



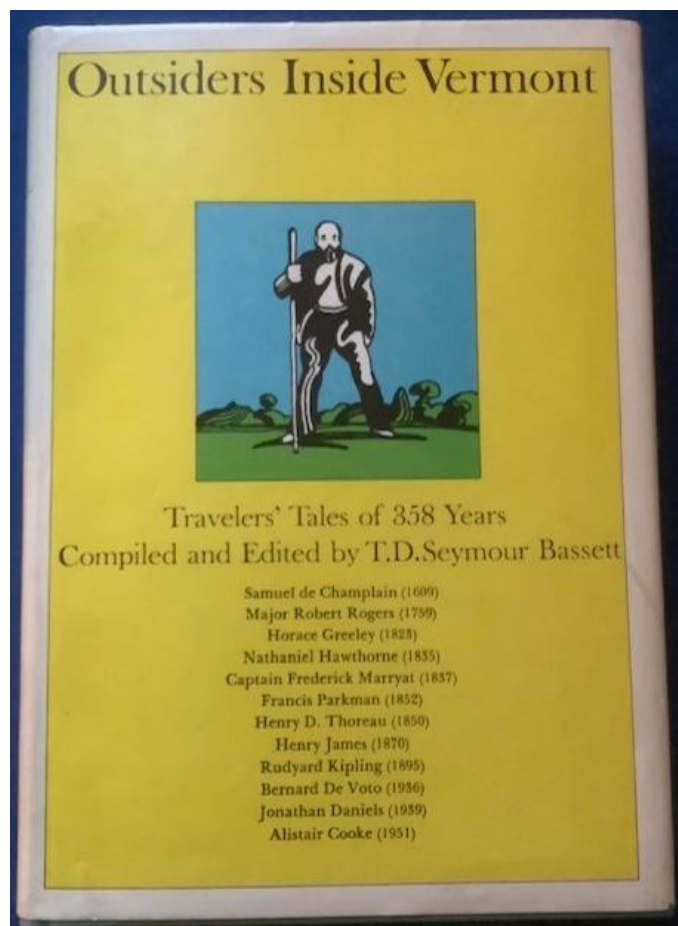
A VERMONT WRITER

BY MARGARET EDWARDS

This column, an offering of the Danforth Library in Barnard, usually introduces a Vermont writer who deserves wider renown. This edition, however, again features a Vermont editor who made significant contributions to preserving writings about Vermont. Native Vermonter Thomas Day Seymour Bassett (known as Tom Bassett) was featured in the previous (November) Barnard Bulletin that gave his biographical facts. This essay, chiefly composed of quotations from Bassett's book, presents three mid-nineteenth century impressions of Vermont set down by three distinct writers.

Tom Bassett

1913 – 2004



As a professor of history at the University of Vermont and the principal archivist in its Bailey Howe Library, Tom Bassett gathered thirty pieces into his 1967 anthology *Outsiders Inside Vermont*. He gave the book a subtitle: *Travelers' Tales of 358 Years*. The material he discovered, selected and arranged is varied and lively; the state of Vermont is examined from many angles, in texts from 1609 to 1964. Below are writings by three “outsiders” that reveal what impression Vermont was making on them

in 1837 and 1838. All three passages are taken from the section “Stagecoach and Steamboat Days (1819-1842).” Biographical details of the authors, written by me, are presented in italics and followed by my initials.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT

...was a British naval commander who wrote popular “novels of the sea” in his retirement years. He was touring not just Canada but also Vermont when he set down these vignettes. – M.F. E.

Three Sketches of Vermonters

[1837]

The militia service is not in good odour with the Americans just now. Formerly, when they did try to do as well as they could, the scene was absurd enough; but now they do all they can to make it ridiculous. In this muster [at Bellows Falls] there are three or four companies, well equipped; but the major part of the men were what they call here *floodwood*, that is, of all sizes and heights. The uniforms also were the most extraordinary I ever beheld, and not unlike the calico dresses worn by the tumblers and vaulters at an English fair.

As for the exercise, they either did not, or would not, know anything about it; indeed, as they are now mustered but once a year, it cannot be expected that they should; but as they faced every way, and made mistakes on purpose, it is evident, from their consistent pertinacity in being wrong, that they did know something. When they marched off single file, quick time, they were one half of them dancing in and out of the ranks to the lively tune which was played—the only instance I saw of their keeping time.

The most amusing part of the ceremony was the speech by the brigade major, who wished to impress his countrymen with the importance of the militia. He ordered them to form a hollow square. They formed a circle. The major, on his white horse, commenced a sort of perambulating equestrian speech, riding round and round the circle, with his cocked hat in his hand. As the arena was large, and he constantly turned his head as he spoke to those nearest him, it was only when he came to within a few yards of you that you could distinguish what he was saying. However, he divided his speech very equally, and those which came to my share were as follows:

“Yes, gentlemen—the president, senate, and house of representatives, and all others...you militia; the bones and muscle of the land, and by whom...Eagle of America shall ruffle her wings, will ever dart...those days so glorious,

when our gallant forefathers...terrible effect of the use of ardent spirits, and showing...Temperance societies, the full benefits of which, I am...Star-spangled banner, ever victorious, blazing like—”

The last word I heard was “glory”; but his audience being very impatient for their dinner, cried out loudly for it.

* * *

Yankees whittle when they are making a bargain, as it fills up the pauses, gives them time for reflection, and prevents any examination of the countenance—for in bargaining, like in the game of brag, the countenance is carefully watched, as an index to the wishes. I was once witness to a bargain between two Yankees who wished to agree about a farm.

They sat down on a log of wood, about three or four feet apart from each other, with their faces turned opposite ways—that is, one had his legs on one side of the log with his face to the east, and the other his legs on the other side with his face to the west. One had a piece of soft wood and was sawing it with his penknife; the other had an unbarked hickory stick which he was peeling for a walking-stick.

“Well, good morning—and about this farm?”

“I don’t know; what will you take?”

“What will you give?”

Silence, and whittle away.

“Well, I should think two thousand dollars a heap of money for this farm.”

“I have a notion it will never go for three thousand, anyhow.”

“There’s a fine farm, and cheaper, on the north side.”

“But where’s the sun to ripen the corn?”

“Sun shines on all alike.”

“Not exactly through a Vermont hill, I reckon. The driver offered me as much as I say, if I recollect right.”

“Money not always to be depended upon. Money not always forthcoming.”

“I reckon, I shall make an elegant ‘backy-stopper of this piece of sycamore.”

Silence for a few moments. Knives hard at work.

“I’ve a notion this is as pretty a hickory stick as ever came out of the wood.”

“I shouldn’t mind two thousand five hundred dollars, and time given.”

“It couldn’t be more than six months, then, if it goes at that price.”

(Pause.)

“Well, that might suit me.”

“What do you say, then?”

“Suppose it must be so.”

“It’s a bargain then” (rising up) “Come, let’s liquor on it.”

* * *

I stopped for some hours at St. Albans. I was recommended to an inn, the landlord of which was said not to be of the Democratic Party, for the other two inns were the resort of the Sympathizers. The landlord put into my hands a newspaper published that day, containing resolutions founded upon falsehoods I thought it might be advantageous to refute. The editor came in, attracted by the message I had sent him that I could give him information relative to St. Eustache [where British troops defeated Canadian rebels December 14, 1837]. I asked him whether he would allow me to answer the resolutions in his paper. His reply was, “Certainly. My paper is open to all.”

Late in the evening he came, and I commenced dictating to him the particulars attending the St. Eustache affair. I was standing by the stove when the door opened and in walked seven or eight people who took chairs; in a minute, another party was ushered in by the landlord. I felt surprised; however, I continued dictating. The door opened again and again, and more chairs were brought in, until the room was so full that I had but just room to walk round the stove. Not a person said a word; they listened and looked rather fierce. When I had finished, the editor took up his papers and left the room. I suppose there might have been from one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons assembled. As soon as the door closed, one of them struck his thick stick on the floor (they most of them had sticks) and gave a loud, “Hem!”

“We are informed that you have asserted that our resolutions of yesterday could only be excused from our total ignorance.” Here he struck his stick again upon the floor and paused. “We are come to be enlightened; we wish you to prove to us that we are totally ignorant.”

I thought the best plan was to gain time by going back as far as I could. I therefore commenced my oration at the period when the Canadas were surrendered to the English; proving as well as I could that if England had treated her other American colonies as well, there never would have

been a declaration of independence, &c. Having spoken about an hour, and observing a little impatience, I stopped. One said there were several points not fully explained, whereupon the “honourable member rose to explain”—and was again silent. Another spoke, requesting information. I replied and had an opportunity of paying the Americans a just compliment; their features relaxed considerably. Perceiving this, I ventured to introduce a story or two which made them laugh. After this, the day was my own. We now entered freely into conversation; some went away, others remained, and the affair ended by many of them shaking hands with me, and our taking a drink at the bar.

The Yankee would not suffer opposition to the majority to pass unnoticed—who in England would have cared what a stranger may have expressed? At the same time, they gave me a patient hearing. Had I refused, I might have been very roughly handled; but as I defended my observations, although they were not complimentary to them, they gave me fair play. The landlord said to me afterward, “I reckon you got out of that uncommon well, captain.”

JAMES S. BUCKINGHAM

...was an Englishman who made a Vermont journey by steamboat and stagecoach and wrote of the experience. In the 1880's this description appeared in a long reference book about the United States of the 1830's. Tom Bassett says of Buckingham: "He had a keen eye and more tolerance of inconveniences than most of his contemporaries." – M.F. E.

From Shoreham to Danville

[1838]

From Fort Ticonderoga we descended to the ferry across Lake Champlain, where we passed over in one of the rudest boats I had ever seen. It was little more than an oblong trough or tray, the head and stern shelving upward from the water, and the bottom perfectly flat. It had a mast in the center, with a swinging gaff and boom for a mainsail that traversed right round the mast, so that the head of the boat could be made the stern, and the stern the head, alternately. With this single sail and a deep lee-board, the helmsman steering with a long oar, we soon crossed the lake and landed at the station of Shoreham, [Vermont].

We learnt from the innkeeper that their only supply of water is from the lake, and as this is frozen over during three or four months of the year, the ice, melted down, is the only water they use.

About three o'clock, the steamboat *Burlington* stopped at the landing-place, and we embarked. At eight o'clock, we

reached Burlington, where we landed. At St. Johns, the greater number of her passengers would disembark for Montreal; this route from New York to Canada being now the most expeditious, most economical, and most agreeable—and being more and more frequented every year.

On the following morning, September 19, we took an extra-coach for Montpelier. After dining, we took a fresh extra-coach for Danville, where we intended to sleep.

The field-fence of Vermont consists of the great roots and lower parts of the trunks of trees, extracted from the ground after felling, and then raised upon their sides and placed in a continuous row. Geese were abundant, grazing on the meadows, or on the grass-plots on each side of the road; and turkeys were fully as numerous. Whole fields of pumpkins were seen well stocked, and elderberries were also abundant.

The signs of the inns on the road were hung on hinges so as to swing, after the English fashion; while in the State of New York they were fixed, as on a target. In both, however, it is the custom to have ample verandas or piazzas running round the house. The lower space in front is generally crowded with persons seated on chairs, and smoking cigars, which gives an air of dissipation to the scene.

To many of the isolated dwelling-houses there were private burial-grounds attached, in which one or two members of the family had been interred; and the place of their repose was marked by a neat monument within an enclosure, just as if it had been included within consecrated ground.

The driver of our first stage from Montpelier, like all we had yet seen in America, was remarkably kind to his horses. Though he drove faster and steadier than any who had yet driven us, he never used his whip to touch the horses, but merely smacked it in the air, and talked to the animals as if he believed they understood every word he said. While the American drivers appear to be uniformly kind to their cattle, the horses themselves are more docile and tractable than with us [Englishmen].

We reached Danville at seven o'clock. The inn at which we stopped was a very humble one, but clean in every part. The quidnuncs of the village soon surrounded the door, and a hundred questions were asked, both of us and the driver, as to our route, destination, &c. It was, indeed, the most truly village-scene we had for a long time witnessed.

We retired early and slept in the first curtained bed since our leaving England a year ago. We had seen four-post beds with curtains in private houses, but in no hotel or

boarding house, not even in the depth of winter, till this at Danville.

RICHARD SMITH LAWRENCE

...whose inventions helped build the machine-tool industry in Windsor, Vermont, was a native of Chester, who grew up in New York State. He had little formal schooling but had served an excellent apprenticeship in metalworking by the time he returned to his Vermont relatives after his twenty-first birthday. Most other impoverished young men in his situation would have gone west. Smith Lawrence, loyal to his native Vermont, eventually was justifiably proud of his success. — M.F. E.

A Gunmaker Gets His Start

[1838]

I found Windsor Village a dull place. The next morning I started on foot for the west part of the town where my friends all lived. On the road I met a man with a team [and] made enquiry where Mr. Foster Farwell lived, an uncle who married my father's sister. He looked at me and said, "Get into my wagon and I will take you back to Windsor and then show you one of the best aunts you ever had. I know you by your looks—your name is Smith Lawrence." He had not seen me before since I was two years old. [I] found my friends all glad to see me. Visited with them for several weeks.

While with Doctor Story, [I] found he had two rifles, one made by his brother, Asa Story, who had a gun shop close by. This he called his turkey rifle; the other was an old Pennsylvania rifle, full stock, barrel 4 feet long, all rusty. The Doctor said it had been one of the best. He had killed many a deer with it. I asked him to let me repair the rifle and put on a peep sight. He had heard of this sight but had never seen one. [He] was very much interested about the sight but did not dare let me repair the rifle for fear I would spoil it.

After a while, he consented to let me make the trial and went over with me to his brother's shop and obtained his consent to let me use his shop and tools. I went to work, took the gun all apart, leaded out the barrel, forged out the sight, finished it and put it on the gun. His brother watched me all day. He had never seen a peep sight, and a mere boy handling tools and forging out work as I did was a little astonishing to him. On the Doctor's return from his daily trip he made for the shop to see what I had done with his rifle. He found it in such nice shape that he could not say too much in my praise.

He made an appointment for a trial the next day as to the shooting qualities. I had most of the day to give the rifle a trial and adjust the sights. We went out, he paced off 12 rods from a maple tree which had a $\frac{3}{4}$ augur hole in it

(made for sap spill). He said to fire at that. I found a good rest, lay down on the ground and fired. The Doctor tended target. Could find no ball hole. Said I had missed the tree. I fired again—no ball hole to be found.

Doctor came up to me and said I had spoiled his rifle. Before my repairs he could kill a chicken every time at 12 rods. I said, "Uncle, I am very sorry, but I will make the gun all right before I leave it." He said he could not consent to my doing anything more to improve the shooting qualities—the sight he liked very much. I said that, as the gun was loaded, I would take one more shot and see if I could not hit the tree. After the third shot, I went up to the tree to investigate, and all of the three balls which I had fired were found in the augur hole.

The Doctor was astonished—dumbfounded. Said he never heard of such shooting. We spent half of the night talking about guns. He said we must go down to Windsor Prison, where N. Kendall & Co. were making guns. They must know about the peep sights. Mine was the first ever seen in that section.

We went down to the prison the next day. The Doctor told them all about the sight and his rifle. The Company hired me at once for the term of two years at about \$100 per year and board. My first work was stocking rifles (short stocks [since] their rifles were stocked only on the breech). The first day I put on five stocks, all hand work. The next morning Mr. Smith, one of the Company, came along and looked the work over. [He] said the work was done well but it would never do to rush work as I had, for I would soon gunstock them out of town. [I] must hold up a little and take it more easy. After a few days I was put on iron work.

I made it a point not to let anything be done in the shop that I did not make myself familiar with and soon found myself capable of doing the best work. The Company had quite a number of free men to work on various branches of the work, nice parts, engraving, etc. I found that I was equal to any of them except engraving. Could not at the end of six months do as nice engraving as the older hands, but soon after could compete with any of them.

At the end of six months from [the] beginning, I was put in charge of the shop, much to the dislike of the older hands; but I carried the work along without any trouble, to the satisfaction of all.

The Danforth Library of Barnard possesses a single copy of Tom Bassett's *Outsiders Inside Vermont* (published by The Stephen Greene Press of Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1967). It is shelved in the Vermont section and available to borrow.

Charles B. Danforth Library News

December 2025



"Snowmen fall from heaven unassembled."
-unknown

Open Hours

2-4 p.m. Mondays & Wednesdays

10 a.m. – Noon – Saturday

Closed Wednesday, December 24th

Free Membership

November Book Display



Celebrating Native American Heritage Month

Killers of Flower Moon, by David Gram

Trail of Tears: The Rise and Fall of the Cherokee Nation

King Philips War: the History and Legacy of America's Forgotten War

Black Elk Speaks: Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Oglala Sioux

Empire of the Summer Moon: Quanah Parker and the Rise and Fall of the Comanches

Two novels by Tommy Orange, There There and Wandering Stars

Our Latest New Books

Dan Brown. The Secret of Secrets

Rich Rirdan. The Mask of Athena Book 3 (YA Fantasy)

C.N. Adichie. Dream Court: A Novel

Ian McEwan. What We Can Know: A Novel

Richard Osman. The Impossible Fortune. A Thursday Murder Club Mystery

Elizabeth George. A Slowly Dying Cause: A Lynly Novel

Sarah Maas. A Court of Thorns and Roses

Shelby Van Pelt. Remarkably Bright Creatures: A Novel

Linda Rutledge. West With Giraffes

Lucy Foley. The Book of Lost and Found: A Novel

Robert Reich: Coming Up Short: A Memoir of My America

Beth Macy. Paper Girl: A Memoir of Home & Family in a Fractured America

Claude Jolicoeur. The New Cider Maker's Handbook

Trustees: Paula Audsley, Margaret Edwards, Judy Maynes, Adelaide McCracken, and Susan Salter Reynolds

Contact Us: charlesdanforthlibrary@gmail.com, 802-234-9408

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 L = S. The solution is found by trial and error. Two short cryptograms are quoted this month. The CRYPTOGRAM answer is on the last page.

"D AHZC YGRCJ RAYPFAR, DR

AHUUCJL ZCTO ECBB RAHR

QATDLRKHL LAYPBI GHBB YPR

DJ RAC KDIIBC YG EDJRCT."

-NYLCUA HIIDLYJ

LUTDJF, LPKKCT, HJI GHBB

GDBB PL EDRA AYUC; EDJRCT

HBYJC TCKDJIL PL YG RAC

APKHJ QYJIDRDYJ.

-KDFJYJ KQBHPFABDJ, RAC

LCQYJI JCPTYRDQ'L JYRCWYYM,
1966

**Happy Holidays to All from the
Barnard Bulletin**

THE GLAD RAGS SALE

UPCOMING SALE AND COLLECTION DATES

The Spring 2026 Sale dates are: Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 24, 25 and 26.

The Saturday Collection dates for the 2026 Spring sales are: 2/28, 3/14, 3/28, & 4/11 - Hours are 10-1.

The 2026 Fall Sale dates are: Friday, Saturday, and Sunday September 18, 19 and 20.

The 2026 Fall donation dates are: 7/18, 8/1, 8/15, & 8/29.

For more info about the sales and what donations we accept please visit - <http://www.gladrags.org>

Looking forward to seeing everyone next year!

The Glad Rags Volunteers

For updates please join our Facebook group - <https://www.facebook.com/groups/145529065206/>

The Glad Rags Sale Association, Inc. supports agencies that provide health and welfare services to the greater Woodstock Community.

NEWS FROM BARNARTS

Holiday Cabaret

Join us for a cozy and relaxing start to December
Saturday, December 6, 7-9:30pm
Barnard Town Hall

\$35 + optional donation to our End-of-Year Fundraiser

Entry includes access to delectable savory and sweet treats, with coffee and tea. Donations by Plymouth Cheese, Jasper Hill Farm, Co-op Food Stores, Sweetland Farm, and more! Cash bar.

Music provided by Speak Easy Prohibition Band...

Bob Merrill (piano)

Tim Gilmore (drums)

Michael Zsoldos (sax)

Dave Ellis (trumpet)

Peter Concilio (bass)

...with vocalist Samirah Evans!

BarnArts vocalists Jill Clough, Kyra Monsam & Killian White will bring joy and fun to the band set breaks with solo and duet cabaret songs, joined by Taylor Hobson & Albert Falcone, who will also be singing with their on-stage Austrian family: Marlena Farinas, Adam Huyck, Natalie Thakur, Josie Flaster, Henry Butler, Julia Flaster, and Tasia Benoit!!

Don't miss a fun reunion of the von Trapp Family Singers and more at Holiday Cabaret!

Consider adding a donation to your ticket to kick off our End-of-Year Fundraising! ❤️

[More info & tickets!](#)

Winter Carols

December 19

First Universalist Church of Barnard

BarnArts new Home!

BarnArts was founded in March of 2012 and we have never had our own physical home! Our mighty staff of 4 (full time Linda and part time Olivia, Vic & Alex) run BarnArts from their homes. We store our costumes, tech and set materials in 4 different locations around Barnard. We perform where we can. It's time for us to bring on the Center for the Arts that's always been part of our name!

Over the last 3+ years, BarnArts has been working to get access to a parcel of land in the village of Barnard. In August, we finally signed a lease and have permission to tear down and rebuild on the site of Barnard's old fire station.

This lot is fabulously right in the middle of town - across from the First Universalist Church of Barnard we use so regularly, adjacent to the town library, and within waving distance of the Barnard General Store and Silver Lake.

We are currently getting bids from two builders and organizing for a large capital campaign (coming soon!) As well as a BarnArts office, storage and maker spaces, our design will include one large lovely room that will be available to other town groups for use and will also function as BarnArts main rehearsal space and an occasional small performance space.

Stay tuned!

BarnArts Center for the Arts

PO Box 41

Barnard, VT 05031

www.barnarts.org

info@barnarts.org

802-234-1645 (voicemail)

FOOD SELF COLLECTION AT NWPL

The Norman Williams Public Library is collecting non-perishable food for the Woodstock Community Food Shelf. Please help your neighbors in need! Drop off non-perishable food in the box in the lobby any time during library hours: Mon, Wed, Thur, Fri, 10-6, Tues, 10-8 & Sat 10-4.

We'll deliver your donation to the Woodstock Community Food Shelf during their operating hours.

Norman Williams Public Library

10 The Green, Woodstock, VT 05091, 802-457-2295

NormanWilliams.org

HELPING HANDS FUNDING

For the past 20 years, Barnard Helping Hands has supported members of our Barnard community with the help of friends and residents of Barnard community, along with the expertise of our volunteers. Our partnership with the HUB in Woodstock allows us to offer Barnard residents more financial aid when needed and helps keep us informed of other funding sources,

With an increase in financial requests from the community, we have decided to petition the Town for \$1000. We hope that many of you will sign the petition, which is at the Barnard General Store. We also welcome your financial donations, which can be sent to Barnard Helping Hands, PO Box 888, Barnard 05031. We are grateful for your support.

If you or anyone you know could use some help, please email Linda at letvt@mac.com.

<https://www.barnardhelpinghands.org/>

SILVER LAKE SYRUPS HOLIDAY KICKOFF

The Sugarhouse is transforming into a festive winter stop! Starting this Saturday, come pick out a gorgeous Fraser or Fraser/Balsam Cross Christmas tree and soak up the holiday cheer.

While you're here, enjoy Authentic Austrian Lebkuchen (gingerbread) and cookies, our homemade pies, Hot Chocolate, our famous Maple Creemees, pure Maple Syrup, stocking stuffers & lots more holiday goodies.

Holiday Hours: 2pm - 6pm, open November 22-26 and November 28-December 25. Closed Thanksgiving Day November 27.

Local delivery is available and if you are hosting a Holiday Party, you can rent our Maple Creemee Machine and treat your guests to a Vermont favorite!

Silver Lake Syrups, LLC

Cell: (802) 345-6795

www.SilverLakeSyrups.com

AT ARTISTREE

Join us for a weekend celebrating new voices in theatre!

“Small Staged Works: The Vastness Within” Friday, Nov 21 at 7pm in the Grange Theatre. A man in a spacesuit is found dead on the surface of the moon. Who was he, and where did he come from?

“Small Staged Works: Discord in Concord” Saturday, Nov 22 at 3 pm in the Grange Theatre. When democracy teeters on the brink, how do we protect it? Two brilliant

minds, bound by friendship and divided by conviction confront this question.

“Small Staged Works: Shrimp Pudding” on Saturday, Nov 22 at 7pm in the Grange Theatre. Minutes before walking down the aisle an indecisive bride gets a surprise visit from her ex, who happens to be a caterer at the wedding. The two find themselves in a spiral, torn between their hearts and minds while dealing with the wedding chaos around them.

<https://artistreevt.org/performances>

Artistree Community Arts Center | 2095 Pomfret Road | South Pomfret, VT 05067 | (802) 457-3500

Support Artistree!

<https://artistreecommunityartscenter-bloom.kindful.com/>

www.artistreevt.org

THURSDAY NIGHT RUMNEY SESSIONS AT FABLE FARM

Much like Feast & Field, these Thursday nights weave together farm-fresh food, live music, and community — but in a more intimate setting. Inside a 250-year-old barn that has weathered centuries of New England seasons, guests of all ages gather for an evening of warmth, laughter, and rhythm.

Family-friendly and full of flavor, our fall events may be smaller in size, but they overflow with life and connection. Each week we fire up the ovens for handcrafted artisanal pizzas and a rotating menu of farm-grown dishes.

And new this year — Fable Cocktails, crafted with ingredients grown right here on the farm (everything but the distilled spirit).

Step into the glow of the barn lights, taste the season, and soak in the magic of this historic gathering place.

Doors open at 5:30, music goes on around 6/6:15.

Suggested donation:

<https://feast-field-at-fable-farm.square.site>

Tickets will be available to purchase at the door, no one will be turned away for lack of funds.

Address: 1525 Royalton Turnpike, Barnard, Vermont 05031

Thursday, November 20th – Silas Hamilton + Friends

Thursday, December 4th – Quincy Saul Research + Development Band

Thursday, December 11th – Ben Kogan Band

THE PLANNING COMMISSION meets on the second Monday 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, Kassie Hull, mailto:selectboard@barnardvt.us, 802-234-9211 x 4. Office hours: Tuesdays and Fridays 8am to 11am, and by appointment.

ZONING ADMINISTRATOR, Robert Ramrath, mailto:zoning@barnardvt.us, 802-234-9211 x 2. Available by email and phone during business hours Monday through Friday. In person meetings at the Town Office available by appointment only.

TOWN CLERK office hours are Monday and Tuesday, 8:00am—3:30pm. 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

CRYPTOGRAM ANSWER

I have often thought, it happens very well that
Christmas should fall out in the Middle of Winter.

- Joseph Addison

Spring, summer, and fall fill us with hope; winter
alone reminds us of the human condition.

- Mignon McLaughlin, The Second Neurotic's
Notebook, 1966

AT BILLINGS FARM & MUSEUM

Billings Farm & Museum is a place to try new things! Enjoy daily programs, walk through the Historic 1890's House, and explore the Farm Life Exhibits.

Please note that our hours of operation will change to weekends and select days only, 10am-4pm, starting November 1.

Thanksgiving on the Farm, Fri, Nov 28 -Sun, Nov 30, 10am – 4pm.

Guests can step back in time with a display of foods from an 1890's Thanksgiving table and enjoy the aroma of dishes cooking in the Historic Farmhouse kitchen. Make and taste pie crust in the Learning Kitchen. Try your hand at a wool craft! Gather around the outdoor fi repits with a cup of cocoa, hot spiced cider, and a sugar-coated apple cider donut (available for purchase in the Gift Shop)!

<https://billingsfarm.org/events/a-family-thanksgiving-2025/2025-11-28/>

Seasonal Exhibit: "Pecks, Pies & Spies: Apple Growing in Vermont", Sept 13 – Nov 30

This playful, hands-on exhibit blends storytelling and sensory experiences about Vermont's favorite fruit. The history (and future) of apples is full of delicious surprises. Also, make sure to extend your apple experience with a visit to our heirloom apple orchard next to the Historic Farmhouse. <https://billingsfarm.org/pecks-pies-spies-apple-growing-in-vermont/>

Seasonal treats abound in both the Gift Shop and Scoop Shop! Check out our colorful, large-scale art installation "Art on the Barns" while enjoying some pumpkin infused ice cream or a cider donut!

Billings Farm & Museum, Woodstock, VT
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