

**G·A·L·W·A·Y** **JOURNAL**  
**PRESERVATION SOCIETY**

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**Calendar**

January 3

GPS Meeting  
 Galway Town Hall

7:00-7:30 Social Half  
 Hour  
 7:30- 8:00 Business  
 Meeting  
 8:00 Program.

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**January GPS Update**

By Bonnie Donnan

Now that I have typed the year “2011” for the first time, Happy New Year everyone.

The program for our December meeting was a preview of part of Galway High School’s winter concert. We were able to enjoy some very talented and versatile musicians and singers. Our gratitude, and congratulations, to the music department. Well done.

The January 3<sup>rd</sup> program will be presented by Arlene Rhodes on “What was Lost: The Galway Village Fire of 1908”. We will see turn of the century Galway as it was before the fire destroyed the heart of the business district.

Thanks 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 dairy industry in Galway 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.

Anytime winter weather threatens on our meeting date, you can check our website for a cancellation notice. If in doubt, you can always call me, Bonnie Donnan, at 882-6607.



The October issue of GPSJ contained a photo contest. Arlene Rhodes identified it as the : Sarah Hudson Denison House c 1905 on the west side of North Street. Up until the 1990’s it was the home of GPS member Janet Wintersteen

## Life Has Changed Indeed

By Mary Packer  
From *The Glowegee Scroll* April 1992

No longer are children walking to school with their lunch pails, wearing leggings, dragging their sleds in the winter, occasionally a younger sister or brother with them and the pet dog trotting along. The little red school house had no water or rest room. One put up two fingers to leave the room; there was one out-house for girls and one for the boys. No one lingered long in the privy in the winter time. On warmer days, boys did some carving and poem writing on the walls when they sneaked into the girl's part without the teacher seeing them.

Two children were allowed out to go to a neighbor for a pail of water. What fun it was-stopping on an early March day for a drink of Maple Sap! Everyone drank the water from the same dipper-when one had a cold, everyone caught it.

To-day, skating and sledding seem to have slowed down. TV keeps some children in doors or they are bused out to ball games etc. It used to be that going after the cows, carrying wood or water and helping with other chores kept the youngsters busy. They studied by lamp light and went to bed early. Some walked 3 or 4 miles to school. Now the yellow bus comes and may even wait for them.

Once men and women worked hard caring for animals, fields and gardens, and cutting hay and wood by hand. A horse mower was used to plant corn. In my town, it's a rare treat to see a cow, a field of corn or potatoes. Occasionally, one may see a garden and some flowers.

Sauerkraut making was a fall job. A busy day was spent cutting the cabbage, packing it in a wooden barrel, stamping it with a mallet and covering it. In about two weeks one could have a special treat with sauerkraut & spare ribs. What memories!

Women would earn some extra money sewing on gloves. Men from town came by with some cut gloves from the mills and many a woman earned money for her special parlor carpet and her children's clothing that way. In summer, one could take in city boarders who enjoyed her cooking and her front porch. The men liked the fishing and the children liked swimming in the pond, riding on haywagons and picking berries.

When a farmer sold out, he would have an auction. Folks came by wagon with their families and made a day of it. Some of the children would be leading a cow or calf on the way home. Mother looked for pans and dishes and sometimes brought home a quilt or a dresser. The children had a day of playing and bidding for a toy or wagon. After a day of visiting, dad always came home with some tools.

Going to the Fair by wagon, loaded down with food, was a great time. Neighbors met at the grounds, tied their horses and gave the children some change for the rides. Everyone looked for a tree or some shade to spread their blanket and checkered tablecloth. On the way home, some of the children napped while others sang and enjoyed the evening, not looking forward to the chores awaiting them in the barn.

One of my memories is helping my husband in the store. Did it ever hurt, putting my hand in the icy salting brine for a piece of salt pork, when I had a cut! What a job it was weighing out brown sugar when it had hardened. I was really happy when the old spittoon went out of fashion and was put away—over the objections of some men.

For me, the saddest changes were with some developers, buying parcels of farm land and carving them into small lots. They cut down the trees and destroy stone walls the early settlers worked so hard to place. There is so little left for our younger generation to enjoy.

Let us think what a heritage we are leaving them.