The Barnard Bulletin

NOVEMBER 2023 Vol. XXXVIII No. 11

VERMONT WRITING

BY MARGARET EDWARDS

This column, usually called A VERMONT WRITER, is an offering of the Danforth Library in Barnard that introduces Vermont writers deserving wider renown. This month the column quotes the poems of several Vermont poets who feature work—or toil—specifically the hard physical labor involved in farming.

The New England states, especially Vermont, are famous for short growing seasons, long stretches of forbidding weather, hills folding upon hills, and stone-infested soil. The poets who take inspiration from Vermont often celebrate the hardship as if the hardscrabble nature of rural work that must be done is invigorating.

Putting in enough wood to feed wood stoves in winter is a preoccupation that begins in the summer and becomes feverish by late fall. Vermont's *woodchuck*, also known as a *groundhog*, has a nursery-rhyme name that suggests work and invites rhyming. There are variants, but the schoolchild's traditional chant goes something like this:

How much wood could a woodchuck chuck
If a woodchuck could chuck wood?
A woodchuck would chuck all the wood he could chuck,
If a woodchuck could chuck wood!

Chopping, splitting and stacking wood is familiar labor. But "chucking" wood means taking up a chunk of it and slinging it away—the very opposite of the careful woodsman's routine.

The Reverend Henry Crocker, a Civil War soldier who lived to the age of 83 and died in Chester, wrote this verse to amuse his young son:

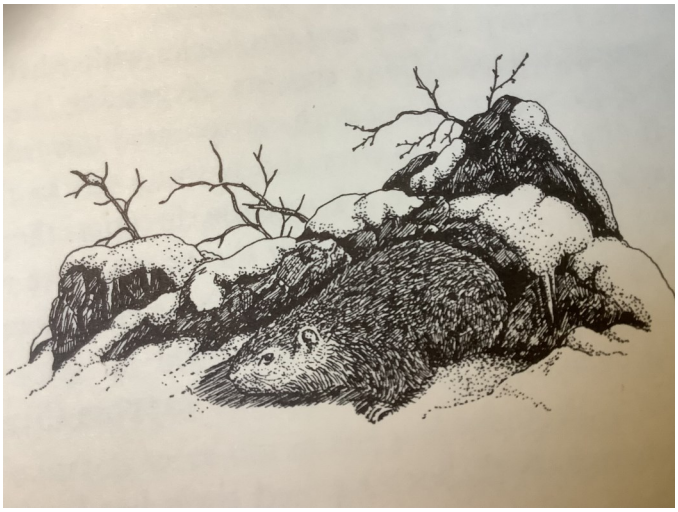
Little Woodchucks
by Henry Crocker (1845 – 1929)

A woodchuck stole from his hole one day
To find the place where the woodchucks play,
When another little woodchuck came that way
And chucked some wood where the woodchuck lay.

This woodchuck chuckled and the wood chucked in,
Then he stopped and said with a woodchuck grin:
"I would chuck in stones, and some grass would pull,
But this woodchuck's hole is of wood chock full."

When the woodchuck found his hole chock full
He began the hair from his head to pull.
"If I knew who that woodchuck was," he said,
"I would chuck that wood at that woodchuck's head."

But soon the little woodchuck lost his spite,
And he chuckled and said, "T'was a joke, all right;
If that little woodchuck can wood chuck in,
This woodchuck can wood chuck out again."



A woodchuck, pen and ink drawing by Edward J. Brundage (1962)
WOODCHUCK: An illlustration on page 31 of Land Alive: The World of Nature at One Family's Door by Ronald N. Rood (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, 1962).

In "Fergus Falling," Galway Kinnell uses working with wood as background imagery, while his young son's fall from a tree after spotting a distant pond occupies the poem's foreground.

Fergus Falling
by Galway Kinnell (1927-2014)

He climbed to the top
of one of those million white pines
set out across the emptying pastures
of the fifties—some program to enrich the rich
and rebuke the forefathers
who cleared it all once with ox and axe—
climbed to the top, probably to get out
of the shadow
not of those forefathers but of this father,
and saw for the first time,
down in its valley, Bruce Pond, giving off
its little steam in the afternoon,

pond where Clarence Akley came on Sunday mornings to cut down the cedars around the shore, I'd sometimes hear the slow spondees of his work, he's gone,

where Milton Norway came up behind me while I was fishing and stood awhile before I knew he was there, he's the one who put the cedar shingles on the house, some have curled or split, a few have blown off, he's gone,

where Gus Newland logged in the cold snap of '58, the only man willing to go into those woods that never got warmer than ten below, he's gone,

Cont. next page - Writers

Writers - Cont. from previous page

pond where two wards of the state wandered on Halloween, the National Guard searched for them in November, in vain, the next fall a hunter found their skeletons huddled together, in vain, they're gone,
pond where an old fisherman in a rowboat sits, drowning hooked worms, when he goes he's replaced and he's never gone,
and when Fergus
saw the pond for the first time
in the clear evening, saw its oldness down there
in its old place in the valley, he became heavier suddenly
in his bones
the way fledglings do just before they fly,
and the soft pine cracked . . .
I would not have heard his cry
if my electric saw had been working,
its carbide teeth speeding through the bland spruce of our time,
or scorching
black arcs into some scavenged hemlock plank,
like dark circles under eyes
when the brain thinks too close to the skin,
but I was sawing by hand, and I heard that cry
as though he were attacked; we ran out,
when we bent over him he said, "Galway, Inés, I saw a pond!"
His face went gray, his eyes fluttered closed a frightening moment.
Yes—a pond
that lets off its mist
on clear afternoons of August, in that valley
to which many have come, for their reasons,
from which many have gone, a few for their reasons, most not,
where even now an old fisherman only the pine tops can see
sits in the dry gray wood of his rowboat, waiting for pickerel.

This poem includes a reverent inventory of the dead—men who worked with wood, and two boys who got lost in the unforgiving forest. The poet's remembrance of those long "gone" gives the pond that "lets off its mist" a human significance.

Some types of farm work have vanished. The scythe's replacement by today's loud weed-whacker is close to an abomination—a comparison not in this next poet's mind when he described the subtle, whispery noise of a scythe. The art of using it skillfully, along with its evocative sound, are commemorated here:

Song of the Scythe
by Arthur Truman Merrill (1874 – ?)

Haying, lithograph by Michael McCurdy (1988)
HAYING illustration on p. 70 of Goodbye Highland Yankee: Stories of a North Country Boyhood by Scott E. Hastings, Jr. (Chelsea Green Publishing Company, Chelsea, Vermont, 1988)

Swith ! Swith !
Keen cold scythe and a long clean swarth.
Stalwart sweep and a dorsal twist
And a curving swing
And heads off
Blue-greass and red clover;
Blade slitting
Ox-eye daisies,
Blade slicing
Timothy hay.
Swith ! Swith !
Keen cold scythe and a long clean swarth.
Beauty—keen, cold stern Beauty
Of slitting steel;
And rhythm—rhythm of thin high music
Of slicing steel,
Clean-cut work.
Swith ! Swith !
Keen cold scythe and a long clean swarth.
Ah, who would be that proud, upstanding
patch
Of side-tracked solitude
Where no scythe comes?
Not I, red clover.
Nor I, white,
Nor yet I, timothy !
Swith ! Swith !
Keen cold scythe and a long clean swarth.

Physical labor, some poets suggest, can be invigorating, but more often, it's just tiring. The fatigue may not be just a weariness of muscles, but also a psychological weariness arising from the constant and all-too-repetitive nature of farm work. This poem suggests that harvest-

Cont. next page - Writers

Writers - Cont. from previous page

ing apples all day can bring on a lassitude akin to madness.

After Apple-Picking
by Robert Frost (1874–1963)

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside It, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.
But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take.
Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-found.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.
For I have had too much
Of apple-picking: I am over-tired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall,
For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
Went surely to the cider-apple heap
As of no worth.
One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep.

An examination of physical labor—its larger meaning, its many variations, the minute details of the various jobs a farmer's life requires—shows up as a constant in the poetry of seventh-generation Vermont native Leland Kinsey. His book of poems entitled *Winter Ready (2014)* examines "Pointing the Chimney," "Double Digging the Garden," "Welding," "Picking Stone," "Wrapping the Pears," and "Horseshoeing," among other chores. This poem shows how deeply familiar Kinsey is with all aspects of Vermont's corn harvest:

Corn Harvest, wood block print, by Henry Martin (1956)
CORN HARVEST illustration on p. 98 of Vermont Diary by Viola C. Wright (Charles T. Branford Company, Boston, Massachusetts, 1956)

Corn Cutting
by Leland Kinsey (1950-2016)

I swung the sickle,
doing what used to be fieldwork,
cutting my garden corn.
Ten rows, cutting, stacking,
an hour's work;
another hour to feed
them through the shredder
for compost.
Two more hours to turn
out the stubble
so it won't overwinter
borers and fungi.

My grandfather, and those
before, cut whole fields by hand.
Long days bent low
arms going around
a bunch in a row
that could be cut
with one swing
of an oft-honed sickle.
My mother, aunt, and uncles
had been paid a dime

Cont. next page - Writers

Writers - Cont. from previous page

a row to weed the kale
and other weeds smothering
the early seedlings.

A hired man following
tied bundles of stalks
to be wagon-gathered.
Later my grandfather rode
on the back seat
of the single head cutter—
at first horse-, then tractor-, drawn—
finishing the knot
in the twine
from the automatic feeder
around the stately gathered corn
on the little steel balcony
before he let each sheaf fall.

He once plucked out a stalk
on which the cob grew
as absolute finial,
and handed it to me,
"Show them at the house."
Carrying it like a battle pennant
much taller than me
I ran from the field
but the speed and wavering
busted the cob
from its base.
I laid them out on the entry floor
ashamed as I told mother
and grandmother to come see
the wonder, and what I had done.
They were amazed and laughed
but I knew my grandfather's prize
was undone.

All the family men,
finally even me,
gathered the corn
and brought it to the chopper
to be cut fine
and blown into the silo.
At first the chopper was run
by a team on the horsepower,
but later steam then gasoline engines
spun the heavy cutter wheel
so fast the paddle blades
also shot
the silage up through
the lofty pipe.
In only a few days
the ensilage juice would pool
around the silo base
and stink like the rankest liquor.

Corn grown this far north
is usually for green chop
not for cobs or kernels
so no hulling combines here,
just multi-headed forage machines
that can reduce
an entire field
in a few hours
to silage blown
into huge harvester wagons
now mostly emptied
into cement-sided bunker silos
where it's tractor-packed—
a dangerous job
at the high edges—
into dense sustaining winter feed.

Between our place
when I was young
and my grandfather's, ten farms
once ran, poor to prosperous.
One remains.
My cousin has kept
most of the fields in tillage
and farther-flung farms
have taken up the remains.
Hired men used to be
unsettled locals; itinerants;
wiry drunks, who slept
in back chambers
ill-heated ells;
mostly they're Mexicans now
trying to live quietly
in a very cold climate,
their living quarter trailers
snow-banked and rusting.
They keep the hours we used to keep,
running machinery late
on weather-pinched nights,
up early on bracing days.

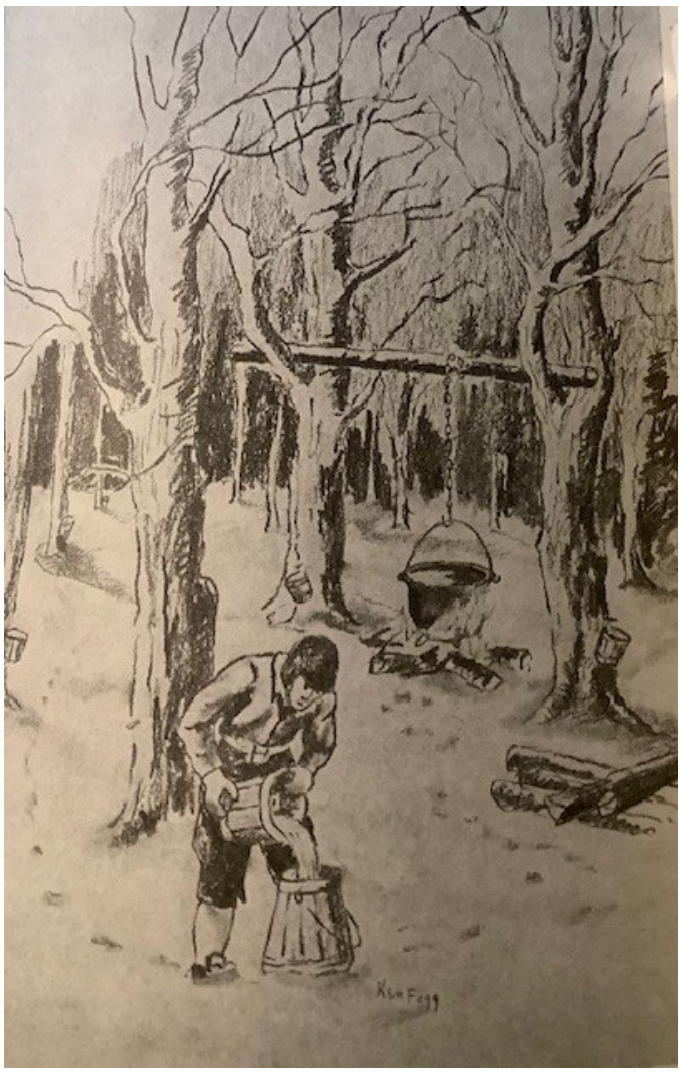
This day my hand seems curved
from the sickle haft,
my back strong and aching.
The air is filled
with the fine smell
of freshly cut corn,
the crop itself long since harvested,
and all my works seems relic
but of some moment.

There is poignancy in the poet's wondering what it all means. Such farm work has been hard on his back, his hands, his arms. "All my work seems relic" might suggest he sees repetitive chores as pointless—yet his final words "but of some moment" uplift the whole.

Cont. next page - Writers

Writers - Cont. from previous page

So profoundly does Kinsey respect the work of his Vermont farm that he can write a poem which simply glories in a sensual description of maple-sugaring:



Sugaring, pen and ink sketch by Kenneth T. Fogg, Jr. (1963)
SUGARING illustration on p.71 of Little Settlers of Vermont by Shirley Whitney Kelley (Equity Publishing Corporation, Oxford, New Hampshire, 1963)

Galvanized
by Leland Kinsey (1950-2016)

I can still hear the galvanized
tin and steel banging,
still feel its chill,
and the slopping sap,
and the evaporating coldness
of the whole operation.
Even the steam bath of the sugarhouse,
which could leave you breathless,
chilled you when you stepped outside.
It was all a metal affair:
the spouts rapped with hammers
into the newest wood; buckets hung, sharp-edged
covers snapped into place;
flanged collection pails; the gathering tubs
with collanderlike sieves
to strain out bark and drowned beetles
and mice and squirrels and millers;
the piping like rain spouts that we ran
the sap through into three great holding tanks;
the carefully soldered evaporator pans
with dikes and gates and metal floats;
skimmers to remove the foam;
the glass hydrometer floating
in its metal holder; the syrup drawn off
into a sap bucket, poured through felts
into a fauceted holding tub, then poured
into steel drums, or drawn off
while still warm into plated cans
of many sizes, metal seals pushed tight,
metal caps screwed down.
The residue in the felts is niter,
a crystallized fine sand of minerals
each tree would need. We sold it
to chewing tobacco companies for flavoring.
When young we tried it ourselves,
dared each other to like it.
It had the sour and bitter taste
of the metals that make the world,
and, if attention was paid,
left for a second on the tongue
a thin sweet coating.

No need to apply analogies or extract meanings. That "thin sweet coating" is the memory, and its sharp metallic sweetness is enough.

The poet Frances Frost (no kin to Robert), who grew up in St. Albans, lets herself explore the mystical connection to the land that many Vermonters say they feel.

Actual
by Frances Frost (1905-1959)

These warped pastures hold for me
More than bent crab-apple tree,
More than withered grass and stone.
Intricacies of flesh and bone
Here find a leanness to their taste,
A scorch of growing gone to waste,
A patch of hunger bleakly kin
To what the breast ribs tightly in.

Her words build a psychological portrait of a people forced into a stoic mold by the requirements for survival in a land that is warped, bent, withered, lean, scorched, hungry, and bleak. The softer feelings must be pressed "tightly in," and the will to overcome hardship must remain fierce.

Cont. next page - Writers

Writers - Cont. from previous page

In these two, crisp stanzas below, Frances Frost is even more explicit about how the character of Vermonters (such as her father) has been shaped by the landscape:

Stony Acre
by Frances Frost (1905-1959)

What can an acre of granite give
In harvest, save the stout-set walls
That keep calves in and orchards out
And divide the hills from their waterfalls?

What can an acre of granite yield
Save roughened hands and a stubborn heart
And pride in a man who likes each field
Squared and bounded and set apart?

There is defiance in such stubborn, prideful behavior that loves challenge and hardship more than ease. The poet suggests that this mood can belong to a woman as well as a man.

Let the Hills Rot… (from Woman of This Earth)
by Frances Frost (1905-1959)

Let the hills rot whereon I have poured my sweat,
let hay be slit under wind and crushed by rain
to slow corruption, the unbelted herds be sold
to slaughter, the stout and weathered barns await
eventual dissolution!

Not in the late
cold springtime, nor in the morning's summery wet
shall I follow again the cattle-trails, or fold
a straining ewe or touch the bloody coat
of a feeble and new-born lamb whose frightened throat
cries for the soft womb.

Let the sheep be killed
and on their silent pasture moonlight fall;
let the horses wander the hollows—I shall not call.
When the body's toil is finished, the struggle ended
by which alone I have been most befriended,
clean of that hard comfort, I shall stand
in final nakedness and judge, unmoved,
my life's dark sum and all that I have loved.

A person mustn't shirk hard work or flinch before mortality, but face both squarely. And so Vermont's harsh landscape is naturally—and often—the scene of remarkable heroism.

DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME ENDS SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 2023

Remember to set your clocks back one hour on Sunday, November 5.

EDITORS NOTE

Due to schedule conflicts, and unforeseen circumstances, the Bulletin was delayed by a day. I apologize for any inconvenience that this may have caused.

DANFORTH LIBRARY NEWS

Join us on Sunday, October 29, at 4PM for discussion with Geza Tatrallay about his two most recent thrillers: Arctic Meltdown & Arctic Inferno.

Based on substantial personal research, including a trip to Greenland, Tatrallay's books paint a picture of the conflict the world may be facing in the Arctic as a result of the melting polar ice cap.

The event is free to the public and light refreshments will be provided.

And three more things:

1. RESIDENT SURVEY. We've had 38 survey responses representing a total of 98 people since our post yesterday. Thank you to everyone who took 5 minutes to respond. The information and feedback we've received (so far!) is helpful and constructive. For anyone who has not completed the 8 question survey, please go to this website: https://forms.gle/Hmf21WQbDHpd3FU66

2. BOOK DISPLAY. Banned Books Week is over; we updated our book displays for National Book Month, which is the entire month of October, according to the National Book Foundation. The foundation will host the 74th National Book Awards on November 15th and we pulled previous year finalists and award winners from our shelves for the occasion.

3. NEW BOOKS. Our October book order is here! Check out this stack…

Charles B. Danforth Library, P.O. Box 204, Barnard, VT 05031

6208 VT Route 12, Barnard VT

Phone: 802-234-9408

Email: charlesdanforthlibrary@gmail.com

Facebook: https://www.facebook.com/charlesdanforthlibrary/

Hours: Mon, Wed, & Thurs: 3-5 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m. - Noon

Wi-Fi available

Trustees: Berna Donlon, Margaret Edwards,
Judy Maynes, Susan McNulty, and Kassie Tibbott-Hull.

BARNARTS EVENTS SCHEDULE

Welcome Sayon Camara
BarnArts Fall Global Music Residency Artist!

Sayon Camara is staying locally with us Oct 31-Nov 4. We're excited to welcome Sayon back to the Upper Valley for a week of school workshops, sharing his exceptional djembe skills and rich Guinean culture with local youth and our community.

Don't miss Sayon's public performance at:

North Chapel UU
Woodstock
Saturday, November 4th at 7pm

A culminating event for his week of work with area youth!

Tickets are available here.

BarnArts Chorale & Youth Chorale!

BarnArts Chorale rehearsals begin November 13th! All ages and experience levels are welcome to join this free choral training with conductor and jazz musician Michael Zsoldos.

Rehearsal Dates: Mondays - November 13, 20, 27, December 4 & 11 plus dress rehearsal Thurs, Dec 14.

Winter Carols will be Friday, December 15th

The Importance of Being Earnest

Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners pokes fun at every facet of (Victorian) life - names, marriage, family, identity, and where you live.

We're holding auditions at the First Universalist Church in Barnard on November 16th (6-8p) and 19th (3-6p) to find a cast of nine, bold enough to live up to Wilde's words!

Rehearsals begin lightly in December, and in full force in January in locations convenient to the cast. Performances February 9-11 & 15-18 at the Barnard Town Hall.

Contact BarnArts for more information.

A Wassail Weekend Event on December 9th

We are taking our Wassail Weekend music event to the Little Theater for 2023 and turning it into a night of dinner and dancing!

Farm-to-table dinner

Dancing with the Speak Easy Prohibition Band, and more holiday cabaret music with BarnArts performers!

Saturday, December 9th, 6-10pm

Tickets available here.

BarnArts Center for the Arts
PO Box 41
Barnard, VT 05031

info@barnarts.org
802-234-1645
www.barnarts.org

HALLOWEEN AT THE BARNARD GEMNERAL STORE

Hello Neighbors,

The annual Trunk or Treating Halloween event is almost here!

It will be from 4:30-6:30 on Tuesday, October 31st on Stage Rd, outside of the BGS.

If you would like to sign up to be a "trunk", there will be a sign up sheet at the front register of the BGS starting next week.

If you want to go above and beyond, you can think of an "activity" that the kids can do at your trunk. For example, in years past, we've had a cotton candy machine, a helium tank for balloons, guessing games, puzzle tables, etc.

Another way you can help: There are several prize winners for our costume contest and trunk contest. We love to encourage people to support local businesses by buying gift cards (or items) and donating them as prizes for the contest winners. Think of local restaurants, local shops, etc.

Cont. next page - Barnard Halloween

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 X = F. The solution is found by trial and error. The CRYPTOGRAM answer is on the last page.

"V A AMIDSGDT, RUD OSDPP MX XMMK VO KVXXDTDAR. VR VO NA MTNABD OSDPP. N OCHNOU NAK LHSLEVA OSDPP. VR RNORDO PVED QVAANSMA NAK QNA XVPP HL N UMHOD VA RUD SMTAVAB, QNA LHPP DIDTWMAD XTMS GDK VA N XMB. XMMK VO GDRRDT VA AMIDSGDT RUNA NAW MRUDT RVSD MX RUD WDNT.”

-QWARUVN TWPNAR,
VA AMIDSGDT

Barnard Halloween - Cont. from previous page

While the event is outside of the BGS, it really has become a community event that everyone loves to help with. If you have any ideas you want to run by me, don't hesitate to ask!

I will also post on the listserv when we get closer to the day to ask for help decorating, which will be done several days before the event. If you have any decorations you are looking to unload that the kids would love, we'd be happy to take them (or borrow them). We love going all out with decorating for this event.

Lastly, please note that this is an ALCOHOL FREE event. We appreciate your understanding on this.

Thank you,

Jillian Minerva
Owner, Barnard General Store
6134 VT 12, PO Box 245
Barnard, VT 05031
802-234-9688

ARTISTREE PRESENTS LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Artistree Collaborative Theatre is presenting "Little Shop of Horrors

Performance Dates: October 19th - 22nd and 26th - 29th

More information here.

Artistree Community Arts Center & Gallery
2095 Pomfret Road/PO Box 158
South Pomfret, VT 05067
802.457.3500 ext. 111
www.artistreevt.org

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

SBA DISASTER ASSISTANCE

The SBA is not just for small Business. There are disaster loans available for other organizations and home owners. These loans include:

Business Disaster Loans
Economic Injury Loans
Home Disaster Loans

Visit: DisasterLoan.SBA.gov/ela for more information on securing a disaster loan.

CRYPTOGRAM ANSWER

"In November, the smell of food is different. It is an orange smell. A squash and pumpkin smell. It tastes like cinnamon and can fill up a house in the morning, can pull everyone from bed in a fog. Food is better in November than any other time of the year."

- Cynthia Rylant, In November

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

BARNARD CONSERVATION COMMISSION meets the second 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: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, 3:00 - 5:00 pm, Saturdays 10:00 am to Noon. ECFiber Wi-Fi. Contact us: 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, Rob Ramrath, selectboard@barnardvt.us, 234-2911 x 2, Cell 603-762-5280. By phone at any time, in person by appointment.

ZONING ADMINISTRATOR, Rob Ramrath, zoning@barnardvt.us, 234-2911 x 2, Cell 603-762-5280. By phone at any time, in person by appointment.

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

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

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

BARNARD GENERAL STORE, Monday-Saturday: 7am-7pm, Sundays: 8am-6pm.
https://www.facebook.com/barnardgeneralstore

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

RECYCLING Click here for Hours and Regulations

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

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

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

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