



~ GPS Update

~ Richard English

As our fiscal year winds down, our attention turns to upcoming vacancies among GPS officers, trustees, and committee members. Our organization fulfills a vital archival mission for the community while also producing a monthly newsletter and hosting monthly programs. These activities can only be accomplished with the active participation of volunteers from among our membership.

This year, several volunteers are stepping down due to term limits or competing demands on their time. Positions that need to be filled include President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Trustee, and Newsletter Coordinator. At our last board meeting, Mary Lynn Kopper and Linda Bobar volunteered to lead a Nominating Committee to identify candidates for each position. If you want to learn more about any of these positions, please contact Mary Lynn (882-6340) or Linda (882-9884). We really need your help!

GPS will update the display case in Town Hall over the next several weeks. The new theme, "Artists of Galway," will showcase a collection of items produced by local talent. If you would like to submit a piece for the display, please bring it to Town Hall before the member meeting on April 3rd so that it can be accessioned. Virginia Sawicki will arrive by 6:30 pm to collect these items from members.

At our last meeting, Arlene Rhodes delivered a presentation entitled "Libraries of Galway: Open Doors to Knowledge." The library that is an integral part of our community had very humble beginnings in churches, homes, schools, and stores. Our first public library was a traveling collection kept at the home of Marjorie Balch in the 1940's. A bookmobile served our community from 1958 through 1995. The current library was conceived by a committee formed in 1996 that resulted in the purchase of the Odd Fellows building in 1998, extensive fundraising for books and supplies, and a New York State charter in 2000. It became a school district library in 2007 and now provides a wide range of programming for children and adults. The library is currently working on a plan that would include the ability to house the GPS archives in a controlled environment while resolving other critical space issues.

Our next member meeting will be Monday, April 3rd, with a program entitled "A Treasure Chest of Galway History." Phyllis Sleeper will review the contents of the "Galway Trunk," a collection of historic artifacts that illuminate how everyday activities were accomplished in days gone by. To promote audience participation, members are invited to bring historic items to the meeting and explain how they were used or why they were significant to their family's history.

Upcoming Dates

Apr 3 – Next Member Meeting at Town Hall
7:00 pm Social Gathering
7:30 pm Business Meeting
7:45 pm Program

Apr 12 – Next Board Meeting at Town Hall
7:00 pm

Contact us at galwaypressociety@gmail.com or visit us at <http://www.galwaypreservationsociety.org>

Please get in touch if you have an article to submit or an idea for an article: mcuffeperez@gmail.com or call 944-5843. We reserve the right to edit submissions, with the author's approval.

☛ Sundays on the Farm

~ as told to Mary Cuffe Perez by Millie Lendl Stina

Millie Lendl Stina, as bright and sunny as the brisk November morning, meets me at the door. I am visiting with Millie and her husband, Art Stina, at the Lendl family farm on Parkis Mills Road. I'm eager to hear Millie's story about her growing up years on the farm. Millie and Art will soon be on their way South for the winter. They'll return to Galway in April, a significant month for the Lendl family – Millie's father, William (Willie), bought the farm from Paul Cevan in April, 1938. Millie was born the following November. In fact, she points out to me, her cradle was a suitcase positioned in the middle of the table where we sit in this sun-filled dining room.

The house is rich in Lendl family history – from the rocking chair where her grandfather used to sit, to the photos on the wall and, most dramatically, from the beautiful scenes of the farm painted by Millie's father, Willie.



Grandpa Jakob, Anna Marie (holding Millie), Milt, and Willie Lendl on the farm, Easter 1939

Millie's father and mother met in New York City while attending the English-speaking school, and married soon after. Her mother, Anna Marie, was from Germany, and her father was born in Vienna but raised in Budapest where he studied agricultural engineering in college. Willie always wanted a farm of his own and when he came across a newspaper ad seeking a farm hand to work on a Gansevoort farm, he saw it as the first step toward his goal, even though it meant working at the Gansevoort farm all week and returning to New York City and his wife and new son on the weekends. While working at the Gansevoort farm, Willie learned about a farm for sale in Galway. The Lendls bought the farm and moved in just as the winter snows were finally receding from the fields.

It was a tough beginning for the young family. There was no wood at the farm, forcing them to burn green wood. For food, they depended upon the garden they planted, and survived that first year on potatoes, cabbage and onions. Millie remembers winter mornings so cold ice coated the inside walls of the house and the windows would be thick with ice. The outhouse was up the hill a good distance and Millie

recalls what a joy it was when her father built an outhouse in the bay adjoining the house. "For real luxury," Millie recalls, "we would visit Tom Cwiakala's house. They had two seats on their outhouse! What a treat."

Like most other farmers in Galway, the Lendls lived on what they grew, raised, or made. Millie's mother tended the garden and chickens; her father took care of the large livestock and planted the fields. The garden yielded most of their supplies. Anna Marie churned butter, made three loaves of bread just about every day, and used lard from their own hogs. What they didn't make or grow -- sugar and flour, for instance -- they purchased at the Fonda Store (now Waterwheel Village).

Bread, made from wheat and oats and their own lard, was the essential component of most meals. They would sometimes eat it spread with lard and sprinkled with paprika. If the bread wasn't ready when they needed it, Anna Marie would fry dough, patted down thin, in a 12" cast iron frying pan, flipping it over to brown on both sides. "These were flapjacks," Millie says, "one of our favorites." Millie makes her own wheat bread in her mother's tradition. She cut some for Art and me to have with our coffee -- a delicious bonus for spending a couple of hours with two very lovely people.

For the first couple of years, until they could get the farm up and running, Willie returned to New York City during the week to make extra money (\$1 a day), then driving the long and arduous miles back to the farm on the weekends in his jalopy. Shortly after Millie was born, her grandfather, Jakob, emigrated from Germany and took on some of the farm work. Without the help of her grandfather, Millie says, they may not have been able to keep the farm. He was not only a hard worker, but a beloved member of the family. "I loved my grandfather," she says. "I was his shadow. Everywhere he went, I followed."

Looking back on her years growing up on the farm, Millie says, "We were poor ... but I didn't know it. It was a happy childhood." Among the happiest of her memories were Sundays, especially Sundays in April, at the start of fishing season. After morning chores and after lunch it was time to relax. Instead of taking the time for himself, Willie would gather up Milt and Millie for a fishing adventure on the Glowegee Creek. "We didn't have fishing poles," Millie says. "Dad would have us cut a sapling for the pole and he would fashion eye rings on the top and down the pole where we would thread fishing line, more like string than line, and tie a hook at the end. For a bobbin, we would tie a twig around the line at the right length to keep the worm floating off the creek bottom.

Saturdays, before the Sunday fishing trip, Milt and Millie were given the chore of digging worms and nightcrawlers. Millie says catching nightcrawlers takes a special skill. "We would wet the ground first, then go out at night with a flashlight. We had to be very patient and step lightly. As soon as we shined the light on a crawler it would dart down its hole. You had to be very fast to catch it before it got all the way down."

Milt was in charge of the worms. "Once he dropped them," Millie laughs, "and they spread out all over the leaves and we had a hard time recovering any of them. I always teased him about that. Our father was very patient with us as we walked along the Glowegee. We would always stop and look under rocks and wonder about things we found, and he never failed to take the time to explain them to us."

The stream was always very high with snow melt in April, Millie recalls. "We had three fishing holes. Hole #1 we called, simply, the First Hole. Hole #2 was Ace in a Hole because it was the deepest and we almost always caught a trout there. Hole #3 was Last Chance, a good hole, too, where we usually caught something."

"One time at Last Chance," Millie says, "the stream was very high. Dad was fishing upstream past a brush pile where a tree had fallen across the stream. I was fishing the other side of the tree when I hooked into a fish that bent my pole almost double. I screamed and Dad came right away. The fish jumped and

splashed and fought. It was a huge brown trout, about two feet long, much bigger than the trout we usually caught. The biggest fish I had ever seen. The hooks we used were very small, designed for the trout we usually caught. Before Dad got there, the big trout threw the hook and vanished. I was the only one who got to even see it.”

Another gem of a memory was navigating a slope that was so steep they had to grab onto trees as they made their way down to the Glowegee. At a certain spot, a little jet of water trickled down the bank. They would dig into the bank to flush the water clear of leaves and dirt. Then Willie would cut a piece of birch bark and curl it like a tube and place it in the hole so they could all have a drink. “It was icy cold,” Millie recalls, “and delicious.”

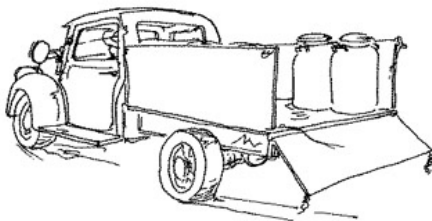
“Our fishing trip was Mother’s time to herself,” Millie says. She would be preparing dinner, awaiting the fish that would be the centerpiece of the meal. She had already made potato salad using stored vegetables, and had made egg noodles, which she strung up on a rack to dry, and, of course, bread. “If we came back with fish,” Millie says, “she would bread it and sauté it in lard. If we hadn’t been lucky she was prepared for that, too. We always had canned beef and beef in brine.”

Another cherished Sunday memory was the family picnic at the Glowegee. Willie would make a circle of stones and build a fire on the creek bank. Anna Marie would bring potato salad and bread and they would roast hotdogs on sticks over the fire. “I don’t know where we got the hot dogs,” Millie says. “It was the most special treat.”

Read more about the Lendl’s first year on the farm, and the hardships they faced, in *Galway, 1900-1949, A Photographic History*, available in the following locations:

- Galway branch of the Ballston Spa National Bank
- Galway Town Hall
- Waterwheel Village, Route 29
- Providence Town Hall

And of course, we’ll have books at future Galway Preservation Society meetings. **Checks payable to Galway Preservation Society, \$40**



Drawing by Ralph Caparulo, from *Story Quilt: Poems of a Place*, used with permission of the Galway Public Library.

~ Lendl's Fields

~ Mary Cuffe Perez

Each spring, Marcia Todd and I
ride the edges of the Lendl's fields,
flushing turkeys and partridges out of the hedgerow,
sending bobolinks rippling through timothy and alfalfa.
The fields stretch patchwork, one onto the other.
We canter up the last, long hill that swells
like a great green wave gently breaking
onto the Lendl farm.

If we find Milt Lendl there Marcia always asks:
When is the first cutting?
Last week of June, he always says.
It's been that way every year she's asked.

It's been a Lendl farm since 1938.
Milt grew up here,
still cuts, bales and delivers hay
to horse farms in Galway.
Every year at haying time Milt's sister, Millie,
and her husband, Art, return to help.

The Todd's barn is a 200-year-old threshing barn,
then dairy barn, now a horse barn.
It opens its doors wide to receive the hay
from Lendl's fields.
Marcia, Millie, Milt and I haul it from the wagon.
Doug Todd and Art stack it in the loft.
The old barn inhales the agitation of nesting swallows,
talk, laughter, sweat and the sweet, summer smell of hay.

Between the first and second cuttings of Lendl's fields
we can ride through the middle of them
all the way to the farmhouse, where we stop, if Milt is there,
and ask, *When is the second cutting?*

One late June day, I ride up alone,
cantering the last field that breaks onto the farm.
Outside the house, a gathering at a long table.
The fattened, reclining sun illuminates each form.
Laughter lifts like swallows on the wind.
It is the Lendls, all returned.
I swing my horse around and gallop home.



“Lendl’s Fields,” from *Story Quilt: Poems of a Place*, used with permission of the Galway Public Library.

~ "Artists of Galway" Display at Galway Town Hall

Galway Preservation Society needs your participation to make our next display in Galway Town Hall a great success. It's entitled "Artists of Galway" and will feature artistic creations such as paintings, photographs, sculpture, wood craft, needlework, etc. Submissions are not limited to GPS members.

Please bring your submissions to Galway Town Hall **starting at 6:30 p.m. prior to our next meeting on Monday, April 3rd**. You will be given a receipt for the item and it will be displayed in the locked display cabinets. Please note that the display may be in place for up to a year. We look forward to receiving your items on April 3rd!

Virginia Sawicki, Martha Brandow, and Mary Lynn Kopper
GPS Display Committee

Galway Preservation Society

Post Office Box 276

Galway, NY 12074