately, she fails to make this connection clear.]

*…The men and boys with their axes toiled from early dawn to late at night in chopping down the forest trees and burning them into ashes, which were gathered and leached, and the lye was boiled down to alkaline salts. The salts, or potash, were then barreled, ready for market…Then a team or two was fitted out by the settlers and loaded with the potash; and some one or more would go with it to Troy, New York, or to Boston, Massachusetts, and exchange it for flour, salt, tea, tobacco, sweeteners or maccaboy for the women and many other necessaries.*

The women exchanged their woven goods for rye. Which sounds to me far more resourceful than eating wild leeks and the inner bark of trees.

**July 3** To East Middlebury. I walked the road uphill to the left of the bridge, straight past the bars put up for cattle, into the woodpath up the mountain, where the top offers a fine view of the surrounding country. I saw my own town five miles away, very clear, small and bright, like something seen through the little end of opera glasses…

Found poke milkweed, with the crimson outlining of its ivory flowers. Raspberries ripe.

**July 4** When I ask Esther Jane if she believes in Vermont panthers, she says that her father as a boy knew an old hunter from the Adirondacks who would take a sack of corn meal, a slab of salt pork, a blanket and his gun and go into the mountains to stay a month. He told his young friend that "painters" [panthers] bred like cats, and that only the porcupines kept down their numbers. They were silly and would go and stick their noses full of quills. Seems he'd found many dead after that lingering pincushion adventure—their brains finally reached by the ever-entering quill. Which has a sound of reality—to me at least.

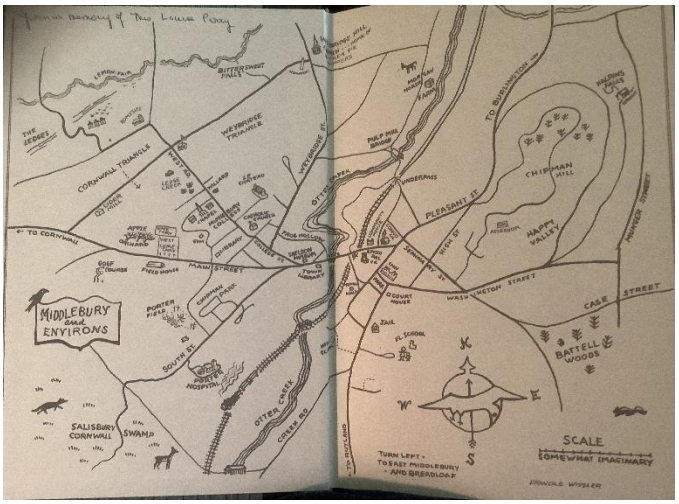
**July 5** Who are the judges? The porch sitters, always. There is something of the structure of a reviewing stand plus a jury box about a porch, and as soon as one sits there, one becomes at once the sitter in judgment on the moving show of walker and rider that ephemerally pass. They pass, you remain, planted on your own porch, and from your fixed vantage point assigning them their proper places in the spectacle.

**July 6** No time throughout the year, I think, so gives the effect of eternity as the long, hot, sunny days of July. About three or four in the afternoon Time seems literally to stand still, the sun motionless in the sky, and stretching out one arm, include the past, and stretching out the other, include the future. Even the birds fall silent in this interim

hush. July has room for the infinite extent of blue sky and the traveling continents of cloud, and for the tidal ocean of air…

**July 7** A demure, correct English lady who writes children's books is lodging at the town jail. When Agnes said to her, "I had no luck getting you at the jail this morning." "Must you be so crude?" asked Miss Urquahart plaintively. She has enjoyed rooming there so much that some of her friends want to do the same, to Miss Urquahart's humorous distress, as it will change the private atmosphere.

Professor Cody says that the reapers have [by accident] cut two skunks in half out in the South Street pastures, and made a dreadful stench of the neighborhood for quite a while.




Frontispiece map of Middlebury by Prindle Weissler in the 1956 hardcover edition of Viola C. White's *Vermont Diary*.

**July 8** Small mountains cast shadows the size of themselves on larger mountains. [Today it's] 92 degrees in the shade. I should like a drink this minute from the semi-mythical spring in Salisbury found on the farm of Mark Ranney:

*It is in a dense cedar swamp, quite a long distance from any hard land. On pressing a staff down four feet, it was found to be logged up sufficiently to admit a small pail or bucket. At what time was this spring thus prepared for us…It was undoubtedly done by the Indians at some remote period…Its water is very pure and cold.* (from *History of Salisbury* by John C. Weeks)

Far from reassuring, however, is [Weeks'] contrast between the water of Otter Creek and the water of Lake Dunmore. If you drown in the latter, you may be revived; the former will derange you or drown you for good…. No part of [what he writes] offers good news to me—for I stand 100% more chance of drowning in Otter Creek than in [Lake] Dunmore.

**July 9** To Bread Loaf. Hazel and I took the whole circle of a trail which has not seen human foot, I'd say, since ours followed it three years ago. …The springy quality of the primeval forest floor is very agreeable to walk on, and next to packed-down snow, forms the best of substances for the hiker... [Occasionally] we stumbled through rotting boards and cellar holes, stretches of pine grove only, and, not infrequently, long stretches of brakes and maiden hair [fern]. A purple fringed orchis, the sunlight filtering down through the forest leaves full upon it. In the upland pasture on the way back, we found the bottle gentian blue amid clusters of rose-pink steeplebush and waving red grass.

**July 10** It is rather an agreeable feature of the college library's charging system that anyone browsing among books can observe, from the book card in the back of each, what readers have enjoyed the book before him. Gissing's *Born in Exile* contains a distinguished list: Dean Ross and Professor Ranty. Since the last charge is that of April 1938, I think it high time it again felt a human eye upon its pages.

To Battell Wood at sunset. Watched black butterflies flying into the wood from the sunlit field—a magical picture, somehow.

**July 11** John Burroughs described to [Walt] Whitman the singing of the hermit thrush, according to Van Wyck Brooks, and is responsible for "the shy and hidden bird" of Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed"—certainly an instance of how second-hand experience can be made to sound first-hand, for the song of the bird comes alive fully as much as the star and the blossoming lilacs that Whitman himself experienced.

**July 12** It is amusing to see every morning a rather savage-looking large police dog borne rapidly through town in the back of a milk truck—barking furiously as he passes his local enemies and can do nothing about it…

**July 13** To Weybridge cross-road... As I was walking the highroad home, I saw what looked like a miniature airplane in color and proportion flying toward me along the road. It turned out to be an insect—a beetle, I suppose, for he had a hard shell mostly black with some white marking. His head was very odd, a little like a death's head.

**July 14** "*Prier de respecter les heures de silence*" read the French signs, with an atmosphere of elegance and leisure which the clipped and curt English equivalent does not convey. At the moment there is no silence whatever to observe, for the infernal buzz bomb grasscutter is driving every semblance of thought out of the minds of every listener within its radius. Whether it is an economy to reduce a whole campus to temporary idiocy for the sake

of saving a few hours cutting grass must be decided by other heads than mine.

**July 15** Dr. Hitchcock thinks my death's head beetle was *Alaus oculatus*. The creature's portrait stares out at me from an Insect Book he has sent over. The eyeholes are black, outlined in white. The "eyes" are not, of course, eyes, but big spots resembling eyes.

Weeds are making themselves as much at home on the campus as the rightful heirs—such is the abundance of July… Everywhere the blossoming vetch clambers about, festooning itself in purple clusters over rose bushes, grass and ground yew… It has woven a web of itself about the spruce tree with a luxuriance which will bind the tree to its hurt if it continues. I hesitate, though, to tear down the fresh, green, waving pagoda of leaf and tendril and purple bloom. How fabulous this tropic performance will seem in January!

**July 16** St. Stephen's Peasant Market fair in the afternoon. The event takes place upon the open green. Rain can wreck it, but we have clear weather. The ponies trotted back and forth, the vivid aprons flapped on the line in the sunshine, the puppet-show performed under Mediterranean-blue sky.

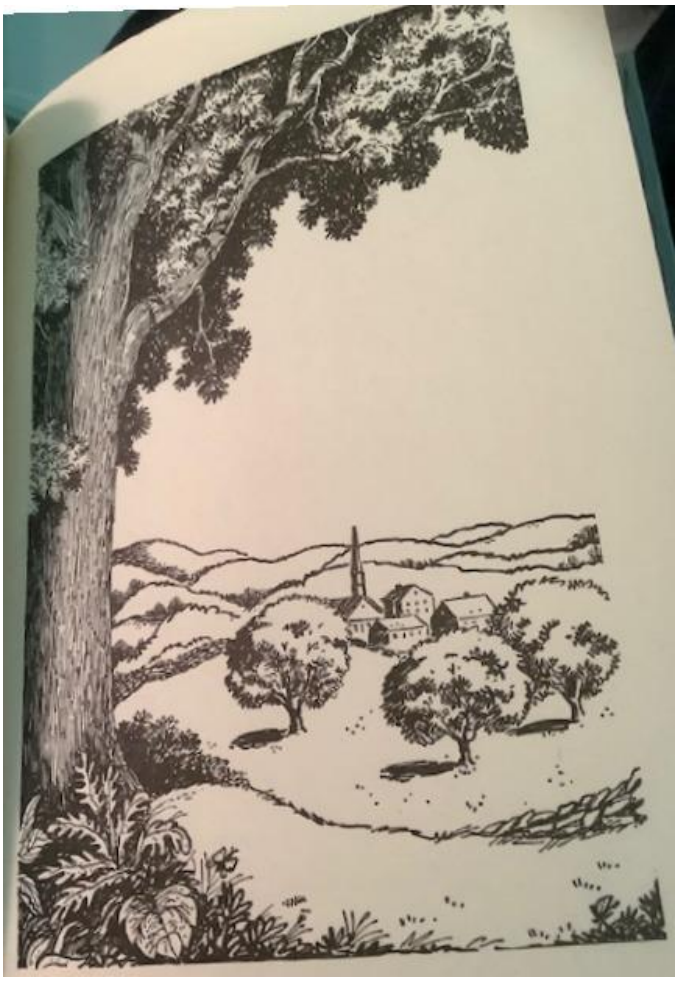
At the Country Store, where I served, the usual crew of little boys gathered to turn over with their dirty hands such appropriate articles to them as ladies' dickeys, needle books and *boutonnières*; the usual bevy of summer people greeted the objects with cries of rapture and bought nothing; the usual young man bargain-hunter sized up the collection in ten minutes with eagle eye and at once secured every good item on the table. There was also, alas, the usual mess of unlabelled articles arriving two minutes before the Fair's opening, a whole basketful of them, which we had to price in hot haste on the spot. Most of our goods were modern, though a man's leather cuff box, a pewter bowl, a bootjack and a cheese cover were not…

Totalling our gains, we rejoiced in the amount. The men had charge of the supper and did very well. They say seven cars came down from Burlington.

**July 17** Walked along the misty creek at twilight…Rain all night.

**July 18** Bright and hot with floods of life-giving sun. Now is the time to look for meadow lilies. [Monica and I] started toward Three Mile bridge, past fields blue with chickory or red with flowering grass wherein the wind is running high—in fact the whole landscape is like a river today, all running to the same direction. The water hemlock, though not so tall as it will be in August, softly mounded above the meadow level…The grass [that the lilies] grow in is so long that moving through it is almost like swimming. Monica gathered ferns to put with [her lilies], and I picked meadow rue.

**July 19** Too hot for walking, 95 degrees in the shade. I have heard the cicadas. Tonight as I lope homeward ahead of a thunderstorm, I hear a group of children singing "Now follow me to London" to the tune of "Go in and out the window." Some of these singing games must be very old. Marguerite Olney says that some dances managed to survive the Puritan regime by disguising themselves as games.



A photo of one of the two full-page *Vermont Diary* woodcut illustrations by Henry Martin.

**July 20** It is very strange. I have cut through West Cemetery innumerable times, but never before have I seen buried in it someone who died in a date "B.C." Yet here in the Mead plot, a good established New England name, rises between Charlotte Emma Hawley and Caroline Hawley a stone with Egyptian emblems at the top, a cross surmounting them. *"Ashes of Amen-Her-Khepesh-ef, Aged 2 years, Son of Sen Wosett 3rd King of Egypt and his wife Hathor-Hotpe, 1883 B. C."* For once my lively theories all stand paralyzed. I cannot even remotely imagine how he came here. I shall ask some intelligent old-timer at once…

Later: I have asked two old-timers, both [Middlebury College] professors, and gradually a certain amount of information has seeped through. Back in the early days of the Sheldon Museum's amassing, Mr. Sheldon, who collected everything from all over the world, acquired the mummy of the little prince. The mummy might have stayed in the Museum with the other labelled items till the atom bomb destroyed our planet had not Mr. George Mead, an active member of St. Stephen's Episcopal church, been also a member of the Museum's Board of Trustees. To see a dead human being where this one was troubled him. He resolved to give the little prince a Christian burial. After a cremation (which Amen-Her Khepeshef's ancestral stock certainly never envisaged), Mr. Mead extended the hospitality of his own family plot to this far-traveled little alien, placing upon the stone above the emblems of Egypt and the Christian sign of the cross.

**July 21** These are the days when the sun cooks the whole enticing landscape so that its finest aromas emerge… The fragrances that blend for the brew of July seem to me perfect: leaf smell as well as flower, evergreens always. Midsummer though it be, the month is setting [out] its fruits, the handsome green fruits of July—fox grapes, woodbine berries, maple keys, the "hops" of the hornbeam, the horse chestnut, the high-bush cranberry, the arbor vitae. The staghorn sumac bobs are now changing to red, the choke cherries from green to red. You walk now under great domes of cool shadow, cast over the landscape by the setting sun, sometimes from massed trees, sometimes from one solitary tree alone.

**July 22** "I'd like to get some black-eyed Susans from the mountain meadow," Mrs. P. had said last week. I clambered up this noon, the landscape sizzling and shining about me. … I almost lost the road by reason of the expanded foliage that presses in on either side. Here and there along the way upward I stopped to pop raspberries and blackcaps into my mouth, warm and juicy as if they had come out of an oven.

There is not a visible drop of water on the hill, yet the depth of the woods is cool and moist, with maidenhair and other ferns growing green therein. *Actaea rubra* stood brilliant with its red berries in the slanting sunlight. On the stem, just below the surface of the ground, are bright purple buds. I opened one and found inside it in the center a perfect miniature of the white blossom that will be coming in May. Could anything be jollier than to open a bright purple bud at ground level and find the spring all packed within?

**July 23** Very windy. The clouds go over like live, winged creatures, casting shadow on the mountains. Now, as you walk the highways, the tendrils of the wild grape vine stretch out into the road, tentative in air, exactly like the horns of snails. In the evening I sought the pasture opposite [my friend] Storrs Lee's for steeplebush, which is just starting to flower. The hummocks do not quash underfoot. Apparently the ground has absorbed all the rain we have had, and could absorb more.

I gathered a large bunch of [steeplebush] before the herd of twenty-one cows by the lake in the adjoining field woke to my presence and started in my direction. I reached the pasture bars one leap ahead of the entire herd, which is not my idea of vacantly communing with Nature…

Steeplebush possesses a complete immunity from insect pests, unlike its near relative meadowsweet…

She would often embark before dawn, walking to East Middlebury for breakfast at the local inn, then return by foot to start her day at the Starr Library. A twelve-mile round trip.

**July 24** A Summer-school student [at Middlebury College] has given us a bit of unintended humor to smile about. "I wish," she said casually to the janitor, "that when you put the other lights out, you'd put out that Chapel light"—which is about like putting out a light-house! For it is the proud tradition of Middlebury that the Chapel tower-light burns through the dark hours like a beacon, illuminating the whole countryside around.

**July 25** ..Drive out with Wyman and his friend in the afternoon to see the Weybridge stone house which has won their hearts. The shutters, door size as well as window size, the little glass panes, the two tiny windows on either side of side the larger windows of the upper storey, [and] above all the wonderful color of the stone, that varies from purple to amethyst, seem to set it apart from any other dwelling…A little stone house of archaic solidity... We saw no quarry, only pasture stone of that same marvelous hue.

**July 26** The black-eyed Susan meadow is enchanting in the blazing heat that sends bees and dragonflies zooming past my ears like bullets, and makes each flower look like a little sun…

Whether I mention it or not, I am constantly aware of the blossoming of the linden. I had thought that to see blue sky above it, and bees and yellow warblers in it, was the crowning experience; but to visit the lindens in the darkness, finding them by fragrance rather than by sight, with fireflies moving through them and starlight above, is better yet.

**July 27** A day of intermittent rain, in spite of which Dr. Thomas conducted the community "sing" in the evening on the lawn of the Community House…It was a pleasant occasion, the cloudy blue sky overhead, the odors of the garden mingled with the melodies. Dr. T. refused to lead us into such new-fangled tunes as "Mandalay" or "Londonderry," keeping his trained troupe strictly to "Seeing Nellie Home" and such-like favorites, which was fitting for an old-fashioned sing.

**July 28** According to Olive Dean, last night's program which we all so much enjoyed was designed to keep the children off the streets. I did not see a soul there under fifty!…

Evening: From Pearson's ridge, Mrs. Craig and I saw four great white flying objects take shape against the green of the East Range mountains. "Can't be planes—too close together," said we. On they flew, and we recognized them for the four white egrets reported as having been seen around East Middlebury. There they were—an exotic and tropical sight in the far north.

**July 29** The earth looks well weighted in place these days, with its ponderable trees and flower-massed fields, the silver-white fragile sky above it. July to my mind is the culmination of the natural year, the month that is impregnably summer. June holds too many vestiges of spring, August of autumn, to win this crown of consummation. It belongs to July.

The thickness of the green rush bank beside the river; the density of fern; the great roof of forest leaves, massive and abiding, suggest an eternity of summer. A month whose passion for light is excessive [gives us] the blazing sun by day, fireflies and lightning by night. At 9:30 [p. m.] or later, the sky is often brightened with reddish sunset cloud, the sky itself pale blue rather than black. The pewee sings long after nine at night. [July is] the month of lilies, burning and freckled in wood and field, annunciation-pale in gardens. The cultivated orange day lily, like the lilac, blooms long after its family has deserted the dwelling, long after the dwelling itself has tumbled down. It often strays from gardens, too, to try wild life on its own along the way.

**July 30** July offers the golden generating fluid of dreams and fantasy…

**July 31** Another day of shimmering heat. I noticed two horses at noon standing in the pasture side by side, the tail of one at the head of the other; and with their tails they were gently swishing the flies off each other's noses—a pleasing instance of economy of movement.

About the clearest memory I keep from this magical month is the sun-lit tops of trees otherwise in shadow reflected in the water of the Creek—a depth of green stillness, a perfect picture of the end of a summer day.

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The Danforth Library of Barnard owns a first edition, hardcover copy of Viola C. White's *Vermont Diary* that is available to patrons. This detailed evocation of a life being lived day-by-day in 1955 in Middlebury, Vermont, was published in 1956 by the Charles T. Bradford Company of Boston, Massachusetts. The illustrations throughout the text are woodcuts by Henry Martin.

## RESULT OF THE ZONING & SUBDIVISION REGULATION AMENDMENT VOTE

On June 17, 2025, Barnard residents voted on the proposed amendments to the Unified Zoning and Subdivision Regulations, as approved by the Barnard Planning Commission and submitted in accordance with 24 V.S.A. § 4442. Of the 750 registered voters in town, which included 2 voters that registered while at the polls, 219 cast their ballots. 150 were cast in favor of the amendment and 69 were cast in opposition. 29.2% of Barnard's eligible voters chose to cast their votes.

# DANFORTH LIBRARY NEWS

6208 VERMONT ROUTE 12, BARNARD

## Open Hours

Mon & Wed 2:00 – 4:00 p.m.
Saturdays 10:00 a.m. to Noon
Closed Saturday July 5th
**High-speed Wi-Fi**

## Author Event

**Sunday, June 29, 2025, at 4:00 p.m.**
**At Danforth Library**
Local author Alec Hastings will read from his novel "Otter St. Onge and the Bootleggers"

**New Non-Fiction**

How to Love a Forest: The Bittersweet work of tending a changing world, by Vermont forester Ethan Tapper (Finalist for the Vermont Book Awards)
How to Read a Tree: Clues and Patterns, by Tristan Gooley
A Walk in the Park: The True Story of a Spectacular Misadventure in the Grand Canyon, by Kevin Fedarko
Mark Twain, a biography by Ron Chernow

**New Fiction**

On Again, Awkward Again, by Erin Entrada Kelly (a young adult romance)
All That Life Can Afford, by Emily Everett (Reese's book club) A retelling of Pride & Prejudice
Banyon Moon, a debut novel about mothers and daughters by Thao Thai (Crooks Corner Book Prize)
The Emperor of Gladness: A Novel, by Ocean Vuong (Ophrah book club)

## Passes Available Danforth Library

**The Vermont State Parks Pass** allows free entry for up to 8 people in one vehicle into any State Park Day Use Area listed on the back of the pass). Day Use areas are open from 10AM to sunset.

**The Vermont Historic Sites** pass each allow free entry for up to 8 people in one vehicle into any of the 7 State Historic Sites listed on the back of each pass. These sites are open from late May to mid-October but see HistoricSites.Vermont.gov for specific days of the week and hours.

**The American Precision Museum** (Family pass for two adults and children under 18)
196 Main Street, Windsor, Vermont
Visit the Museum - APM (americanprecision.org)

***Trustees:*** *Paula Audsley, Margaret Edwards, Judy Maynes, Adelaide McCracken, and Susan Salter Reynolds*
**Phone:** 802-234-9408. **Email:** charlesdanforthlibrary@gmail.com

# 2005 FEAST & FIELD

BARNARTS MUSIC SERIES

June 26 La Muchacha y el Propio Junte - Colombian folk rock
July 3 Lakou Mizik - Haitian roots
July 10 KeruBo - Afro-jazz & folk
July 17 Quincy Saul Research and Development Band - funk/soul
July 24 Khumariyaan Pakistani - hyperfoik & Pashtun
July 31 The Wormdogs - roots & Americana
Aug 7 Mal Maiz - psychedelic latin
Aug 14 Zikina - Afro-jazz & rock
Aug 21 Beecharmer - old timey/bluegrass
Aug 28 Bow Thayer's Choirs of Aether - improvisational rock
Sept 4 Timbermash - bluegrass/Americana
Sept 11 Queer Dance Party
Sept 18 Fabiola Mendez - Puerto Rican folk& jazz
Sept 25 Equinox Closing Festival

## OTHER BARNARTS EVENTS

THE SOUND OF MUSIC
by Rogers & Hammerstein

Director: Linda Treash
Music Director: Carol Cronce
Vocal Director: Michael Zsoldos
Choreographer: Bridgette Hammond
Costume Designer: August Doughty

Starring: Adam Huyck, Albert Falcone, Alicia Hodges, Beth Malow, Christine Meagher, Christopher Wehrman, Dev Thakur, Elizabeth Linsley, Flora Powell Quevedo, Ginny Pomeroy, Greg Pomeroy, Henry Butler, Jenevra Wetmore, Josie Flaster, Julia Flaster, Kaetlyn Collins, Kyra Monsam, Laura Montgomery, Lili Morris, Lisa Milligan, Marlena Farinas, Maryann Postans, Natalie Thakur, Roxie Sherwin, Sophia Kohl, Steve Pert, Tasia Benoit, Taylor Hobson

Fridays & Saturdays: June 20-21 & 27-28–6pm
Sundays: June 22 & 29–4pm

Outdoors at King Farm
128 King Farm Road
Woodstock, Vermont

On the cusp of WWII, the nuns of Nonnberg Abbey aren't so sure the abbey is the right spot for postulant Maria. Luckily, the von Trapp family is in dire need of a governess and Maria is just the joy they need. Her love and music supports a gripping escape from the coming Nazis that led the real von Trapps to a life in Vermont!

Join BarnArts on King Farm lawn and experience this classic musical with giant maples, aged stone walls, and views of rolling hills providing the stunning stage for an outstanding cast and crew of over 30 local creatives.

Tickets:
Adults - $25, Student/Discount - $18, 12 & under - $12

Reserve your tickets now!
https://barnarts.ludus.com/200481695

For more info: https://barnarts.org/sound-of-music/

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Roald Dahl's Matilda BarnArts Summer Youth Theater, August 1-3, Barnard Town Hall

Barnard Street Dance, August 23, Barnard Town Hall

Haunted Village Theater, October 18, Village of Barnard

Fall Global Music Residency, October and November, dates to be announced, at Various Schools & Venues

Holiday Cabaret dinner & dance, Wassail Weekend, December 13, Barnard Town Hall

Winter Carols December 19, First Universalist Church of Barnard

## THE BULLETIN BOARD AT ARTRISTREE

### Inner Mothering:
Healing the Past to Step into Your Power

Mondays, June 23 - July 14, 2025 from 6 - 7pm

Inner Mothering is a transformative workshop for women ready to heal old wounds, release self-doubt, and build a loving, empowered relationship with themselves through breathwork, meditation, journaling, and reflection.

Learn more: https://artistreevt.org/creative-wellness

### Opportunities to Dance this Summer!

Move Together: An Inclusive Improv Dance Jam

Sundays, June 22, July 27, & August 10 from 10am - 12pm

Come move, play, and groove in community! Whether you're a seasoned dancer or just love to move your body, you're invited to our Inclusive Improv Dance Party — a joyful space for connection, creativity, and self-expression.

Learn more: https://artistreevt.org/movement-classes

### Beginner & Beyond Improv Dance

Mondays, June 23, July 28, & Aug 11 from 6pm - 8pm

No dance experience necessary! This is an anti-perfectionist, pro-joy workshop! Beginner & Beyond is for folks new to improv / dance, and for experienced dancers to play and deepen their skills. We will explore prompts and themes that make way for creative self-expression.

Learn more: https://artistreevt.org/movement-classes

### Plein Air Summer Workshop

Sat, July 12 & Sun. July 13 from 9am - 12pm

Join fine artist Benjamin Anderson on a plein air painting journey, capturing the summertime hues and views of Vermont. Over two morning sessions you will create small studies and a larger plein air painting in acrylic or oil with step-by-step direction from your instructor. Ben will guide you from start to finish in understanding composition and color theory for outdoor painting and how to capture your artistic vision.

Learn more: https://artistreevt.org/workshops

### Three Tall Women

Thursday, May 29th - June 8th -

One life, three perspectives, towering heights of truth. A two-act play by Edward Albee. Three Tall Women by Edward Albee is a Pulitzer Prize-winning drama that offers a profound and introspective look at aging, memory, and identity.

### Allumé

Saturday, May 31st at 7pm

Allumé is a collaborative project between Nashville's Miss Tess, Thomas Bryan Eaton (Miss Tess, Bertha), and Lafayette, Louisiana-based K.C. Jones (Feufollet, The Daiquiri Queens), and Trey Broudreaux (The Revelers). Tickets $30

### Wednesdays Music on the Hill Summer Concert Series

Free Admission. Join us every Wednesday at 6:30PM from June 11th through September 24th for unforgettable evenings of live music and community.

### Juan Nieves & Orquesta Legado

Saturday, June 21st at 7pm,
SALSA DANCE is back! A refreshing musical ensemble thanks to its Latin-American influences. Be ready to dance and have fun with Juan Nieves & Orquesta Legados. Tickets: $30

Learn more at: https://artistreevt.org/artistree-events

**Artistree Community Arts Center & Gallery**
2095 Pomfret Road
PO Box 158
South Pomfret, VT 05067
802.457.3500 ext. 129

Support Artistree at:
https://artistreecommunityartscenter-bloom.kindful.com/

Website: **www.artistreevt.org**

## BVFD AUCTION DROP-OFF DATES

Thanks to those who have already signed up to support the Barnard Volunteer Fire Department by donating household items to be sold at the annual flea market on Saturday, July 5th.

If you are a Barnard resident and have a box of treasures but haven't signed up yet, you have two options:

**1.** Drop off your items at the Barnard Town Hall on either June 24th or July 1st between 7PM-9PM.

**2.** Schedule a pick up by calling either Scott Mills at 802-234-9073 or Stuart Hull at 802-353-2808 to arrange.

**Please note that we do not accept:**
**Any Clothing, Shoes, Bedding, Towels and Pillows**

Thank you for your continued support!

## AT FABLE FARM

Join us for a four-part workshop series during our Tasting Room, starting this Saturday 3:30-5pm at the Fable Farm Fermentory.

This series will be hosted by Lauren & Sycamore, a nutritionist and chef visiting for the summer. They will explore the newest science, ancestral wisdom, and practical tools to help one reconnect with the true sources of nourishment often overlooked by medicine today.

**Saturday June 21st – Sunlight as Medicine**

What happens when we sync our bodies to the sun, rather than screens? Sunlight is more than warmth–it's information. In this workshop, we'll explore how different frequencies of light impact our biology – from hormone regulation to metabolism and mood.

**Saturday July 5th – Water & Hydration**

**Saturday July 26th – Soil Health & Nutrient Density**

**Saturday August 23rd – Fats, Seed Oils, & Cholesterol**

**The Tasting Room.** The tasing room is open every Saturday from now through November, from 12–6pm, rain or shine, in our indoor/outdoor barn-orchard gathering space.

In addition to our rotating selection of artisanal pizzas, our expanded menu will continue celebrating seasonal vegetables and meats from the farm, with the new inspired offerings featuring fresh-ground masa from Nando at Moon and Stars in South Royalton, VT

Whether you're in the mood for a leisurely lunch, an early dinner, or small bites paired with curated flights from our full lineup of Fable's living wines and ciders, it's the perfect way to spend a Saturday afternoon.

Keep an eye out for the special Saturdays featuring private tasting dinners, educational experiences, and guided tours led by maestro Sycamore. Sign-ups will be available on our website soon.

Sycamore steps in as our Chef-in-Residence at Fable Farm for the summer season. Sycamore began his food journey 15 years ago by apprenticing on organic farms around the East Coast, which then inspired him to become a private chef, as the steward and translator between farmer and eater. After years of managing a small catering company in California, he expanded into teaching as a professor at the Culinary Institute of America. Now, he brings the full depth of that experience—gardener, chef, and teacher—to the kitchen at Fable Farm.

Coming soon is the launch of Soil to Soul Suppers, a monthly gathering under the Fable orchard canopy, where food becomes prayer and sacrament, running June through September. Guests will be invited to gather in reverence, storytelling, and seasonal bounty.

Private event and catering inquiries are also welcome. Join us for a season of deep nourishment and grounded celebration.

Jon & Christopher

### LOCAL CRYPTOGRAM

A cryptogram is a code in which one letter is substituted for another. For example, the word "Church" could be written BWMSBW. The letter B would be the letter C and would be so throughout the entire message. In this message P = S. The solution is found by trial and error. The CRYPTOGRAM answer is on the last page.

"U D Z L W F J P A Z L W J L D L W

P F Z T K X L D O D G H Z G B D W W F C W

Q D L H J G P W A G Z P P D X W F D

C W K C L W J A L Z W W Z H J L X P Z J K

H Z G W F D J G M K Z T B F P Y T W W Z

P D A T G D K J Y D G W R H Z G W F D J G

P Z T K P."

- G Z Y D G W I. Q A A G C A N D L

THE PLANNING COMMISSION meets on the Monday prior to the first Wednesday of every month at 7 PM in the Town Office.

BARNARD CONSERVATION COMMISSION meets the first Monday of the month, 7:00pm, Town Hall.

BEES MEETINGS are held at 6:30pm on the 2nd Thursday of each month in the library at the school.

DANFORTH LIBRARY HOURS: Monday & Wednesdays 2:00 – 4:00 p.m.; and Saturdays 10:00 a.m. to Noon. ECFiber Wi-Fi. Phone: 802-234-9408. Email: charlesdanforthlibrary@gmail.com.

SELECTBOARD meets the first and third Wednesday of the month at the Town offices at 7:00pm.

TOWN ADMINISTRATOR, selectboard@barnardvt.us, by phone: 234-9211 x 2. Office Hours: Tuesdays 9am-4pm, Thursdays 8am-noon, and by appointment.

ZONING ADMINISTRATOR, zoning@barnardvt.us, by phone: 234-9211 x 2. Office Hours: Tuesdays 9am-4pm, Thursdays 8am-noon, and by appointment.

TOWN CLERK office hours are Monday and Tuesday, 8:00am—3:30pm. Public access is restricted. Call 234-9211 for an appointment.

THE DEVELOPMENT REVIEW BOARD meets the third Thursday of the month at 7:00pm at the Barnard Town Hall as necessary.

THE BARNARD ENERGY COMMITTEE meets on the 2nd Tuesday of the month, 7:00pm at the Town Hall

BARNARD GENERAL STORE, Monday-Saturday: 7am-7pm, Sundays: 8am-6pm.

https://www.facebook.com/barnardgeneralstore

BARNARD LISTSERV: to subscribe please send an email to: barnard-subscribe@lists.vitalcommunities.org

RECYCLING Click here for Hours and Regulations

The Barnard Inn is running a "Feeding Neighbors & Sustaining Community" campaign. Purchase an e-Gift Card and in turn the chefs will feed neighbors. Whole chicken dinners (serves 4-6) and individual sized meals to help feed Vermonters in need. Thank you and please stay safe. E-Gift Cards are available at www.barnardinn.com.

ECFIBER Governing Board meets the 2nd Tuesday of the month at 7pm via. Zoom. Contact the clerk of the District. secretary@ecfiber.net, for meeting information or visit https://www.ecfiber.net/virtual-meetings/

HISTORICAL SOCIETY Programs to be announced. Questions? Email: historicalbarnard1761@gmail.com

DELECTABLE MOUNTAIN QUILTERS (DMQ) meet the 1st Tuesday of every month at the Bethel Library from 1-3pm. Contact: Mary Croft 802-763-7074

## GLAD RAGS SALE

### Sale Fall And Donation Dates

The Fall 2025 Sale dates are:

Friday, September 19 ~ 2 - 6 PM
Saturday, September 20, 9 AM - 2 PM
Sunday, September 21, 10 AM - 1 PM (when everything is half price)

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The Saturday collection dates for the Fall sale are 10 AM - 1 PM on: July 19, August 2, August 16, August 30

For more information, please visit our website at gladrags.org, or join our Facebook group for more up-to-date news.

## MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE VERMONT TOUR REENACTMENT

The Barnard Historical Society is pleased to ask you to mark your calendar for a mid-day event on June 28, 2025

Two hundred years ago on that date Marquis de Lafayette was touring the United States as an honored guest. While traveling north on the Royalton Turnpike, he made a stop at the Aiken Stand for his coachmen to water the horses at mid-day. The Barnard selectmen of the time urged residents to gather there to welcome him during the brief stop. And they did! More than a thousand people turned out that day.

On June 28, 2025 a speaker representing Lafayette will be tracing his route though Vermont, making stops where Lafayette did.

We want to welcome this anniversary visit with the same enthusiasm our forebearers displayed. There won't be speeches, just an enthusiastic crowd, some music, some cider, and a cheer as LaFayette leaves to continue on to Royalton.

We invite attendees, if they can, to dress in period outfits (from 1776 to present) such as uniforms or family outfits from an old trunk.

Please mark your calendars for this fun event.

Paige Gibbs, Barnard Historical Society

## CRYPTOGRAM ANSWER

"We on this continent should never forget that men first crossed the Atlantic not to find soil for their ploughs but to secure liberty for their souls. "
- Robert J. McCracken.