

Calendar

October 3  
GPS Meeting  
Galway Town Hall

7-7:30 Social half  
hour

7:30 Business meeting

8:00 Program

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who have passed this  
September.

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## October GPS Update

From Virginia Sawicki and Bonnie Donnan

The fall color is getting started. The Sumac seems to be in the lead with the color, just as it leads in the takeover of unmowed terrain. The beauty of its foliage at this time of year is a partial restitution for its peskiness. Speaking of peskiness, the word is out among clouds of late season tiny mosquitoes about humans being a great all you can sip buffet. At least the deer flies are gone.

Our September 12<sup>th</sup> program was an enjoyable presentation by Don Williams on "Tales and Tools of the Adirondacks". Items that were a common part of everyday lives were unknown to many of us. A sturdy flat wooden washing stick, homemade, with deeply cut ridges, was a precursor to manufactured washboards. Other items, like a bark peeling tool, and a tool that stamped an owner's "brand" on the end face of logs to prove ownership after massive river drives, were a part of the commercial logging trade.

Dues for the 2011-2012 program year are due by October 15<sup>th</sup>. You can either pay at the October 3<sup>rd</sup> meeting, or complete the form that was in the September newsletter and mail it in with your \$10 per household dues. The Galway Preservation Society mailing address is P.O. Box 276, Galway, 12074.

We are now offering the option for GPS members to receive the monthly newsletter by email instead of by postal mail. If you are interested in helping GPS "go green" (and save on newsletter costs) you can request this option at any time by sending an email to: [galwaypressociety@gmail.com](mailto:galwaypressociety@gmail.com).

You only need to sign up for the change once, and then we'll email the newsletter to you monthly. Printed and mailed copies will of course still be available to those who prefer that delivery method.

We are now using our new PA system at our meetings. We are new at it yet, but it helps to extend the range of audibility in our business meetings and programs.

The next meeting will be October 3<sup>rd</sup> at Town Hall. The program will be a presentation by Kathy Marchione, Saratoga County Clerk, and her staff on "Treasures of the Past, and Saratoga County Museums".

## An Artist's Life

*I bought the house for the red barn.  
Barns are supposed to be red.*

In Rachel's sky lit studio  
she taught art classes, informal workshops.  
Students inspired by her strong spirit  
delighted to learn her lessons  
desired her presence and praise.  
She cherished their company  
nurtured their creations  
encouraged their vision.  
"Try a line here, some shadow there,"  
she'd say, and it worked.

*I've been painting forever.*

Figures, still life, nature, working from photos.  
She claims landscapes are easier:  
the scene can be changed.  
Oils, pastels, charcoal, watercolor.  
Portraits are hard:  
people need to be drawn to their likeness  
background and color considered  
pleasing the person.  
Still, they are her favorite.

*As long as I'm alive the gallery will be open.  
Who knows, maybe even after that.*

Show receptions brought to Galway  
a special sparkle  
everyone came to view art,  
visit with artists and neighbors  
on delicate summer evenings  
flowers in full bloom  
sipping fragrant wines  
sampling hors d'oeuvres  
enchanted by Rachel's  
energy and elegance  
her wit and sweet laughter lingering  
long after closing.  
Life is her art.

Poem by Patricia Kay

Contributions by Rachel Kitchen, Molly Bingham, Fran Burnett, Dee Sarno



All three poems in this edition are used with the  
kind permission of the Galway Public Library.  
They originally appeared in the  
*Storey Quilt Book*  
*Poems of a Place*  
April 2007

## Lendl's Fields

*By Mary Cuffe Perez*

Each spring, Marcia Todd and I  
ride the edges of Lendl's fields,  
flushing turkey and partridge out of the hedgerow,  
sending bobolinks rippling through timothy and al-  
falfa.

The fields stretch patchwork, one onto the other.  
We canter up the last, long hill that swells  
like a great green wave gently breaking  
onto the Lendl farm.

If we find Milt Lendl there Marcia always asks:  
*When is the first cutting?*  
*Last week of June*, he always says.  
It's been that way every year she's asked.

It's been a Lendl farm since 1938.  
Milt was born here, grew up here,  
still cuts, bales and delivers hay to horse farms in Gal-  
way.  
Every year at haying time Milt's sister, Mill,  
and her husband, Art, return to help.

The Todd's barn is a 200-year-old threshing barn,  
then dairy barn, now horse barn.  
It opens its doors wide to receive the hay  
from Lendl's fields.  
Marcia, Millie, Milt and I haul it from the wagon.  
Doug Todd and Art stack it in the loft.  
The old barn inhales the agitation of nesting swallows,  
talk, laughter, sweat and the sweet, summer smell of  
hay.

Between the first and second cuttings of Lendl's fields  
we can ride through the middle of them  
all the way to the farmhouse, where we stop, if Milt is  
there,  
and ask. *When is the second cutting?*

One late June day, I ride up alone,  
cantering the last field that breaks onto the farm.  
Outside the house, a gathering at a long table.  
The fattened, reclining sun illuminates each form.  
Laughter lifts like swallows on the wind.  
It is the Lendls, all returned.  
I swing my horse around and gallop home.



The Photographs in this edition are all cour-  
tesy from photographer  
Patricia Kay from the  
*"Who are you, Galway N.Y. "*

## Auctioneer

*"Here's a little table Mrs. Armer put her flowers on. Let's start at 25 I got 25 do I hear 30 now I'm looking for 35... sold to the tall man in back for 770 dollars."*

Born into farming, I was fascinated by auctioneers a different world, different lingo. I knew I could become one. Summer 1949, age 17, I went to auction school in Iowa. Older brothers helped Dad farm so I could go. Auctions came by word of mouth, repeat business or like an undertaker I'd wait for someone to croak. Getting an estate ready took time. Auction bills to print, ads to place gathering helpers, putting on a feed tents and toilets, parking and paperwork. I auctioned everything and sold anything to big wheels and ordinary people. Dealers were toughest argued about price and bidding order claimed they couldn't wait then hung around for hours.

West Charlton, Potter Road:  
1928 Model T Ford truck, excellent condition. They all hemmed and hawed but Gaba got it, 305 dollars—that was a lot in 1961.

Galway, Armer Road:  
An oak roll-top desk  
Orlin Smith took for payment  
on a nine dollar milk bill  
sold for 1,200 dollars!

East Glenville, Pashley Road:  
Richard Thompson, Galway dealer  
bought a tanned red fox hide, keeled over and died.  
Everything stopped, the ambulance came.

"Hey we got to get going. Daylights fading. He's all done bidding."

I grumbled to my helper, Barbara.  
"Shut up!" she snapped. "Shut up!"

*"Now, here's a nice reliable Winchester 22, lever-action, trapping special that Mr. Vanderzee used every season. Let's start at...."*

Poem by Patricia Kay      Story by Stan Orzolek



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