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<p>Calendar</p> <p>February 7</p> <p>GPS Meeting Galway Town Hall</p> <p>7:00-7:30 Social Half Hour</p> <p>7:30-8:00 Business Meeting</p> <p>8:00 Program</p>	<p>galwaypreservationsociety.org</p> <h2>February GPS Update</h2> <p>By Bonnie Donnan</p>
<p>Table of Contents</p> <p>Page One</p> <p>February GPS Update</p> <p>Page Two</p> <p><i>Winter in the Country-Evening</i> By Mary alice Montgomery</p>	<p>Let's hope that on Wednesday the predicted snow will keep any Woodchucks from casting shadows. Groundhog Day or not, we know we are in for a few more weeks of chill, if not plowing and shoveling. Six weeks takes us almost to Saint Patrick's Day, so there is hope.</p> <p>January's program was an interesting presentation by Arlene Rhodes on "What was Lost: The Galway Village Fire of 1908". I can finally picture where the buildings lost in the fire were. The fire was devastating to the heart of the business district of the Village, but the efforts of the citizens, before the days of a fire department, were heroic in managing to stop the fire where they did.</p> <p>Our January Board of Trustees meeting was a casualty of the weather. Two successive Wednesday snows blew away our scheduled date and the alternate snow date the following week. February 7th will bring us Joy Houle, Director of Brookside Museum in Ballston Spa, to speak on the history of the museum. Brookside is the home of Saratoga County Historical Society and presents programs for many school children each year. They also host genealogical researchers.</p> <p>Thanks again to Phyllis Ryan for sharing her beautiful Department 56 Snow Village with everyone in the Town Hall display case. The display will be in place until March, when an exhibit of the local dairy industry will replace it. If you have any items, artifacts, photographs, milk bottles, etc., that would illustrate the local dairy industry, and would be willing to lend them for the display, let us know. Pat Kay, Ann David, and Virginia Sawicki are our display committee. Items for display can be brought to the February or March meetings.</p> <p><i>If the weather conditions threaten our meeting, check our website at galwaypubliclibrary.org/gps/ for an update on the fate of the meeting, or you can call me, Bonnie Donnan, at 882-6607.</i></p>
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Winter In The Country-Evening

Mary Alice Montgomery
From the *Glowegee Scroll*
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In winter the Red House at Antioch sits like a bright coal, all tucked in by the white duvet of snow. It is warmth and shelter against the spreading cold left by the fading sun. My sister and I hurry up the driveway, prop our sleds against the porch and tramp into the kitchen. It is too early for the lamps to be lit, but the stove, the great black kitchen range, sends out a steady sheet of heat. Supper smells fill the room. Perhaps soup crammed with vegetables grown so laboriously in summer. Maybe a pan of potatoes fried with bits of bacon. The noon sandwiches, eaten in gulps to give us more time on the coasting hill, are not even a memory. Tonight there is something special. Cinnamon, cloves-it has to be our most favorite dessert-Suet Pudding! Mother makes this pudding only in the coldest, deepest part of winter.

Hungry as we are, there is an unending evening chore. Carry in the night wood. Everyone has to help: Mother, the Teacher, sister Frances and myself. Back and forth to the woodshed, arms filled with as many sticks as we can carry, until the high wood box behind the stove is filled. No one likes the job. By the time we are finished the farmer brings in the milk to be separated. Mother fills his pail and he trudges off into the near dark, up the same hill we go to reach school.

Now the lamps are lit. A small hand lamp sends only a flicker from its wall bracket but the big one with its round wick spreads a soft, yellow glow around the table where we eat. Lamplight seems to bring serenity. What woe and discord the day may have brought melts away. All is finally glorified by dessert—a moist, steamed conglomeration of suet, molasses and spices with the black eyes of raisins peering out of their brown cocoon. Mother has made a vanilla hard-sauce topping; a quick grate of nutmeg on it is the final delight.

Supper's end leaves one task for me. There are dishes to wash. I fret. It does not seem right that every night I stand at the work table in the far end of the room doing the dishes alone simply because I am older than my sister! In this act of solitude, when all is done and I refill the kettle for the morning hot water from the pump at the tin sink, I look out to spot a single, bright star. To it I send my nightly wish: "Please let me pass the Arithmetic regents."

We do not always spend the evening with the same activity. The teacher is making a quilt and has brought small projects for my sister and me. Mother mends. Other nights as we sit in our usual places around the table we ate supper at only an hour or so ago, we may play rummy. Thoughts of the trek through the frigid hall, up the stairs and into colder beds do not fill us with dread. We sit in the golden warmth of the lamp. Outside ourselves there is only silence.

In the mid-thirties a "Return to the Land" philosophy arose. On the land one would be able to live the "Good Life". Believing this to be the true way, my parents bought a hard-scrabble farm in the Town of Providence. By the end of the decade they decided Mother, together with my sister and myself, would move from our Connecticut home to begin the Adventure.