



G·A·L·W·A·Y JOURNAL

PRESERVATION SOCIETY

Volume 14, Issue 3

November 2010

Calendar

November 1

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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galwaypreservationsociety.org November GPS Update

By Bonnie Donnan

I hope all of you have been enjoying the beautiful autumn colors. This is my favorite season of the year. The crisp weather lets us enjoy the outdoors without mosquitoes and deer flies, and the lawn slows down enough to allow other yard work. The only thing I have against fall is it is followed by winter.

Our October meeting was an interesting program by Ron Feulner on Greenfield's Glass Factory and Plank Road. A wooden road is a hard thing to wrap a modern, auto-centric, mind around, but it was preferable to impassable, hub-deep mud.

The November 1st meeting will feature Park Ranger Joe Craig from the Saratoga National Historical Park on "The World-wide effects of the Battles of Saratoga".

Dues are overdue. If we have heard from you, thank you. If not, you will find an **X on the outside of this newsletter.** \$10 per household will continue your membership, payable by mail or at the November meeting. If we hear from you, you will continue to hear from us. I hope that is a good thing. The Galway Public Library has some programs of historical interest coming up in the near future:

"Soldiers of Saratoga County: From Concord to Kabul" Thursday November 4th, 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. will be a book signing with local author and Saratogian Newsman Paul Post.

"Common Threads: Adirondack Quilts Tell Their Stories" with Hallie Bond, Friday November 5th, 7:00-8:00 p.m. at Galway Town Hall.

"Wooden Bones: The Sunken Fleet of 1758", about sunken bateaux in Lake George, an evening with underwater archeologist and filmmaker Joseph Zarzinski, Monday November 8th, 7:00-8:00 at Town Hall.

"The Mosher Furnace of Galway N.Y.: A Small Town Plow Factory" by our own C. Donald Carpenter, will be a book signing and presentation by the author Wednesday November 17th at the Library.

A final note: **Vote!** Don't forfeit your choice.

The Places We've Been

By Peggy Link Peabody

The "we" in the title refers to Peggy Link and Linda Champagne. Peggy seldom went anywhere as a child without Linda along for company. I lived on South St. and Linda lived on West St. We became friends as 1st graders and, from then until high school graduation, we met at the corner to walk to school together.

One of my earliest observations helped me understand that people came from different economic circumstances. There was a farm on South St. just beyond the village limits. They must have handled hay and corn by hand, making stacks on the west side of the road that looked like a picture from colonial times. Their tractor had metal wheels with protrusions which probably wreaked havoc with the asphalt on the road. The farmhouse was on the east side of the road. I can remember watching the woman beat egg whites with a fork and asking why she didn't use a beater. She replied that she didn't have one.

When we bought our house (Currently Sutton's Law Office), there was an outhouse on the edge of the back yard, not far from the house, and close to the Methodist Church property. My father disposed of it in a timely fashion, perhaps because Halloween was approaching and outhouses were a favorite target for fun. However, it was enlightening as an older child to go into the storage area behind Dennison's Store and discover an "outhouse" indoors. My education was further advanced to discover that at Farmer Schulz's house there was a removable panel on the foundation. Inside was a large wooden box that served as a recep-

table for another indoor outhouse. Apparently animal waste was not the only product used to fertilize the fields.

In my experience, law enforcement in the village consisted of arresting speeders. Paul Close would sit at the top of the hill south of town and arrest people speeding into the village as they descended the hill. Galway had a reputation as a speed trap. The speeders appeared before Judge Windbeil to declare innocence or guilt and to pay a fine. I can remember observing one of these sessions. It doesn't seem like a child could just appear to watch so perhaps my parents thought it would be an educational experience and arranged for the visit. In my memory I feel like I just dropped by to see what happened.

The elderly were apparently happy to use children as an interest in their lives. We spent time with Miss Anderson who lived across the street. Mrs. Morris lived directly across the street and she shared her love of spider plants with me. Miss. Eugenia Cook invited us in and I can remember trying to figure out a button puzzle at her table.

Probably the most unusual place to "show up" was at the Anibal Funeral Home. At some point as kids we must have expressed out curiosity about what happened when a person died. We were taken to the back room and allowed to look at the embalming table. Apparently out tour was pretty low key because there was no lingering trauma associated with the visit.

In retrospect, children were given pretty free access to anyplace in the village. The village was small and there were few of the recreational, sporting, or educational opportunities that are available today. Residents knew us, watched out for us, and certainly could/would report to our parents on our activities. They also made opportunities to entertain us, educate us and to "expand our horizons". It was a great place to grow up.