



A VERMONT WRITER

BY MARGARET EDWARDS

Although this column, an offering of the Charles B. Danforth Library in Barnard, usually introduces a Vermont writer who deserves wider renown, this August 2026 Barnard Bulletin features a Vermont writer who has already been introduced. Viola Chittenden White's biographical profile appeared in last July's Bulletin. This follow-up column pays additional tribute to her work as a journal writer and self-taught naturalist.

Viola C. White

1890 – 1877



Viola Chittenden White was not a native Vermonter, but her eloquent and voluminous journaling from mid-life until her death places her squarely in the company of notable Vermont writers. The daughter of a New York Herald editor and a Wellesley College graduate, she was first a social worker, then became a librarian. She earned a PhD from the University of North Carolina and, at 33, arrived in Vermont to take on the job of Curator of the Abernathy Library of American Literature, a division of the Middlebury College Library.

During the course of her long tenure there, White built a very strong collection. Among the extensive acquisitions she made were two rare manuscripts by Emily Dickinson, a first edition copy of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, and Henry David Thoreau's personal copy of *Walden* with his handwritten corrections. Had White herself written nothing, she would still be a curator of considerable note.

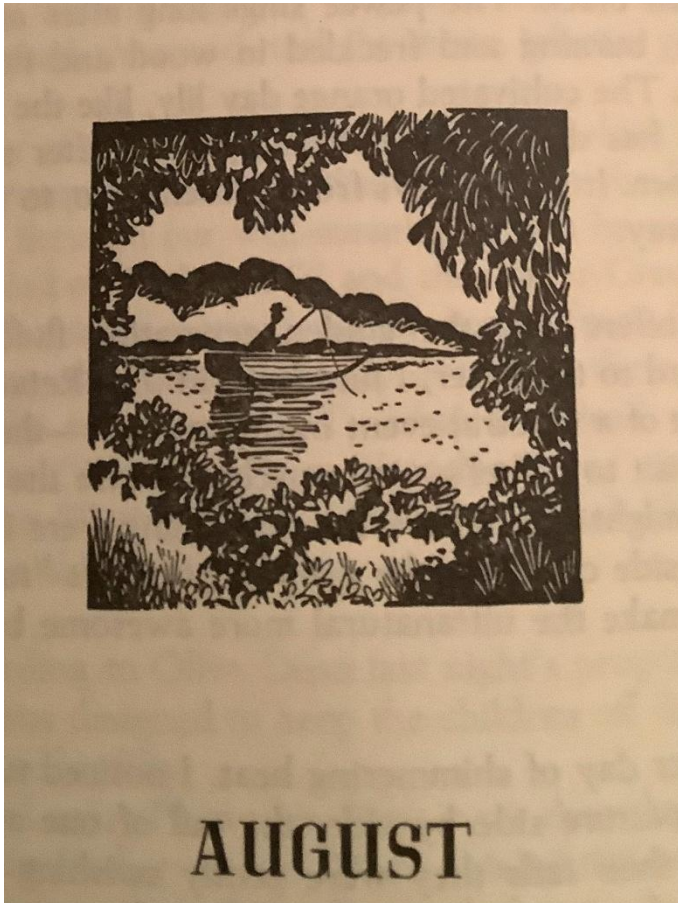
White never married. Though she was convivial and pleasant, always socially sought-after, she was by temperament reclusive and solitary. She liked to rise in the early morning and take a long walk before going to work. She became a self-taught naturalist. Her days were planned around outings that gave her the material for her journals. Middlebury College has preserved her 50,000 pages in its library's Special Collections.



Undated portrait of Viola C. White in her youth

By choosing among her monthly diary entries covering twelve years, from 1943 through 1955, White created her book that she titled *Vermont Diary*, published in 1956.

The July 2025 Barnard Bulletin extensively quoted White's journal entries for the month of July. For this August Bulletin, here is a selection from her August entries in that book:



Chapter heading illustration by Henry martin for Vermont Diary

August 1. Walked after dinner to Rudbeckia meadow, ablaze with orange daisies by the hundred in the light of the sunset. I expected any moment a dragon to ground himself and pasture there. Stayed till almost dark.

August 2. As I reclinced the pasture fence with a heather-like big bunch of steeplebush and stepped back into the road, a woman driver offered me a lift. I accepted for the sake of the flowers. She turned out to be a lady from elsewhere with ideas of her own. "Why are they cultivating the blue chickory in this part of the country?" she asked me abruptly. "What do they grow it for? I see solid fields of it."

"They are not cultivating it," I answered lamely. "It's a weed they can't eradicate—like wild carrot and mustard, which you sometimes see in solid fields too. They call chickory 'the blue devil.'" I doubt I convinced her. She still thinks, I believe, that Vermont has discovered some secret virtue of chickory and is growing it for an unacknowledged purpose.

August 3. F.M. calls for me after breakfast, Miss B. already in the back seat, and off we go in the direction of Randolph. The scenery [was] magnificent... and the high spot of the day to me was the annual homecoming held by the little white church. So far off among the hills that it seems the only congregation possible would be the woodchucks and the crows, a white meeting-house stands, and has stood for over one hundred years. Once a year—only once—does it open for a service, and the afternoon of August 3rd was it. We saw the cars from the outside world arriving and chugging up the hill. A minister with a charge in Connecticut officiated, remembering his boyhood spent in this valley.

The church was decorated with bunches of phlox, the fragrance of which filled the building, and brackets of fern along the side walls, exquisitely silhouetted against the white plaster. The lighting consisted of a primitive chandelier of four oil lamps suspended by a wire from a neat hole in the plastered ceiling.

The place was packed. A very nice service. Hymn singing, Scripture reading, prayer and sermon. Then we departed, the cars ran out into the world again, leaving the little church to its dreams till the August of another year...a fairytale sort of charm.

Reach Middlebury for the concert of Torelli's music performed by two trumpets and strings...

Quite a day. Neither of these events were designed to celebrate my birthday anniversary, though they have unwittingly done so.

August 6. "High noon," "mid-May," "early August" hold promise for me. Something out of common ought to happen at such times.

Too hot for the Creek walk, but I take it nonetheless. The white convolvulus grows in patches in the open fields. Timothy grass has grown so tall you look down into it and see a flower-garden: daisies, convolvulus, cow vetch, all over-topped by timothy.

See on the way back, in a half-dead giant ash tree, the disheveled profile of a kingfisher.

August 9. Spent the afternoon, which was sizzling and sunny, in an upland pasture. It extends a long way "inland" from the highway, woods edging it. Not level. It undulates so that you get the sense of being quite alone in the world on the knolls or in the hollows. In not too many years, the forest will have gained a foothold. Already there are infant elms, pines and maples coming along, not to mention husky briars of the blackcap and blackberry. I sat in the shade of a shagbark hickory whose shadow seemed to cover half the field, and let the insect transit zoom

over me. No better way of spending a summer afternoon could be found.

August 10. Auction held on the [Middlebury] green for the benefit of Porter Hospital. A jungle-hot day. Erie Volkert made an excellent auctioneer, keeping the articles moving right along and adding attractions of his own when they seemed to flag—e.g. a Swiss picture, bid up to eighty-five cents, “Make it a dollar and I will throw in a yodel”—when, of course, the bid at once leaped to the dollar mark.

A rug was spread on the grass, and there the most inveterate bidders such a Helen MacKay and Rose Martin had collected their plunder. I bought nothing, though I sat with them awhile. I beheld at least one familiar object among the articles to be sold—the orange vase which years ago I bought at Dorset and this year bestowed on our White Elephant booth, who sold it to some victim, who evidently took a month to discover that it leaked and was the wrong shape for flowers before bestowing it on the Hospital. Books, pictures, crockery, honey in jars, antiques, maps, fancy articles, two flint-lock guns with powder horns, their donor right on hand and very vociferous about their merits. I think the President of the Garden Club bought the first one, though just why she should need an old gun passes my comprehension.

August 11. As Hazel and I walked along Bread Loaf brook, we saw at least twenty Indian Pipes, a few erect, as I think I’ve not seen them before. This is after the ovary ripens, I believe. A whole garden of glorious blue gentians in the pasture, a bee coming out of the top of one flower, and also in the wood the dainty little orchid Rattlesnake Plantain which I have not seen before in Vermont. I picked too big a bunch of steeplebush to carry in my hands. I pressed it against one arm, and when I reached Hazel’s room, I had acquired a perfect fossil imprint on the inner side of my left forearm—stems, leaf veining, midrib and margin, with even the delicate indication of where one leaf lopped over another. Neither putty nor clay could have taken a better imprint. I looked at it entranced. Alas, that it had to fade.

August 12. Bright and hot, with floods of sunlight. Regular circus weather. The parade of elephants goes up the length of Main Street, the noble beasts businesslike and stately, brown dust-color, not gray. They have doubtless been helping to put up the tents. Everyone except the leader carefully holds in his trunk the tail of the one ahead. They wear strings of gold beads upon their foreheads.

August 13. Agnes told us at table about an intrepid lady in the German school who remembers the Morgan horses of Joseph Battell’s day (as well she

may—one at least). She and a friend were given a Morgan horse and wagon for a drive, with the warning that the horse could not be backed. All went well till they reached a spot of road too narrow for turning around frontward, where it was backing or nothing.

The horse moved steadily backward and kept on going. “Jump!” screamed the narrator to the friend, who obeyed, just before the whole outfit—horse, wagon, and lady who lived to tell it—went over the edge of the mountain. They all went chummily down together. “I’d lose consciousness for a while,” said she, “and then I’d come to, and the horse and wagon would be turning over my head.” At last they came to rest. “I sat up with the blood streaming down my face,” said the narrator, “and the horse sat up alongside and looked at me!” She said the one thought in her mind on the way down was, “How can I ever pay for a Morgan horse?”

Presently people came rushing to the rescue. “But they paid no attention to me,” said the lady. “They all concentrated on the horse.” The horse behaved quite like a human being. “He tried out his legs, standing on one leg, then two, then three, then four; then strolled over to the roadside and began to graze.” The horse was unhurt. She did not, therefore, have to pay for the horse, though I think she had to pay for the wagon.

August 14. Etiquette has reduced the dog and American woman to the same status—the door is opened for the dog, the door is opened for the lady. The dog can’t do it, and the lady won’t.

...The chokeberries are very fine this season, more abundant than I ever remember them, as are the pine and spruce cones and the butternuts.

August 15. To steeplebush pasture, under a muggy sky that makes mosquitoes swarm. Already the tops of the flowers are turning brown, and hardly a stalk but has foliage eaten by insects or with leaf edges tied together like little purses for cocoons. As I journeyed homeward along the road, I kept wondering at the number of green grasshoppers that seemed to emerge on the tips of my bouquet, till I realized they were jumping on for a free ride along the way.

Oats are stacked in fields, with decorative perky topknots or else stand hay-colored and uncut waiting till the farmer gets around to them, as he presently will. They are cutting oats everywhere. Corn at the green height of its fullness. The good smell, as I journey along through the twilight, of the ripe cornfields. As the light fades, the fragrance of the

landscape increases. You substitute one sense for another.

August 16. Miss Leonard dropped in yesterday afternoon, fresh from a vacation in her native Maine. I asked her what resemblances and differences she found in Maniacs vs. Vermonters. She gave, for resemblances, kindness and hospitality, independence and a sense of humor. For the differences, she thinks Vermonters far better informed about their native state and all its history...The people of both states seem to her religiously similar, more ethical than ritualistic.

August 17. ...Does a landscape ever look so unreachably fresh and fair as when the sun comes up out of it grudgingly, inch by inch as it were, showing a corner of a field, or one sunny spot on a wooded hill bathed in brightness, while all the rest is shadow? This happened continually throughout the afternoon as I headed toward Weybridge. Saw a great many bluebirds, as often happens on the Weybridge way.

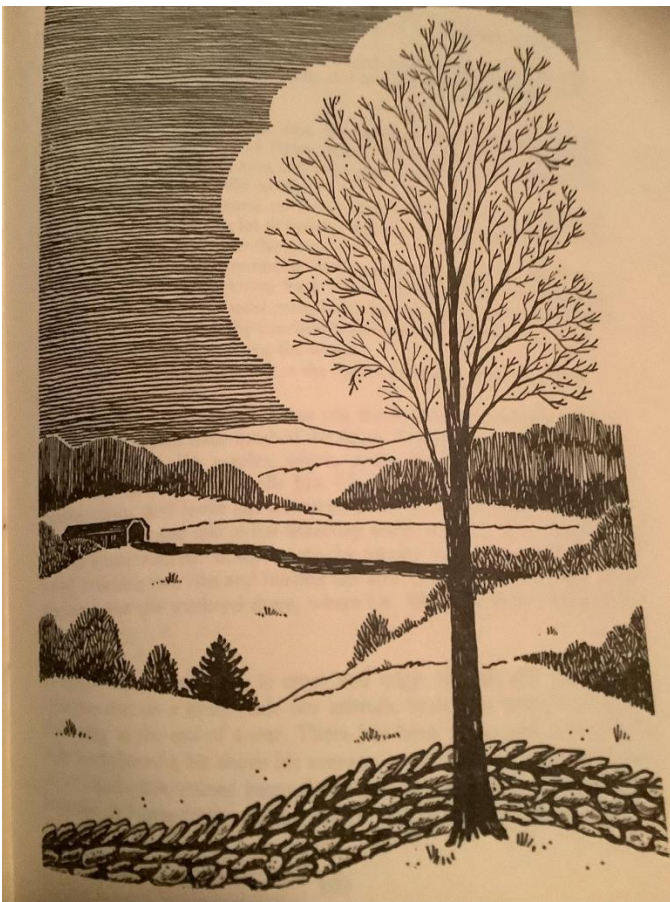


Illustration by Henry Martin for White's Vermont Diary

August 20. Dorset. Back from a walk in the woods, led by Miss H. We took along four pails and picked enough blackberries for our united effort to fill the largest pail. The wet beech forest with beech drop and Indian pipe beneath made easy going, through

moss and fern in the clearings, on the packed-down sleek leaves when we got to the wood.

Saw an indigo bunting on a stalk of blossoming goldenrod, so far as I remember the first time I have seen this bird in Vermont.

August 21. A jewel of a day...We walked to the saddle part of Saddle Mountain, beholding on the ascent the biggest snake I have ever seen outside a zoo August 21 (black, with longitudinal yellow stripe) and, a more welcome sight, a fringed gentian just beginning to blossom upon its mountain path, the topmost lavender-blue flower half opened out, the five fat buds just beginning to unclothe their fringed petals, which oddly enough are white. It can take its time, since it blooms up to the edge of frost. A lovely thing...

August 22. There is something like being on shipboard about such a hot, sunny afternoon. People smile at one another dreamily, without trying to talk. You can almost feel the motion of the earth under you as hour after hour goes by.

No nature book should ever be read outdoors. Nature offers too successful competition. Time for such is the evening lamp or the winter hearth.

96 degrees at noon, 92 degrees after sunset, by the porch thermometer.

August 23. Call on Elisabeth in the evening. She enlarges my knowledge of Persian cats by telling me that Raggy is extremely jealous of her (Elisabeth's) attentions to the horse in the pasture back of the house, and when Elisabeth goes out to take him apples, Raggy—who is never allowed to go outdoors—sits in the window where she can watch the whole proceeding and yells with rage until Elisabeth returns.

August 25. I was grumpily doing inventory in a deserted building when a young man came in. They had told him the Library was closed, but seeing a light, with his customary initiative, he had ventured. He was Mr. Roland Robbins, the excavator of the site of Thoreau's hut at Walden. Many words from Thoreau scholars of differing opinions having filled the air upon the subject, Mr. Robbins set forth. His equipment for finding the facts were a pocket compass, a ninety-eight cents G. I. trench shovel, probing rods, canvas gloves, and a strong will to dig. He showed me with photographs the steps of his labors, while I cheerfully neglected everything else to concentrate upon his tale.

The first clue to yield results were some fragments of brick not far from the cairn, where he unearthed Thoreau's pathway from his pile of bricks, and the

very pile itself. Checked for age, these bricks proved to be of the venerable age of 150 years. He found the brick-mortar of Thoreau's chimney foundation under the roots of a big ninety-year-old pine near the cairn. [This tree], that had sprung up after Thoreau's departure, flourished for nearly a century and blew down in the hurricane of 1938. Robbins did not stop excavating until he had unearthed the entire 10 x 15 feet cabin site, about twenty-five per cent of which, he says, lies under the cairn. Thoreau's description of the cabin site in *Walden* is therefore not accurate—it partakes of literary license. But the surveyor's map of pond and hut made to scale by Thoreau runs true to fact, as do Alcott's and Channing's recollections.

Mr. Robbins is an outdoor, workmanlike type of man whom Thoreau would have liked; his use of hand and head for his deductions worthy of Sherlock Holmes; and his excavation triumph a well-deserved one. One great advantage Mr. Robbins had was the fact that no other dwelling ever went up on Thoreau's site. Whatever evidences of a house the site contained were necessarily the evidences of Thoreau's house and no other.

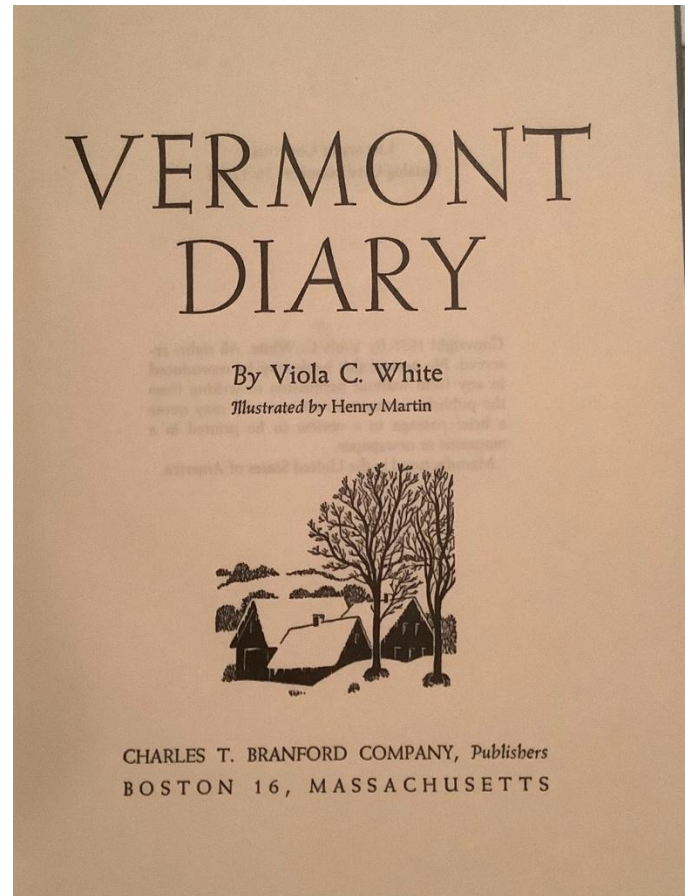
August 27. You might say in theory that sentimentality is incompatible with first-rate work, but it is not. Emily Dickinson and Poe can be blatantly sentimental in some poems and reach high heaven in others. I would think our brutal modernism a more dangerous enemy to greatness than sentimentality. The one blights certain boughs, leaving the rest flourishing, the other destroys the tree at the root.

August 29. I made my first call of the season on the Chapman orchard this noon. Apples hard and tight upon the trees. One apple, though, as far ahead of its time as Christopher Columbus, lay round, red and ripe upon the grass. A McIntosh. Him I ate.

August 30. Glorious burning sunlight...I drove out to Three Mile bridge. The meadows stand in cocks, the shrubbery along the creek shows ripening fruit. The wet meadow near the bridge has been planted to corn, but fantastically the sensitive fern, its former inhabitant, still grows between the rows. Approach by car is quite the wrong way for full enjoyment of all this. The tempo of walking, to which [humans are] biologically adjusted, gives each impression time for its full unfolding—its leisurely flowering, as it were. In a car the impressions follow each other almost instantaneously, and you get the full effect of none.

August 31. After dinner, I set off for the Horse Farm to see August out in fine style. A most exhilarating walk, rich and golden. Deep blue sky above, thistledown and insects traveling by air...goldfinches

and goldenrod, and swarms of yellow butterflies. To be sure, I saw no horses, only a flock of sheep, the rims of each illuminated by white burning sun, the bodies black as rocks, truly an apocalyptic flock. I looked across the creek where the full-foliaged trees were showing their spread-out plumage, like peacocks...Two crows on a dead tree, visibly communing.



Frontispiece for White's *Vermont Diary* by Henry Martin

Books by Viola C. White are: *Not Faster Than a Walk: A Vermont Notebook*, published in 1939 by Middlebury College Press; *Vermont Diary: An Intimate Record of Country Walks*, published in 1956 by the Charles T. Branford Company of Boston; and *Partridge in a Swamp: The Journals of Viola C. White, 1918-1941*, edited by W. Storrs Lee and published in 1979 in Taftsville, Vermont, by Countryman Press. Barnard's Danforth Library owns a copy of *Vermont Diary* and has ordered *Not Faster Than a Walk*.

BILLINGS FARM AND MUSEUM

We are open daily, 10:00AM – 5:00PM. Wander the Farmstead Gardens, meet our Jersey herd, make butter, eat ice cream, and more.

Kick back for an adults-only evening of craft drinks and good times on Friday, July 24, 5:30PM – 8:00PM! At

Moos & Brews, you can meet the cows, wander the gardens, hop on a horse-drawn wagon ride, and sip brews, cocktails, and mocktails from local producers.
<https://billingsfarm.org/moos-brews/>

It's Foodie Fridays throughout July from 1:30PM – 2:30PM! Learn how to make unique recipes featuring seasonal foods from our Farmstead Gardens and see a true farm-to-table transformation. Taste the results and take home a recipe to try yourself. This Friday, July 17, the featured recipe is green pea hummus with mint!
<https://billingsfarm.org/>

Enjoy hands-on, curiosity-led, sensory play at Farm Friends Play Club on Tuesdays through July and August from 10:00AM – 2:00PM! <https://billingsfarm.org/farm-friends-play-club/>

Antique Tractor Day is gearing up for Sunday, August 2, 10:00AM – 5:00PM. Enjoy a day of farm fun as restored antique tractors roar to life!
<https://billingsfarm.org/antique-tractor-day/>

Stop by to celebrate a Summer of Art at Billings Farm & Museum! Get inspired by the 40th annual “A Vermont Quilt Sampler,” experience the wit and whimsy of “Art on the Barns,” and take in the beauty of “Pieced in Light.” These exhibitions are a window into the craft and creativity offered in this beautiful area.
[https://billingsfarm.org/exhibits/Brianna Billings](https://billingsfarm.org/exhibits/Brianna%20Billings)

Brianna Billings
 Billings Farm & Museum
 Woodstock, VT
info@billingsfarm.org

Charles B. Danforth Library August 2026



Open Hours
 2-4 p.m. Mondays
 2-4 p.m. Wednesdays
 10 a.m. – Noon – Saturdays

New Summer Reads

Fiction

Country People, by Daniel Mason (author of *North Woods*)

Charity & Sylvia, by Tillie Walden (a true Vermont story) “Vermont Reads 2026”

Skylark: A Novel, by Paula McClain (a story of courage and resistance – Paris 1940s)

Children & Young Adult: Winners of Vermont Book Awards 2025-2026

Whalesong: The True Story of the Musician Who Talked to Orcas, by Zachariah Ohora. Vermont's Red Clover Award.(kindergarten – 4th grade)

Impossible Creatures, by Katherine Rundell. The Vermont Golden Dome Book Award (grade 4-8)

Not Like Other Girls, by Meredith Adamo. The Green Mountain Book Award. (high school)

Non-Fiction

The U.S. Constitution: A Comprehensive and Annotated Guide for the Modern Reader. Melissa Murray.

Going Up Country: When the Hippies, Dreamers, Freaks, and Radicals Moved to Vermont. Yvonne Daley.

Ring of Salt: A Memoir of Finding Home and Hope on the Wild Coast of Ireland. Betsy Cornwell.

Library Passes Available

Vermont State Park Day-Use: 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.

Lake Quality Report: [SwimWater](#)

Historic Sites pass: Free entry for up to 8 people in one vehicle into any of the seven State Historic Sites listed on the back of each pass. These sites are open from late-May to mid-October: See HistoricSites.Vermont.gov for specific days of the week and hours.

American Precision Museum Pass

The pass covers a one-time admission for four (any combination of adults, children, or seniors), and free entry to any pop-in education programs the day you visit.

Summer Hours: Daily 10:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m.

[American Precision Museum – Windsor, Vermont | Birthplace of Precision Manufacturing](#)

Charles B. Danforth Library,
 P.O. Box 204, Barnard, VT 05031
 6208 VT Route, 12
 Phone: 802-234-9408
 Email: charlesdanforthlibrary@gmail.com

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

Special Thanks to our Volunteers! Kayla Thompson and Edythe Wright

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.

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

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.

TOWN ADMINISTRATOR, Kassie Hull, <mailto:selectboard@barnardvt.us>, 802-234-9211 x 4. Office hours: By chance or by appointment.

TOWN CLERK office hours are Monday and Tuesday, 8:30am - Noon. Call 234-9211 for an 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.

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

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

MT TOM FARMERS MARKET IS OPEN

Saturday mornings rain or shine 9:30am to 12:30pm until mid-October at Saskadena Six in South Pomfret. Featuring local growers, makers and bakers.

SILVER LAKE SYRUPS SUMMER HOURS

Open Sundays from 12–6 pm through October 12. Maple Creemees, Maple Syrup, Maple Pecan Pies, and Maple Caramel Popcorn.

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 = O. The solution is found by trial and error. The CRYPTOGRAM answer is on the next page.

"DCC ULMJ JFKLSK GW CGZF HTF

WMYYFJ ECLSFJ HTDH PCLLYW

DKA AGFW; PFXDMWF HTF

WMKKU ICLS STGXT PJGKIW GH

ELJHT, WLLK WCDUW SGHT

BDJXTGKI BLSFJ."

-DCGITGFJG ADKHF

NEWS FROM BARNARTS

BarnArts Center for the Arts Building Community through Art, building Community through Art.

BarnArts is "Raising the Barn" on a home for art and community in Barnard. Find out more about our exciting capital campaign and consider joining us on this fun new adventure. Contact us if you are interested in getting involved with our Capital Campaign.

FEAST & FIELD MUSIC SERIES, 2026 SEASON!

Feast & Field Music Series is run by BarnArts and the Feast & Field farmers provide locally sourced food and drink, much of which is harvested and produced right in Barnard. The weekly celebration of music, food and community is held in the Fable Farm Orchard in Barnard every Thursday from now thru September.

July 23 Kotoko Brass - Ghanainan percussion dance

July 30 Shady Rill - folk

Aug 6 MINC - soul/funk

Aug 13 BOWMEN - roots/rock

Aug 20 High Drive - Cape Breton/Celtic fiddle

Aug 27 Billy Wylder - rock/world

Sept 3 Fabiola Mendez - Puerto Rican folk
 Sept 10 Quincy Saul R&D Band - funk/world/soul
 Sept 17 Pride Night - singer songwriter & QDP
 Sept 24 Equinox Closing Festival w/Sonido Mal Maiz
 - psychedelic

Tickets at: <https://feast-and-field.square.site/tickets>

JUNE 21 & JUNE 28 - 4PM, DANCING AT LUGHNASA



by Brian Friel, Directed by Dory Psomas. Performed outdoors at the King Farm in Woodstock

Aug 7-9, The SpongeBob Musical Barn Arts SYT, Barnard Town Hall

Aug 29, Barnard Street Dance, Barnard Town Hall.

Nov 6-15, Once Upon a Mattress, Fall Community Musical, Barnard Town Hall

Oct/Nov, Fall Global Music Residency, Various schools & Venues (tba)

Dec 5, Holiday Cabaret music & dancing, Barnard Town Hall.

Dec 18, Winter Carols, First Universalist Church of Barnard

We couldn't build community through art without your support. Donations let us know you see and appreciate our work in making the performing arts thrive in our rural corner of the world. BarnArts is a 501(c)(3) non-profit and all donations are fully tax-deductible. You will receive a warm thank you and a receipt for your donation. [Online donations](#), donations by check (PO Box 41, Barnard, VT 05031), and securities are all welcome and appreciated!

JOIN US FOR OUR FALL MUSICAL,
 ONCE UPON A MATTRESS!

Director: Linda Treash
 Music Director: Parker Eastman
 Choreographer: Lauren Mckeeon

Prince Dauntless cannot marry without his mother's approval. And she has MANY thoughts about who is good enough for her baby boy. Meanwhile, no one else in the kingdom is allowed to marry until Dauntless does, and Lady Larken and Prince Harry have a bit of a deadline coming up...! A desperate Prince Harry goes off on a princess quest and returns with moat-swimming Princess Winnifred! (She swam the moat?) Could a swamp princess be just what the kingdom has been waiting for?

This isn't your great-great grandmother's fairy tale, but it might be your Mother or Grandmother's! Once Upon a Mattress is full of puns, laughs, and heart, and it famously launched the dazzling career of comic Carol Burnett, as the strange but winsome Princess Winnifred!

Nine lead roles plus featured ensemble. Rolls for all ages and experience levels.

Audition Dates:

Saturday, July 25 - 2pm, Monday, July 27 - 7pm
 or by appointment

Audition Location: First Universalist Church

Production Dates: Nov 6-15

BarnArts Center for the Arts

PO Box 41

Barnard, VT 05031

www.barnarts.org

info@barnarts.org

802-234-1645 (voicemail)

CRYPTOGRAM ANSWER

"All your renown is like the summer flower that blooms and dies; because the sunny glow which brings it forth, soon slays with parching power."

- Alighieri Dante

ZACK'S PLACE TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH, 2026

It is time to purchase your golf ball. We are notorious for our Golf Ball Drop on that day. A helicopter will fly over the Woodstock Country Club around 5:30 and drop 500 golf balls on the 8th hole. Please help us meet our goal of selling 500 balls!

Golf Balls are \$50 and you can win up to \$5000 for closest to the pin.

1st Place wins \$5000

2nd Place wins \$2000

3rd Place wins \$500

4th Place wins \$100 – there are 10 4th place winners

Use the link below to purchase your golf ball.

<https://zacksplacevt.org/helicopter-golf-ball-drop/>

Please consider purchasing a golf ball or two in support of Zack's Place and all that we do there. Did you know that all the programs provided to our Zack's Place participants are free? There are 2 to 3 programs a day, five days a week. We do so many fun things including sports, science, art, cooking, games, yoga, music, book club, bowling, skiing, water events at Silver Lake and so much more.

Thanks to everyone for their support of Zack's Place.

Patty Hasson

Zack's Place

Woodstock, VT