



A VERMONT WRITER

BY MARGARET EDWARDS

This column is an offering of The Danforth Library in Barnard and a chance to introduce or further celebrate a Vermont writer who deserves wider renown.

Edward (Ted) Hoagland

1932 – 2026



Edward Hoagland, date and photographer unknown.

Any writer deeply familiar with Edward Hoagland's nature and travel writing was in awe of him. Hoagland was heroically prolific, publishing his first book while still at Harvard—a novel that won him the 1954 Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship. He produced five faintly praised works of fiction in his lifetime, but early in his career, he sensed he should renounce fiction-writing to concentrate instead on recording what he observed. He cultivated keen powers of awareness that soon dwarfed “mere” imagination. He was the author of more than twenty books by 2005. As he continued to write and publish essay collections well into his eighties, Hoagland elevated the art of the essay to new heights.

John Updike declared Hoagland “the best essayist of my generation.” Philip Roth was always astonished by “that unassuming powerhouse”—Hoagland’s prose—so “matter-of-fact, rhapsodic, [and] elegant” while always containing “a little surprise in every line.” Annie Proulx, perhaps the foremost American nature writer currently alive, has this to say:

Hoagland’s books first showed me the natural world I took for granted pouring down the drain of greed and commerce. He is one of the founders of a branch of literature that did not exist when he started writing. From him many of us first learned to look at place and landscape and the ways humans use them.

Everyone who knew Edward Hoagland and his work wondered why he wasn’t more famous in his lifetime. Of course, the key to fame in current American letters isn’t the essay—or the short story. It’s the novel. So perhaps Hoagland gave up writing fiction too soon? Or was his genuine and brilliant light overshadowed by the nature of the publishing industry?

After a first book’s publication, a promising American writer is urged by the publisher to “hit the circuit” and go on tour, giving public readings to cultivate a growing readership in a variety of settings: at university gatherings, at bookstores, at literary conferences and book festivals. A book tour occupies a great deal of an ambitious writer’s time. Genuine (if rare) fame may eventually diminish the need for such publicity, but any up-and-coming writer has a duty in this modern age to become a performer. And America’s “best essayist” (in John Updike’s estimation) couldn’t *perform*.

Edward Hoagland couldn’t tell anecdotes about writing or read from his abundant, admirable books, because of an affliction that prevented any ease of discourse in a public setting. He had a severe, ungovernable stutter. Watching him was painful for anyone who witnessed the flow of his always pleasant voice suddenly stoppered, as if he were being choked. The silence went on well beyond an intentional pause; and, as such moments piled up, the silence became cruel and terrible. Hoagland would writhe with his effort to continue speaking. His listeners—especially anyone who didn’t know him well—would feel helpless, even to the point of panic.

Sometimes Hoagland’s stutter, especially among his friends, was mild. It would be an occasional, brief interruption that usually wouldn’t last longer than several seconds. But his stutter couldn’t be predicted. It seemed to have a life of its own. Its ever-presence invites speculation that it gave the afflicted writer his gift:

Hoagland's words on a page flowed mightily, magically, with an enviable ease not common in the writings of others. The fascination Hoagland felt for whatever subject he had chosen was instantly communicated, and his reader soon felt a similar unwavering interest.

Furthermore, Hoagland was a master at gaining a reader's trust. His personality became more and more vivid as he commented and analyzed and described. Who he was and what he felt seemed so remarkably, eagerly revealed in his cascading words, that he became an instant intimate. This quality is surely what accounts for much of the unique power of his essays.



Edward (Ted) Hoagland in an undated photo.

Hoagland himself confesses in his memoir *Compass Points* (2001) that fiction was his "first love" and he'd wanted to be "the great American novelist." But he felt he lacked "the exceptional memory that novelists need." Moreover, he was not drawn to imagining narratives, for he had observed that "life seldom works in blocks of related events." And beyond that, he became aware, as he says:

...my main reason for turning into an essayist had less to do with mnemonic deficiencies, or any theory of life as contrasted to...fiction, than with the painful fact that I stuttered so badly that writing essays was my best chance to talk.

Perhaps the most striking aspect of Hoagland's prose is its tendency to make sudden swerves from objective reporting into personal revelation. He describes himself as *...nerdy, squirrely, yet bold enough within the sphere of a loner; I was leery of the extended compromises membership entails, and maybe too odd to make them. But the professed purpose of my solitude was to speak to loads of people.*

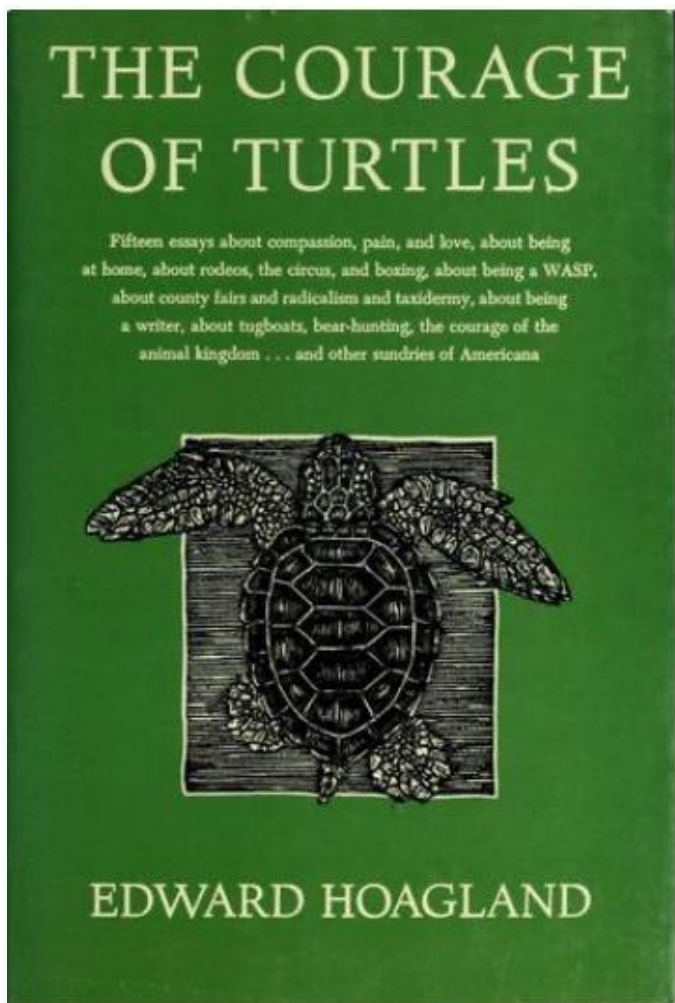
Hoagland's "speaking" to people involved his asking every person he encountered question after question, then listening intently to the answers. Beyond his interest in people, of course, was his consuming passion for wildlife. And for a naturalist carefully observing animals, silence is golden. He confirms this:

Words are spoken at considerable cost to me, so a great value is placed on each one. That has had some effect on me as a writer. As a child, since I couldn't talk to people, I became close to animals. I became an observer, and in all my books, even the novels, witnessing things is what counts.

His remarkable fluency with tactile, olfactory and visual information enlivens everything he wrote. In his essay "The Courage of Turtles" he describes at length a wood turtle "about six inches long":

Her top shell is...like an old, dusty, richly engraved medallion dug out of a hillside. Her legs are salmon-orange bordered with black and protected by canted, heroic scales. Her plastron—the bottom shell—is splotched like a margay cat's coat, with black ocelli on a yellow background. It is convex to make room for the female organs inside, whereas a male's would be concave to help him fit tightly on top of her. Altogether, she exhibits every camouflage color on her limbs and shells. She has a turtleneck neck, a tail like an elephant's, wise old pachydermous hind legs, and the face of a turkey...

If put into a creek, she swims like a cutter, nosing forward to intercept a strange turtle and smell him. She drifts with the current to go downstream, maneuvering behind a rock when she wants to take stock, or sinking to the nether levels, while bubbles float up. Getting out, choosing her path, she will proceed a distance and dig into a pile of humus, thrusting herself to the coolest layer at the bottom. The hole closes over her until it's as small as a mouse's hole. She's not as aquatic as a musk turtle, not quite as terrestrial as the box turtles in the same woods, but because of her versatility she's marvelous, she's everywhere. And though she breathes the way we breathe, with scarcely perceptible movements of her chest, sometimes instead she pumps her throat ruminatively, like a pipe smoker sucking and puffing.



First published in 1971 by Random House; then republished in 1974 by Warner; in 1985 by North Point Press; and in 1993 by Lyons & Burford.

Hoagland uses the same gift of close observation in describing human beings. In the Northeastern part of Vermont near Wheeler Mountain, where he had bought a house, Hoagland heard about local characters from “the old days.” One man of legendary endurance and speed could “run down the deer and knife them” and then “could keep up with their first dash, as they porpoised through the woods,” and even “keep going longer than they could.” Hoagland digresses at some length in his “Home Is Two Places” to do justice to solitary figures living in the woods. Of the faster-than-deer hunter, he writes:

He hung the [deer] meat in a tree by his cabin to freeze, and liked raccoons particularly also, so that by midwinter the tree was strung with upwards of thirty raccoons, skinned and dressed, suspended like white pineapples.

Another character... made a regular business out of “bountying” porcupines. The town paid fifty cents per pair of ears, and sometimes he brought in a hundred pairs. He claimed he had a super hunting dog, but actually he was cutting out triangular snips

of stomach skin to make a dozen “porcupines” for every one he killed. He didn’t do enough real work to break the Sabbath, as they say, and didn’t lay in hay enough to last his cattle through the winter, so that by the end of February he would be dragging birch trees to the barn for them to scrape a living from. For spending money, he gave boxing lessons at night in the waiting room of the old railroad station at the foot of the hill.

Beyond keen observations of animals and of eccentric people, Hoagland could focus the hot beam of his attention on society in general, with reflections that cut to the chase. “In the Toils of the Law,” an essay he published in 1972, begins in this way:

Lately people seem to want to pigeonhole themselves (“I’m ‘into’ this,” “I’m ‘into’ that”), and the anciently universal experiences like getting married or having a child, like voting or jury duty, acquire a kind of poignancy. We hardly believe that our voice will count, we wonder whether the world will wind up uninhabitable for the child, but still we do vote with a rueful fervor and look at new babies with undimmed tenderness.

“Having a child” was a personal experience this writer deeply valued. Earlier this year, his only child, daughter Molly Magid Hoagland, confirmed for the media her father’s death in New York City on February 17 at age 93.

In “Bragging for Humanity,” Hoagland proves himself an adept literary critic worthy of acolytes. He manages to pay tribute to Henry David Thoreau without ever saying outright that Thoreau had been a major influence on his own life and writing:

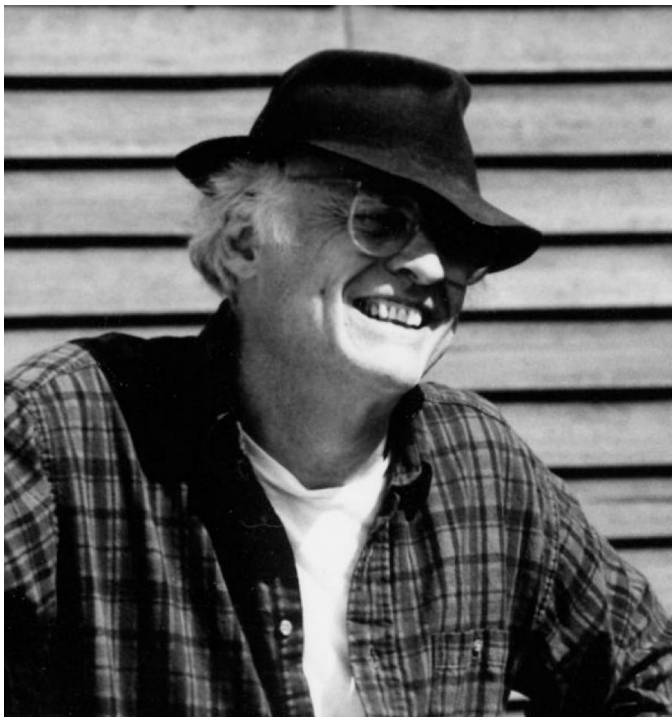
What has made Thoreau more imperishable was a deeper radicalism, nearly as pervasive as his love of nature. He was writing Walden during the height of the California gold rush and of the larger westerling fever of hope and excitement, when the existence of the Oregon Trail seemed an elixir of wealth and youth. But he merely dismissed the premise of trying to pile up money or of changing the scene of one’s efforts. It was exploring oneself that mattered, and witnessing each day at home. (The continent might scarcely have been settled if Thoreau’s priorities had held sway.) As one of a line of writers going back to Rousseau, he said, “I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew so well,” and like Walt Whitman, he devoted his life to presenting his enthusiasms, assuming that they had universal application.

Equally capable of observing himself—often clinically, with an eerie, even breathtaking objectivity—Hoagland in “Mentors and Roots” drops any pose of being cool, or

belonging to the *cognoscenti* of New York City's Christopher Street in Greenwich Village:

At the Lion's Head I needed some schooling because of my fastidious physical offishness, verbal reserve, and ignorance of many customs. For example, when I spilled coins on the floor I'd stoop to pick them up instead of leaving them "for the sweeper." I thought struggling artists were supposed to be frugal and my tips were mathematical, not flamboyant. Nor did I get drunk and run up a tab, like some of my neighbors who had already skipped through a bankruptcy. And my sense of public gesture was paltry, though I soon grew to appreciate other people's sh-ticks...

The astoundingly wide range of Hoagland's interests is reflected in the crowd of essays he produced year by year. Here are but a few suggestive titles: "The Elephant Trainer and the Man on Stilts" (1969), "Meatcutters Are a Funny Bunch" (1970), "The Assassination Impulse" (1971), "Nobody Writes Stories About Unicorns" (1971), "Marriage, Fame, Power, Success" (1972), "Nine Home Truths About Writing" (1975), "Three Trains Across Canada" (1987), "Christmas Observed" (1992). Most of his books are compilations of essays. His *Heart's Desire* of 1988 is subtitled "The Best of Edward Hoagland: Essays from Twenty Years." Most essayists at the age of 55 would not be able to select so many of "the best" from their writings begun at 35. (During his early twenties and up to the age of 35, Hoagland was a novelist.)



Ted Hoagland in middle age (about the time he visited Ossabaw Island, Georgia).

I met Ted Hoagland—he was always called Ted—on Ossabaw Island in the 1980s.

At that time, Ossabaw Island—off the Georgia coast—was an artists' and writers' retreat, owned and run by a formidable but genial heiress. She had deliberately invited the then semi-famous nature writer, Edward Hoagland, to come to Ossabaw, hoping he would write something elevated and rapturous about its ecology.

This was the spring of the year, probably March, and I was on leave from my teaching at the University of Vermont. I'd been chosen to reside for ten days on the island as a resident writer, tucked away into one of the scattered cottages with my portable typewriter. I was among about twelve "creative" residents—some writers, some painters, a musician/composer, and a few sculptors, one of whom called himself a "constructionist."

The heiress—Eleanor—was a pleasant hostess to us all, as well as an impassioned lover of the arts, and she wanted Mr. Hoagland to get the most out of his three days' stay. Toward that end, she enlisted three of us to aid him in studying the island, each on a different day. We were supposed to shadow him, accompanying him wherever he might want to go and making sure he showed up for dinner at the "big house" (a mansion hung with African animal trophy heads). Eleanor had chosen, no doubt deliberately, three women. None of the resident men were given such a "babysitting" duty—but remained free to pursue their art, whatever it was, as all of us felt entitled to do. However, Eleanor was too genial, and too formidable, for anyone to resist her.

I didn't meet Ted Hoagland until his second day, which was *my* day to spend with him. Though he must have been at dinner the night before, it's likely he didn't speak—or try to speak. All of us sat to eat at one long table, so it was easy to miss anyone who wasn't seated directly across or nearby.

I introduced myself to Ted after breakfast. I had no idea who this slim, middle-aged man was, only that he was a journalist of some sort. Very likely I had read at least one of his essays in a magazine (I was devoted to *The New Yorker*); but in those days an article's byline was beneath my notice.

Ted spoke to me and I to him—I have no memory of what was said until suddenly he stood back and gazed at me with astonishment and said something to the effect of, "This is amazing! I can easily *talk* to you. Usually I have a terrible stutter." And all that crossed my mind was: *here's a guy with a unique come-on.*

Because Ted could see I wasn't the least moved by his confession, he pressed on, telling me several times over how stunned he was. How unusual this was, his being able to speak effortlessly! Such a fluid conversation that he was now having with me, an adult stranger, had never

before happened to him. He assured me he was only able to talk without any problem “to dogs and children.”

Well, okay. Am I a dog? Or a child?

One whole day (a day I couldn't be doing my own writing) was to be spent in this man's presence. I felt a bit frosty and put-upon. But had I known at the time what I came to know so much later—had I read any of his writing, even one essay!—I would have joined the ranks of those in awe of him. And would such a change in my attitude have awakened his stutter? No answer to that.

My memory is hazy about much of the day. But I know we started out on a sunny walk, with Ted talking and talking, volubly, fluidly—and joyfully. He turned out to be an excellent talker, eloquent with facts about the sumptuous natural world that surrounded us. He was extremely informative, so much so that my reluctance at having to be in his presence soon vanished.

Suddenly as we walked, Ted reached out—a lightning-fast grab—and we stopped so he could show me the non-poisonous snake wriggling frantically in his hand. A terrible odor made him laugh and release the snake at once. Then he wiped something (a stinking excrescence) on his pants leg, explaining that this was the snake's natural defense. “Smell that and you don't want to eat him!”

Something else I remember was Ted's haughty dismissal of any idea he would write something about Ossabaw Island. The original wealthy owners (Eleanor's grandparents?) had desecrated the place, he told me, and never mind the exotic fans of palmetto and the huge oaks hung with moss. Not only were wild pigs everywhere, but a pair of donkeys brought back from a tourist excursion to Greece had proliferated. Between the feral pigs and donkeys, the island's plant life had been reduced to pitiful “rubbish.” A large number of the other, native animals and scores of types of birds had had no chance. They had vanished.

Ted and I spent a whole day together; and I wish I could remember more of what he said, where we went and what we saw. He did all the talking and never—this was surely a first—did he ask me a question! At least, none that I can recall. He insisted that I spend the next day with him, up to the point that he departed, and I complied. I remember that, as soon as he left, I fled back to my cottage, back to my typewriter and my solitude, determined to salvage something of my own work from the two-day hiatus.

I would like to say that I pursued a friendship with famous essayist Edward Hoagland. After all, from his residence in New York City, Ted often retreated to his rural sanctuary in Vermont, and I was living in Vermont, in Burlington. And I had liked him. But there was a freakish intensity about his manner, and his constant expressions

of his delight at being able to speak freely to me... felt alarming. As a married woman, I couldn't imagine introducing him to my husband.



Edward Hoagland outside St. Andrew's church in Edgartown, Massachusetts, circa 2012. Photo by Jeanna Shepard

Only when I read Ted's obituary in *The New York Times* of February 23, 2026, did I seek out his books from the library and begin to read his work. And there he is, in his many, many words—every bit as loquacious and informative, generous and self-revealing, careful and kind and, yes, *intense* as I remember him.

Currently Barnard's Charles B. Danforth Library does not own any copies of Edward Hoagland's work. But that will soon be remedied. A search is on for hardcover copies of the following titles: *Compass Points: How I Lived*, *Heart's Desire*, *Sex and the River Styx*, and *Tigers & Ice*.

BILLINGS FARM AND MUSEUM

June is Dairy Month, and we are going all out to celebrate! “MOO-ve,” make, and taste at Dairy Celebration on Saturday, June 27 from 10:00AM – 5:00PM! This lactose lollapalooza is a deliciously fun day on the farm. Whether it's making ricotta, butter, and ice cream or learning about regenerative agriculture, it's an event that is perfect for all ages! <https://billingsfarm.org/dairy-celebration/>

Get a “MOO-ve” on at our first ever 5K Milk Run on Saturday, June 27! Check-in begins at 8:00AM with the race kicking off at 9:00AM! This fun, family-friendly walk or run will wind through mowed paths and scenic pastures at Billings Farm. Enjoy live music and celebrate at the finish line with milk and cookies! Registration includes admission to Dairy Celebration, where participants can dive into all kinds of dairy delights! <https://billingsfarm.org/5k-milk-run/>

Calling all tractor owners! Does your tractor predate 1980? Do you love showing it off? Then bring it to Billings Farm & Museum for Antique Tractor Day on Sunday, August 2! Exhibitors receive a gas allowance,

complimentary food and drink, and get to participate in parades and the crowd favorite Slow Race! Register your tractor by July 10! To register and learn more, visit <https://billingsfarm.org/antique-tractor-day/>.

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

Charles B. Danforth Library

July 2026



Happy Birthday America

250

Open Hours

2-4 p.m. Mondays
2-4 p.m. Wednesdays
10 a.m. – Noon – Saturdays
Closed Saturday July 4th

More summer reading has just arrived, including the latest from two of my (Judy) favorite authors --Maggie O'Farrell and Ann Patchett!

Fiction

Land: A Novel, by Maggie O'Farrell
Intimacies: A Novel, by Katie Kamatura
Go As A River, a coming-of-age novel by Shelley Read
The Typing Lady And Other Fictions, by Ruth Ozeki
Whistler: A Novel, by Ann Patchett
Small Boat, by Vincent Delecroix (an international Booker Prize-Shortlisted Literary Fiction of Moral Complicity and the Migrant Crisis)

Non-Fiction

The Hidden Nations of Animals: A Grand Tour of Earth's Wild Civilizations, by Ryan Hullung
Say Nothing: A True Story of Murder and Memory in Northern Ireland, by Patrick Radden Keefe



Headed to the Lake? As summer continues to heat up, you can keep an eye on the water quality at the following Vermont State Park site: [SwimWater](#)

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.

Did You Know?

- The [Vermont Parks Forever's Park Access Program](#), provides free day-use access to Vermont State Parks for clients receiving services through the Economic Services Division in the Department for Children and Families.
For details click here: [program flyer](#).

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](#)

Contact Us Anytime – We would love to hear from you.

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

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.

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

"ZLDVNP MQFS

VBPNP GD RBN HNN

VBPNP GD RBN HFQDB

VBPNP GD RBN BZS?

ZB, DZGY MQFS

VBPNP GD RBN DNNY

VBPNP GD RBN HQY

VBPNP GD RBN JZS

ZLDVNP RBNN

JN"

-NJGFS YGXIGLDCL, ZLDVNP MQFS

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.

- June 25 Mojo Birds - Afro Peruvian roots/soul
- July 2 Sabouyouma - Afro-funk/Afro-beat/reggae
- July 9 Etienne Charles

- Gullah Geechee jazz fusion & special events
- July 16 Wormdogs - Americana/freak folk
- 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

Donate to Barn Arts. 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](https://www.barnarts.org), donations by check (PO Box 41, Barnard, VT 05031), and securities are all welcome and appreciated!

BarnArts Center for the Arts www.barnarts.org
 PO Box 41 info@barnarts.org
 Barnard, VT 05031 802-234-1645 (voicemail)

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

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.

IN WOODSTOCK

Looking for a fun, family-friendly event for July 4th? Join us at 9 a.m. for Woodstock's very first Firecracker 5K race! It's part of the celebration of the USA's 250th birthday!

This fun run/walk event takes you along the mostly flat route of the Ottauquechee River Trail near East End Park. Enjoy the lovely river scenery as you run or walk ... and support this welcoming community trail.

Registration is limited to 250 participants, Sign up at <https://runsignup.com/Race/VT/Woodstock/OttawuecheeRiverTrailRace>

Or donate to support the Ottauquechee River Trail at <https://runsignup.com/Race/Donate/VT/Woodstock/OttawuecheeRiverTrailRace>

Beverages, snacks, and music will be available after the race. This event is not officially timed but should be a fantastic way to start your holiday!

Please join us! - Thistle Cone, East Barnard

CRYPTOGRAM ANSWER

"Answer July Where is the Bee Where is the Blush
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July Where is the Seed Where is the Bud
Where is the May

Answer Thee

Me"

- Emily Dickinson, Answer July

AT FABLE FARM SEASONAL HELP WANTED

Fable Farm looking to fill a variety of roles for Feast & Field on Thursdays from now until the end of September. Positions include bartending, kitchen work, food ordering, and ticket taking.

If you're interested or would like more information, please email fablefarm@gmail.com.

BARNARD GENERAL STORE DONATES BOAT RACK FUNDS TO HELPING HANDS

Barnard Helping Hands was the recipient of the funds that the collected for the rental of the many boat racks that line the backyard of the BGS. We want to send a big thank you to Joe and Jillian! Their gift to us will be returned to you, members of our Barnard community. Please contact one of us, if you could use a little help.

Barnard Helping Hands board: Louie Ahlen, Linda Beaumariage, Janice Bean, Becky Brettell, Mary Blanton, Leah Crowley, Lucy Godshall and Patty Hasson