



G·A·L·W·A·Y JOURNAL

PRESERVATION SOCIETY

~ GPS Update

~ Richard English

Fall colors took their time to arrive this year but the results, as always, were marvelous to behold. Autumn is a wonderful time to reflect on the past joys of summer, the upcoming fellowship of holiday gatherings, and the inevitable, cleansing brace of winter. How fortunate we are to live in an area where we can experience the variety and richness of all four seasons!

We had close to a record turnout at our October meeting thanks to several Providence residents who joined our members to hear Lauren Roberts, the Saratoga County Historian, recount the history of The Homestead. This substantial facility, located on 200 acres on Barkersville Road, served as Saratoga County's tuberculosis sanitarium from 1914 until 1960. The sanitarium filled a critical need at a time when tuberculosis killed 1 in 7 people in the United States and Europe and patients needed to be isolated to prevent spread of the disease. The advent of an effective antibiotic cure in the 1950s substantially reduced the facility's population, leading the county to transition it to a more general purpose infirmary from 1961 until 1972. When Maplewood Manor opened in 1972, The Homestead was closed and has been vacant ever since.

We were fortunate to have two special guests at our October meeting: Bob Suss and Barbara Suss Dickinson, who lived at The Homestead with their father, Dr. Edmond A. Suss, the Superintendent of the Homestead Sanitarium from 1943 to 1960. They recounted their fond memories of living on the grounds and shared several pictures after the meeting from their personal archive. The photographs and anecdotes brought to life an unusual childhood experience.

Any members who have not yet paid their annual dues are reminded that an electronic version of the form can be downloaded and printed from our website at <http://www.galwaypreservationsociety.org> then mailed to our post office box. Forms will also be available at the front table during our next meeting.

Our next member meeting will be on Monday, November 7th, with a program entitled "Celebrating the 175th Anniversary of the Saratoga County Fair" to be presented by Anne Clothier, Director of Education at Brookside Museum. Anne will recount the history of the fair and the importance of agricultural shows and displays of domestic arts throughout the 19th and 20th centuries. Images, posters, newspaper clippings, and artifacts will be part of the presentation. Members are encouraged to share personal memories of visiting the fair or displaying their own livestock or wares.

Upcoming Dates

Nov 7 – 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.

~ Announcements

Several **Long Room Lectures** have been scheduled by the **Brookside Museum**, located at 6 Charlton Street in Ballston Spa. These programs are open to the public, free of charge, and start at 7:00 pm. The lectures are as follows:

- November 3rd “Hawkwood: Digging Up the Past”
- November 10th “War on the Middleline”
- November 17th “The Mineral Springs of Ballston Spa”

For more information, call (518) 885-4000 or visit www.brooksidemuseum.org.

~ A Light Beside the Beaver Dam

~ Mary Alice Kremp, from the April, 1981 edition of The Glowegee Scrolls

The following is among the many excellent articles featured in the *Glowegee Scrolls*, a newsletter produced for many years by the Galway Seniors. The newsletters are a trove of Galway news, recipes, essays, interviews, and tidbits. I especially like the personal interviews with some of Galway's most memorable citizens. The piece below is an example.

“There is a star that shines for each of us,” Lester Enos believes. He has lived an entire, long life almost always in view of the house where he was born – a silent baby until the unusual treatment of a dip into a cold water bath caused his first earthly howls.

The day I talked with him a kettle of maple syrup was boiling down on the wood range; the steamy room was one of country comfort. A large square table, filled with books and papers, stood against the window wall. Around the remainder of the room were cupboards holding remembrances from the Enos family as well as ones he had collected with his wife. Two candy thermometers lay at the end of the stove. He said they were “just right” for testing the syrup's state of doneness. What he wanted to get was maple butter.

When visiting with Lester, times and people of the past mesh companionably with the present. He gives a stereopticon view of East Galway hamlet, an example of a community left behind with the passing of the mid 20th century. Then, as now, it straggled along a main traveled road, always a marginal village whose existence grew out of hillside farms and tiny water powered mills. Old pictures, in the stillness of retrospect, show it to have all the euphoric charm expected of rural American's “Good Old Days,” and green leaf summers. A footpath ran beside both edges of the road so one could walk up and down the Saratoga-Amsterdam highway without worrying over cars. A decided contrast from today's catapulting traffic.



*Drawing by Ralph Caparulo
from Story Quilt: Poems of a Place,
used with permission of the
Galway Public Library.*

“In those days,” according to Lester, “almost every family had a team of horses, cows and chickens.” Public life meandered in and about the store, the hotel, and three churches. The district school he attended was over a mile from the village. All the usual fun happened at this one-room schoolhouse, but a particular incident made Lester chuckle as he recalled the time he and another boy had been sent to “fetch a pail of water.” The two spotted a bee tree and decided they could do with a taste of honey. Breaking off pieces of bark to use as scoops, they ate their fill! To this day Lester remembers well the lecture they got. Measles at thirteen ended his formal school days.

This lack of further schooling is one of the few sadnesses he feels about his life. Regardless, he has made it not only worthwhile, but creative. A variety of skills came from his father who built four houses in East Galway, ran three

sawmills and, for a time, the local hotel. Home always had a workshop to which many up-to-date tools have been added. Here it is possible for him to turn handles, tinker with clocks, or work on anything else which needs fixing. Each spring the garden is a must. Several years ago he had the finest raspberry patch any devout picker could wish for. A second item of local interest was a flax wheel used to spin thread from flax grown on a rocky hillside in Providence Township.

Over the past forty years, he has continued keeping a journal begun by his father. The poetry, or as Lester refers to it, “just some foolishness that comes to my head,” began ten years ago after his wife, Hazel, died.

When C.B. radios were at their peak, Lester bought one and took the call name BEAVER DAM. The name originated from the old mill pond which the animals had taken over for themselves. Beavers are sociable showoffs and many visitors came to watch them perform. Unfortunately, the beavers had raised the dam level, causing water to overflow onto neighboring yards. Residents protested and the Conservation Department was called in to relocate the unfortunate creatures. One Lester was remarkably proud of weighed 68 pounds.

Today, only a shallow puddle remains from this once beautiful sheet of water. But the surrounding field is still filled with serenity. Part of the effect is drawn from the many tall firs planted by Lester and his wife, Hazel. The intangible quality of its loveliness comes from the minds of kids whose affectionate memories preserve their summers spent in the Old Mill Pond.

Many happy returns on your “Born” day, Lester.

Galway, My Alma Mater

~ Millie (Lendl) Stina

The following poem was read by Millie at the conclusion of the GPS September program, **Galway School Days in the 1950s**, presented by a panel of former teachers.

My high school days in Galway were the best
Attending classes, extracurricular activities, and all the rest

Getting involved in numerous things
Band, chorus, cheerleading, and all that school brings

Things then were so much better than now
I'll give some examples of how
For lunch we were allowed to go over to Van's Flavorland
Dance to the juke box and hear the big bands

Rock and Roll was the choice in the fifties
For most of us loved it – we thought it was nifty

Can you imagine kids of today
Asking their teachers and getting permission
To drive door to door on a special mission
To ask friends and neighbors to cut beautiful flowers for our prom
This was all done by us and causing no harm

As for the prom
No tuxes, no limos to deliver us there
We had no money, just time and fun to spare

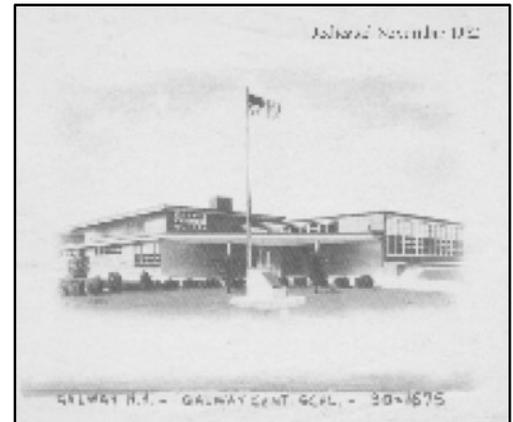
It was all done so innocently and sweetly
A great way to remember our fun in the fifties

The kids in my class in ABC order
Carl, Ethel, Germaine, Kenny, Lee and Charlie, Dale, Mary Joyce, Paul and Ann, Lydia,
Betty Lou, Betty, Jackie, and Doug, Alice, Dan, Gerry, Elinor, and I'm in there too!
Bet you thought I'd make them rhyme, so sorry, not this time!

Poodle skirts, bobbie sox, pony tails and such
These were the days that we kids loved so much!

Our teachers were patient, delightful, and smart
We thank them so much for doing their part

If you haven't figured it out by now
I LOVE my Alma Mater, Golden Eagles
You bet I do – and how!



Photos from the archives of the Galway Preservation Society and used in the PowerPoint presentation for the program "Galway School Days in the 1950s.

Elementary Faculty



Bottom, left to right: P. Keeler, A. Booth, E. Overbeek, M. Taylor, W. Palmateer, M. Eaton, M. Hansen. Top: R. Rowland, M. Pilon, M. Capasso, L. Pischel, A. Widmann, M. Fonda, M. Irwin, M. Getty, C. Olendorf.

High School Faculty



FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Aileen Estus (Home Economics), Janet Wimbirt (English), Michael Griffin (Principal), Bryan Simmons (Vice-Principal and Social Studies), Ernest Sutton (Science and Mathematics). SECOND ROW: Walter Slade (Industrial Arts), Joan Bostwick (English), Marion Fahey (Commerce), Donald Mealy (Physical Education) Bruno Caldero (Science and Mathematics), Marie Cornell (office), Dorothy Verklas (nurse), Ralph Mottola (Music). NOT SHOWN: Jeanne Schwarz (Social Studies).

~ *Stimson House*

~ *Historical Marker Profile #6*

Galway is home to eight New York State Historical Markers. One of these markers commemorates a homestead owned by a prominent figure in the town's early history.

Earl Stimson was a businessman, a farmer, and served in the State Militia, being promoted to Paymaster, Captain, and later Major General. He operated the best-managed farm in the area, as well as a hotel, boarding house, meatpacking plant, and several stores. Stimson was one of the town's leading citizens of his day.



Stimson's 700-acre homestead was quite extensive. In May, 1835, New York Farmer and American Gardener's Magazine stated, "...the dwelling house and numerous out-buildings, placed on a commanding eminence, had more the appearance of a village than the domain of a private individual." In addition to the spacious house, there were several barns and stables, a large store, a granary, a cider house, a slaughterhouse, a cooper's shop, a potash establishment, a blacksmith's shop, and smaller dwelling houses.

The historical marker is located in front of the home on the northwest corner of the intersection of Perth Road and Consaul Road, at the southern end of Lake Road.

Thanks to Phyllis Keeler and Tom Cwiakala who published a detailed write-up of this historical marker in the Fall 2011 issue of the Galway Reader.

Galway Preservation Society

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