



# G·A·L·W·A·Y JOURNAL

PRESERVATION SOCIETY

Volume 14, Issue 8

April 2011

**Calendar**

**April 4**

GPS Meeting Galway  
Town Hall

7:00-7:30 Social Half  
Hour

7:30-8:00 Business  
Meeting

8:00 (Approx) Pro-  
gram

**Table of Contents**

Page 1

April GPS Update

Page 2

*Gert's Way*  
By Mary Cuffe Perez

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## April GPS Update

By Bonnie Donnan

I'm afraid I can't give you a report on how interesting Don Williams' program on Adirondack Tools and Tales was because the meeting was cancelled due to bad weather. Not a shock for this winter. Here's hoping the Easter Bunny doesn't need assistance from his cousin the Snowshoe Hare this year. Think Spring! Our April 4<sup>th</sup> speaker will be Kathleen Marchione, Saratoga County Clerk, on "In the Beginning... the Kayaderoserras Patent". I'm looking forward to this program on our area in the 1700s.

A new display is in the Town Hall lobby cases. Mementos and utilitarian items from dairy farming on Donnandale Farm are featured. Six generations of Donnans have lived on the farm. Galway's heritage was rural in practice, not just in ambience.

Our nominating committee may be approaching you. We are in need of officers and trustees.

Several of our positions, including president, have term limits. I have enjoyed my two terms as president very much. I'm afraid that I fled initially when I was asked, thinking that I couldn't possibly sit in front of all of you and run meetings, but I learned I could. You are not an intimidating group. If you are approached, please give it some consideration before automatically refusing as I first did.

I hate to jinx the weather by even bringing it up, but in case there is a possibility of cancellation on April 4<sup>th</sup> check our website or give me, Bonnie Donnan, a call at 882-6607.

Kurt Johnston can always use articles of local historical interest for this newsletter. Keep him in mind.

## Gert's Way

### Remembering Gertrude Jones

By Mary Cuffe Perez

From conversations with Gertrude Jones and Virginia Kulpa

Gertrude Jones died February 26, 2011 at her home in East Galway. The middle born of three children, she came into this world prematurely on March 11, 1925 and spent the first few months of her life in a dresser drawer on the back of the woodstove. It was a tenuous beginning in a hard season, but Gertrude thrived, developing as she grew a robust independence that her lifelong friend, Virginia Kulpa, calls "Gert's way."

Gertrude lived her entire life in the house where she was born, on what remained of the family farm on Antioch Road. Like most local farmers, Gertrude's family grew a little of a lot and kept a few cows and chickens. In addition to farming, Gertrude's father worked at the paper mill in Rock City Falls and her mother taught school and took care of the family. With the little free time they had, the Jones went "up street" to visit neighbors or stopped by Fred Wolfe's store, owned by Gertrude's grandparents. Socializing was as much a part of life as hard work in the close knit community of East Galway.

The pace of life was slow but the pace of change was quickening. During her lifetime, Gertrude saw her small community change in ways that were unimaginable to the previous generation. The Rural Electrification Act brought electrical power to house and barn and the automobile gradually replaced horse and wagon. (the former proved more reliable than

the fractious early machines. As Gertrude's mother wrote in her journal, "Car works good for a wonder.") Most importantly, Gertrude saw the decline of farms and the passing of a way of life. Only one thing was a constant in those 85 years: her friendship with Virginia. But while they were children, life changed little for Gertrude and Virginia. East Galway was the center of their universe, and the rhythm of life was dictated by the cycle of seasons. Just as their parents got by with what they could grow or make, kids got by on their imaginations and good legs. On the two mile walk to and from their one room school house, Gertrude and Virginia found more adventure and mischief to get into than there was daylight. They were free to roam the neighborhood because someone always knew where they were ("They thought so anyway," Virginia says). The most fun were the dances that sprung up throughout Galway like mushrooms after a spring rain. There were fiddlers and guitars and dancing late into the night. Many times, the girls fell asleep on a pile of coats while the adults danced on.

During the long winters, they ice skated on Enos Pond and barreled sleds down Jockey Street. Virginia remembers one of those times as vividly as the flush of cold on Gertrude's cheek. She had instructed Gert to slide down the north hill and she would slide down the south hill at the same time. They would pass in the middle. "She was supposed to stay on her side," Virginia says. "But Gert being Gert didn't listen. We collided in the middle." Any time of the year, there were the wonders of Fred Wolfe's store to explore. "An emporium of delights" Virginia remembers. Not only for the merchandise, but for the gossip as well. When they could slip close enough, the girls listened in on what was being said around the potbellied stove as the men played check-

ers. "We heard more than we were supposed to," Virginia laughs.

Eventually, the two went their separate ways. Virginia married and moved away. Gertrude became a nursery school teacher and in the 1958, during the Korean War, surprised her family and all of East Galway by joining Dr. Reverend Weidt and his party on a humanitarian mission to Korea to bring back for adoption, unwanted children of American fathers.

Years later, circumstances brought Virginia back to the house where she was born. Gert still lived down the street. Their hometown was not the same, but their friendship reconnected as if no years stood between. "I guess the only thing you can say that didn't change in all those years," says Virginia, "was our friendship."



Gertrude Jones L. And Virginia Kulpa R.

