The Chronicle office is now open to the public on MONDAYS & TUESDAYS. Thursday and Friday the office is open by chance. Always closed Wednesdays.

Please wear a mask if you are not vaccinated.

There is usually someone in the office to answer the phone during regular business hours. But if there is no answer, please call back or send an email to the appropriate department.

To reach the editor, email: tenas@bartonchronicle.com
To contact the advertising dept., email: ads@bartonchronicle.com
To contact the subscription dept., email: subs@bartonchronicle.com

Anything you would like to send into the drop box or mailed to us at:
P.O. Box 660, Barton, VT 05822
Thank you for your understanding as we continue to provide the local news.

Opinion

Don’t let Juneteenth go unnoticed

by Molly Vyessy, executive director, Old Stone House Museum & Historic Village

On this coming Saturday, June 19, we hope you can take a moment to pause and reflect. While Juneteenth marks just one day in the struggle for equity for African Americans in this nation, it provides us with a chance to recognize contributions made right here at home in the Northeast Kingdom and Orleans County.

The national holiday commemorates June 19, 1865, when General Gordon Granger led the Union occupation force into Galveston, Texas, and delivered the news of the Emancipation Proclamation to the still enslaved people in the region. Juneteenth became a nationwide celebration in the past few decades as we reached the sesquicentennial of the United States Civil War (2011 to 2015) and, more recently, the rise of the Black Lives Matter movement.

At the Old Stone House Museum & Historic Village, we will celebrate this day with a reopening (post-COVID-19) to normal operations and the unveiling of a new exhibit that sheds light on the life of African American Alexander Lucius Twilight. Mr. Twilight is the reason our institution exists today. Without him, there quite literally would not be an Old Stone House.

Born September 23, 1795, Mr. Twilight led a life dedicated to education and faith. As the first African American to gain a college degree in the United States (from Middlebury College in 1823), his often-noted strong will and dynamic leadership made him the Vermont Historical District what it is today. As the headmaster of the Orleans County Grammar School and minister of the Brownington Congregational Church, he taught a vibrant student body. He also designed and led the construction of the Old Stone House Museum’s impressive granite hall.

Mr. Twilight’s is only one story among many in our region and state. Edna Hall Brown, who attended St. Johnsbury Academy, was among the first African American women to graduate from the University of Vermont with a bachelor of science degree in education in the 1870s. The commencement issue of the St. Johnsbury Academy student magazine noted Ms. Brown’s love of reading and skills in Latin. It also proclaimed, “We know she’ll make good.” And she did! She taught until her death in 2000 in Baltimore, Maryland, (where she was originally born).

George Washington Henderson, who also graduated from the University of Vermont in 1877, is celebrated for being the first African American to be inducted into Phi Beta Kappa, the highest academic honor society. He, too, gave back to his community, this time right here in Vermont. He served as principal of Craftsbury Academy and Newport Graded School. He also held positions at two historically black universities: Fisk in Tennessee and Wilberforce in Ohio. In addition to being an active scholar, he was active in early civil rights initiatives and campaigned against the horrific practice of lynching. These are only a few of the stories we could tell on this holiday. Consider celebrating this special day on Saturday to learn and share. At the museum, we aspire to be a space for open dialogue around the interconnected issues of inequality in our shared society.

Loon lake, moon lake

by Ellin Anderson

Through fog-ripe air, the rising moon Pulls up and draws out the call of the loon. And in the summer’s chill, I hear Through quills of mist, that note of fear. As stilt as paint, with ruby-red Round eyes, he lifts his long sleek head For pride in what he’ll never lack, And floats his chicks upon his back. To you, my partner at moonrise He left his mark on heaven’s face, Will hoot and coo in quiet glee, In secret inlets, well aware That night must fall, the nesting pair Floats his chicks upon his back. With roads celestial in his eyes, In the summer’s chill, I hear To you, my partner at moonrise

In secret inlets, well aware That night must fall, the nesting pair Pulls up and draws out the call of the loon. And in the summer’s chill, I hear Through quills of mist, that note of fear. As stilt as paint, with ruby-red Round eyes, he lifts his long sleek head For pride in what he’ll never lack, And floats his chicks upon his back.

In secret inlets, well aware That night must fall, the nesting pair Pulls up and draws out the call of the loon. And in the summer’s chill, I hear Through quills of mist, that note of fear. As stilt as paint, with ruby-red Round eyes, he lifts his long sleek head For pride in what he’ll never lack, And floats his chicks upon his back. To you, my partner at moonrise

In secret inlets, well aware That night must fall, the nesting pair Pulls up and draws out the call of the loon. And in the summer’s chill, I hear Through quills of mist, that note of fear. As stilt as paint, with ruby-red Round eyes, he lifts his long sleek head For pride in what he’ll never lack, And floats his chicks upon his back. To you, my partner at moonrise

In secret inlets, well aware That night must fall, the nesting pair Pulls up and draws out the call of the loon. And in the summer’s chill, I hear Through quills of mist, that note of fear. As stilt as paint, with ruby-red Round eyes, he lifts his long sleek head For pride in what he’ll never lack, And floats his chicks upon his back. To you, my partner at moonrise

In secret inlets, well aware That night must fall, the nesting pair Pulls up and draws out the call of the loon. And in the summer’s chill, I hear Through quills of mist, that note of fear. As stilt as paint, with ruby-red Round eyes, he lifts his long sleek head For pride in what he’ll never lack, And floats his chicks upon his back. To you, my partner at moonrise

In secret inlets, well aware That night must fall, the nesting pair Pulls up and draws out the call of the loon. And in the summer’s chill, I hear Through quills of mist, that note of fear. As stilt as paint, with ruby-red Round eyes, he lifts his long sleek head For pride in what he’ll never lack, And floats his chicks upon his back. To you, my partner at moonrise

About letters, editorials, and opinions

The Chronicle welcomes letters from our readers from all points of view on the political spectrum.

The deadline is Tuesday at noon. Letters may be dropped off in person, mailed, e-mailed, or faxed. Letters on paper must be signed, and all letters must include a telephone number for confirmation. All letters must include the writer’s town.

We will not publish a letter that has been sent anonymously to this office. In rare and extreme circumstances, we will publish a letter without the writer’s name.

Please keep your letters brief. Length aside, we reserve the right to edit letters for content. Letters should be about public issues, not personal grievances. We will not run letters that are libelous, racist, or contain personal attacks. We welcome robust debate but won’t print letters that, in our opinion, are merely offensive.

The letters section is intended for the free expression of opinion, not the arbitration of competing claims of fact. We reserve the right to reject letters that are based on claims of fact that are demonstrably false and potentially damaging. Examples would be of a letter to the editor claiming a scientific hoax. Internet citations are not, in themselves, sufficient to prove such claims.

Thanks for your help making these pages thought-provoking, lively, and interesting.

Editorials are initialed by the author and reflect a consensus of the editorial staff of the Chronicle. Opinions and letters are the opinion of the author.