



↻ *GPS Update* ~ Wayne Brandow

Journalism 101



I just want to give you the scoop on the recent Galway Preservation Society meeting. It took place on Monday night, October 7th at 7 PM, in Galway Town Hall. Newspaper reporter and author, Michael Demasi, started his talk with a quote he had seen painted on the wall at his workplace. It read, “*Journalism is the first rough draft of history.*” What a great way to introduce his world of newspaper reporting to an historical society!

After asking us what we thought it meant, Michael summed up its meaning with two words, “incomplete” and “imperfect.” In the news business there is always a race against the clock, a deadline to meet. By necessity it is the first draft. However, the who, what, why, when, where questions need to be asked and the facts need to be reported in a concise and readable way.

It is incomplete because it takes time to unravel the whole story. It is imperfect, because we all make mistakes. It is best, with fresh news, to not make assumptions, for if assumptions are made, one is liable to get it wrong. It is history, because it is the first recorded transcript of an event in time. When all who were in the story are long gone, the record taken will serve as a window to a day gone by.

This is just a sampling of what was said. He went on to speak about the future of newspapers as a print media and he shared a couple of stories from his years as a journalist. Michael was an excellent speaker and the evening passed quickly. One perk to our meetings is that you can talk to the speaker afterwards. I asked him about media bias, that is, reporting with a slant. I wonder if anyone asked him about “fake news?” The press has tremendous power to shape public opinion. It was good to hear from one in the trenches.

Our next meeting sounds very interesting as well. Saratoga city historian, Charles Kuenzal, is going to speak on the history of Saratoga from the discovery of mineral water in the late 1700s to the start of gambling in the early 1900s. His talk will be called “High Rock to High Stakes,” and will take place on Monday, November 4th at 7 PM at Galway Town Hall. Be sure and come join with us for another enjoyable evening. We hope to see you there.

Upcoming Dates

Nov. 4 Next Member Meeting at Town Hall

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

Jan. 8 – Next Board Meeting at Town Hall

7:00 pm

Contact us at galwaypressociety@gmail.com or visit us at <http://www.galwaypreservationsociety.org>

~A Trip to the Beach with Lizzie ~Annette Roose ~

from an undated issue of the Glowegee Scroll, a publication of the Galway Senior Citizens in the early 1980s

Way back in the summer of 1920 we decided to go to the beach. My family consisted of two brothers, a sister, and Mom and Dad. We all had new bathing suits. Bathing suits were not like the Bikinis that we see today. They were knitted affairs. The legs came nearly to the knees. A very modest neckline and little short sleeves. The men and boys' suits were more daring, with tops much like a gym shirt, and also nearly to the knees. I remember mine was dark red with huge orange stripes.

We lived in Rochester and the beach was Sunset Point on Lake Ontario, a few miles north of our home.

We put on our new bathing suits and got into our Model T car. The Model T was not the luxurious car we know today. They were all painted black. They had no trunk. They had a divided windshield and you could tilt one section for fresh air. I don't understand why we needed fresh air as there were no windows on the sides. There were izing [sic] glass curtains you could snap on in case of rain or cold weather.

The speed was regulated by a little lever on the steering wheel. There were three pedals on the floorboard. One for reverse, one for a brake, and the other for shifting. To fill the gas tank, you had to get out of the car, lift the front seat out because the gas tank was under the seat.

All Model Ts were built off the ground and had a running board on each side for easy entrance. They also had a canvas top which could be folded back. Dad couldn't put our top back because Mom didn't think it was safe for us children. All Model Ts had a Z shape crank to start the car. You inserted it in the front of the car and after many turns it probably would start. I have been a witness to the fact that you didn't try to hurry it by spinning the crank as it could snap back and fracture your wrist.

These Model Ts sold for the grand sum of \$298.00 when new. I am sure Henry Ford made his first million selling them.

That particular Sunday afternoon we headed for the nice sandy beach and had a great time playing in the water and the sand. Then we had a picnic lunch. I don't remember what we had, but I know it was delicious because my Mom was the best cook in the whole world.

Some willow trees grew nearby, and Dad made us whistles from some of the branches.

We got back in the Model T in our wet and sandy bathing suits and headed for home. Going south on Portland Avenue the Model T (affectionately called Tin Lizzie or just Lizzie) began to putter and then stopped. Dad spent a very exasperating time trying to get Lizzie started again but she had really died. Dad, in his sandy wet bathing suit went to the farm house nearby for help. The farmer came over but he couldn't get Lizzie started either. Dad arranged for the farmer to tow us home with his truck and traded her in for a new Chevrolet.

~Dues are Due

Dues are due by the end of October for the 2019-2020 program year. Ten dollars per household, payable at any membership meeting, or by check, payable to Galway Preservation Society. Our mailing address is Galway Preservation Society, PO Box 276, Galway, N.Y. 12074. Please let us know if you wish to receive your newsletter by post or by email, and provide your addresses. You may download a Membership Form from our website: www.galwaypreservationsociety.org. Thank you!