



G·A·L·W·A·Y JOURNAL

PRESERVATION SOCIETY

~ GPS Update

~ Richard English

Members who attended our December meeting heard some excellent news that I would like to share with our entire membership. As many of you know, a vital mission of the Galway Preservation Society is to collect and preserve historically significant items that help residents understand our community and the people who made it what it is. Our Archive Committee, comprised of a small number of GPS members, takes responsibility for receiving, categorizing, cataloguing, and storing artifacts donated by residents of Galway. Most of our archives are currently stored in the Town Garage in a space that is shared with the Town Historian.

It is very important to have a controlled environment to preserve items of historical significance, coupled with an effective cataloging and retrieval process. A group known as Documentary Heritage and Preservation Services for New York (DHPSNY) has substantial expertise in the best way to perform these functions. Local history groups who wish to tap into DHPSNY's expertise submit a competitive application for an Archival Needs Assessment to obtain a thorough review of an organization's archival facilities and processes. Thanks to the hard work of Pat Sanders, a long-time GPS member, we applied for one of these assessments earlier this year and received word on December 1st that we were selected! We look forward to regular updates from Pat as the assessment progresses and we learn how we can make our archives even better than they are today.

Last month, we enjoyed a unique experience courtesy of the Galway Amateur Movie Club, a group of teachers and administrators from Galway public schools who captured scenes from the late 1930's and early 1940's on 16mm film describing early life in the community, contemporary events, and important local institutions. Bonnie Donnan moderated this program, adding context and personal memories of many of the featured individuals. GPS is the caretaker of several more reels of 16mm film produced by the Galway Amateur Movie Club. The Archive Committee is looking for volunteers to review these materials to determine what else might be historically significant. If you have an interest in helping with this activity, please contact Arlene Rhodes at 882-1297.

Our next member meeting will be Monday, January 9th, with a program entitled "Frozen Assets: Ice Harvesting in Saratoga County" presented by Paul Perrault, Malta Town Historian. Paul will incorporate specific information about ice harvesting in Galway for the January presentation. Please note the later date for this meeting. January 2nd is a holiday, so our meeting will be held on the second Monday of the month rather than the first.

Upcoming Dates

Jan 9 – Next Member Meeting at Town Hall

7:00 pm Social Gathering
7:30 pm Business Meeting
7:45 pm Program

Jan 11 – 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.

~ Our Neighborhood Tavern

~ by Tom Cwiakala

This delightful article appeared in the April, 1999 issue of the Galway Preservation Society Journal. It is certainly worth re-printing.



This remodeled residence on the corner of Parkis Mills and Hermance Road was once the neighborhood tavern.

Upon recalling those years in the 1930s as a young lad growing up on a small dairy farm here in the Town of Galway, I find it amusing that the nearest school (elementary, one-room type) was one and a half miles from home, the high school four miles away, the nearest grocery store one and a half miles distant, a good four miles to church, about twelve to the nearest movie theatre, twenty-two miles to a passenger train station, but just over one half mile to the nearest tavern. If one defines a tavern as an establishment where alcoholic beverages are sold to be consumed on the premises, then I believe that I can refer to the business that was just down the Hermance Road from our farm as a tavern.

There was no sign out front and there was really no need for one. Inside were some tables and several chairs, no bar, and with a kind of 'homey' atmosphere where many came in to relax, tell and listen to stories, and just 'have a few'.

At this tavern, I had my first look at a gadget called a 'refrigerator.' It stood on four legs, was colored white with a big door in front, and had a tub-shaped thing on the top of it. It was probably a General Electric with the condensing coil top mounted.

The proprietor, Mr. Smith, was a kindly gentleman, on the heavy side, who was bothered by rheumatism and quite often needed a cane or crutches to get around. He employed a man to handle the heavy work, cooking and cleaning for him. This man, who I remember being called Dobber, also was a kindly person who lived in Mosherville. Mr. Smith also sold candy, chewing gum, ice cream, soda pop (I can remember Pepsi-Cola being twice as much for a nickel, too), tobacco, cigarette paper and cigarettes besides alcoholic beverages.

In those days, tobacco and cigarette paper were very important items to my Dad and their neighbors. In order for the fields to get plowed, harrowed and seeded, crops harvested, corn cultivated, haying done, cows milked, fed and watered, stables cleaned, firewood cut, split and stacked in the woodshed, fences fixed, machinery repaired, horses tended to, there had to be tobacco, cigarette papers and of course, plenty of matches on hand. My two sisters and I each had our turns walking to Mr. Smith's to buy tobacco and cigarette papers. At times we'd get tobacco for our neighbor, Mr. Mihok, 'over across the woods.' My Dad used to roll his

... He would go trotting by on his way to Smith's, but after he'd spent some time 'tipping a few,' I would see his horse and buggy slowly heading back to his home with our good chap slumped over in the seat.

own from Plowboy brand tobacco. On the outside of the package there was a full colored artist's drawing of a young man sitting on a plow and rolling a cigarette, sort of taking a break. This Plowboy tobacco, when rolled in cigarette paper, lit up and smoked, was also a very effective deterrent against mosquitos and black flies. It took a very hardy insect to survive a flight through a cloud of second hand Plowboy tobacco smoke. Another important use for Plowboy was in worming the team of workhorses. A little bit of that tobacco in the horse feed was all it took to do the job.

Mr. Smith was always good to us kids. Even when we had only two or three pennies, we could buy some goodies at Smith's. He would open up a pack of chewing gum and sell us two or three sticks and would break open a pack of NECCO wafers and sell us whatever we had enough pennies for.

Some of Mr. Smith's regular customers would pass by our house on their way to his place. One of these regulars, I remember his name being Gil, used to stop by and ask my Dad if he had anything to trade. Gil loved to trade things when he was sober. After spending some time at the tavern, Gil would proceed to stagger his way back home, which was somewhere down in West Milton. It generally took him several hours just to get past our house. He would fall into the ditch next to the road, pass out for a while, wake up and then go on a little farther. Back in those days with the scarcity of automobiles, there wasn't very much 'driving while intoxicated,' but there was a whole lot of 'walking while intoxicated.'

Another regular that I remember passing by our house on the way to the tavern was a chap who lived up on Baptist Hill. He had a horse and buggy to get around in. He would go trotting by on his way to Smith's, but after he spent some time 'tipping a few,' I would see his horse and buggy slowly heading back to his home with our good chap slumped over in the seat totally wiped out. His faithful horse knew the way home, where his brother would look after him from there on. One time, though, shortly after they went by our house headed for home, I heard the wail of a siren. I found out later that when they got to the intersection with Jockey Street, the horse, smart as he was, couldn't read and went right past a stop sign and didn't yield the right of way to an approaching automobile, which ran into the buggy. I believe all survived and if there were injuries, I'm sure that the horse was the only one of the two that could have felt pain.

Mr. Smith owned a stone, concrete, and plank dam on the creek next to his place and allowed us to swim in the pond formed by the dam. It was a great pond for swimming and all who lived in the neighborhood enjoyed it, young and old alike. I remember as a really little guy, some kind person strapped me into a life preserver and I had a great time paddling around the pond. I remember enjoying that pond for many years and without doubt it was there that I learned to swim.

Of course, now things are different. I built my home next door to where I grew up and the nearest elementary school is four miles away, the high school is four miles away, the nearest grocery store is four miles away, the church is four miles away, the nearest movie theatre is 23 miles away, the train station is 22 miles away, the nearest tavern is now one and a half miles away and it's a 26-mile trip to go swimming.

Thank you, Mr. Smith, wherever you are.

~ Tribute to Gloria Wheeler

~ by Patricia Kay

Editor's Note: Gloria Wheeler, a lifelong resident of Galway, passed away at her home on December 14, 2016. An interview with Gloria, touching on her many contributions to the Galway community and beyond, appeared in the February 2016 issue of the Galway Preservation Society Journal. This tribute by Patricia Kay offers a fresh perspective on an old friend.



Photograph by Patricia Kay

I photographed Gloria in May, 2009 for my project, “*Who Are You, Galway, NY?*” Mary Lynn Kopper had mentioned to me that Gloria was a huge part of the Galway community, and although I didn’t know anything about her, I decided to call one afternoon. When I explained the project to her she said, at first, that she wasn’t interested; however, she must have heard something in my words, felt the passion in my voice, because her curiosity got the best of her, and she consented to a visit.

Because she suffered with an advanced stage of arthritis in her spine and lived in excruciating pain, I had to be flexible about our visits. We’d make a date but I’d always call ahead to see if she felt able. I didn’t take my camera the first time; instead I wooed her, presenting photos I had taken thus far and revealing my honest intentions. She inspired me, and even though she made me be patient and work to get her photo, I didn’t mind as I wanted her to open up, and she did.

When I asked her, “*Who are you?*” she started listing her accomplishments, especially as a volunteer. “I’m a professional beggar!” she said. “I love business.” But as I dug deeper it came out that her true self was

home and family. She was born in her house and lived there all her life. Her daughters and grandchildren were born there, too. She said she lived for her grandchildren.

As I got to know her during our many visits over the years, I felt sad that she couldn't do the sewing that she loved, that she was bent over in constant pain and had to take drugs she didn't care for just to ease it. She always gave me more energy than she took. She held on and looked for joy in her life — she gave of herself, rose above her body, was gracious and brave, alive and involved in the world and with those in it. She was one of a kind and I'll miss her.

Recipe Box

*I don't know about the rest of you bakers out there but making pie crust can leave me in despair, with kitchen floor, counter and cabinets dusted in a fresh coating of flour. So I'm going to try Florence Reedy's Perfect Pie Crust recipe reprinted here from, **Galway Yesterday and Today, 1774-1975** compiled by the Galway Bicentennial Commission.*

4 cups of flour	1 tbsp. of white or cider vinegar
1 tbsp. sugar	1 large egg
2 tsp. salt	½ cup of water
1 & ¾ cups of vegetable shortening	

Put first three ingredients in a large bowl and mix well with fork. Add shortening and mix with fork or pastry blender until ingredients are crumbly. In a small bowl, beat together with fork, water, vinegar and egg. Combine the two mixtures, stirring with fork until all ingredients are just moistened. Divide dough in five or six portions with hands, shape in flat round patties ready for rolling. Wrap in plastic or waxed paper and chill at least ½ hour before using. Will make up to three 9-inch pies. Roll out between two sheets of waxed paper or plastic wrap to the desired thickness and place on pie pan. The dough will keep four or five days in the refrigerator and can be frozen until ready to use.

~ The Gere House

~ Historical Marker Profile #8

Galway is home to eight New York State Historical Markers. One of these markers commemorates one of its oldest and most architecturally-interesting homes.

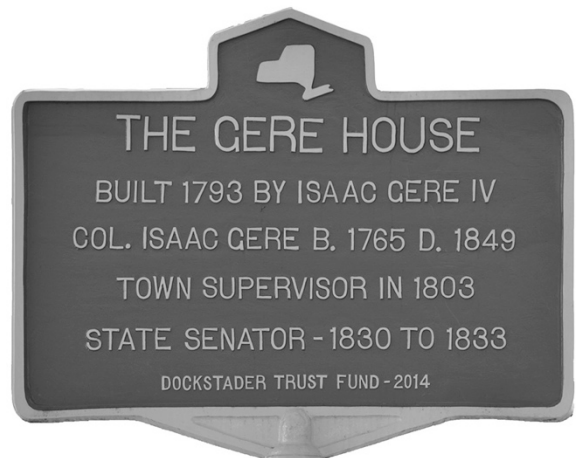
Isaac Gere IV, a 28-year-old farmer from Groton, Connecticut, built a home in 1793 about two miles north of Galway Village. The front section was built first and contains an entrance hall, three living rooms, four bedrooms, and three fireplaces. A center staircase winds to the third floor. The windows on the gable ends of the third floor are composed of diamond-shaped glass panes.

A back section was added in the late 1800's and includes a dining room with French doors and a large stone fireplace with a stained-glass window in the center and benches built on both sides (a feature known as an "Inglenook"). The back section also contains a kitchen with two pantries and two more bedrooms, one with a stone fireplace.

Ownership of the house passed through several hands over the years, with significant renovation enabling it to be preserved to the present day.

The historical marker is in front of the home on the east side of State Route 147 (Sacandaga Road), halfway between Alexander Road and Hermance Road.

Thanks to Phyllis Keeler and Tom Cwiakala who published a detailed write-up of this historical marker in the Spring 2014 issue of the Galway Reader.



Galway Preservation Society

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