



October Meeting

~J. B. Sanders

If you haven't done so already, members should now submit their dues for the 2022-2023 year.

Our next meeting will be held at 7 pm on October 3, 2022 at the Galway Town Hall. No refreshments will be provided and social time will be limited. The meeting will start promptly with a presentation by Samantha Hall-Saladino Fulton County Historian, on the 250th anniversary of the Fulton County Courthouse.

We are working to jointly present the program live at the Galway Town Hall and via Zoom for those who may wish to view the program remotely. Anyone wishing to join our meeting via Zoom should sign-in to the waiting room about 6:50 pm as the meeting should start promptly at 7:00 pm. The Zoom meeting number is 294 161 5132. Logging into this meeting number will admit you to a waiting room until I connect you to the meeting. I will send an email to everyone that I have email addresses for with a reminder of the upcoming Zoom meeting a few days before the meeting. I recommend that anyone wishing to install Zoom on your computer should go to Zoom.com and download the free version of Zoom. If you would like information about accessing the Zoom meeting you can go to <https://www.seniorsguide.com/technology/a-step-by-step-guide-to-zoom-meeting/> or the Zoom website. If you still have questions or need additional information, please contact me on 518-882-6239.

Editors note: The article that follows is a letter responding to Arlene Rhodes' September GPS Journal article on the passing of some GPS members and friends.

Memories

~Alan Maddaus

Hi Arlene,

I read your summary of GPS members who have recently passed away with sadness, but a great deal of interest. I did not know Scott Person but had memorable connections with Kurt, Martha, and Hume, which I share with you below -

I agree with your characterization of Kurt as "editor extraordinaire". I wrote several articles while Kurt was editor of the GPS Journal and he was always appreciative, friendly and helpful. I sent

him one article containing old photos of the time period of interest and remember his appreciation for the effort involved. I visited him at his winery after he was replaced as editor, and it was clear he missed the activity.

I knew Martha from my experiences as a child when I visited her husband's radio and TV shop in the village to watch him do repair work and learn. She was always kind to me when I was there, allowing me to stay and wait for her husband's return if he was momentarily absent from the shop. Several years ago her daughter, Mary Turcich, who lives in Saratoga and cared for Martha, contacted me for a copy of **The Prestons of East St.** She read the book for her mother during visits to the nursing home. After Martha passed away on August 5, Mary thoughtfully sent me a copy of the obituary. It was clear that Martha lived a full, productive, and happy life.

I remember Hume fondly from softball games we played in the village park and summer employment on his farm. In one memorable experience my right ankle was fractured during a game by my brother, who, forced out at home plate, slid into me, knocked me down and sat on my leg. I tried to stand up with my right foot dangling at an awkward angle. Hume immediately recognized what had happened and grabbed me before I could put any weight on it. He then picked me up and carried me to Dr. Panin's office across the street next to Denison's Store. My father transported me to Ballston Spa Hospital where surgery was performed. Both leg bones had been fractured just above the ankle. It might have become a painful compound fracture - an open wound - if Hume had not recognized the severity and taken quick action.

I worked for Hume for several summers harvesting hay. When it came to farm work, he was an inspiration. I have never encountered anyone with a more positive attitude toward hard work and the energy he had was phenomenal. It became a challenge to see which of us could be more productive. I remember an instance when I was off loading a hay wagon onto an elevator that transported the bales to the second story loft. Hume was in the loft waiting for the bales to come so he could neatly stack them. As I started to unload, he banged on the side on the elevator with his hay bale hook and yelled with humorous impatience "come on, let's get going". So I unloaded the wagon as quickly as I could keeping 4 bales on that fast moving belt at all times. When we were done, he came down from the loft dripping with sweat, covered with chaff and said with a grin: "you unloaded too fast for one man to keep up". A nice compliment - I smile when I think about it.

Barbara and I very nearly relocated in Galway when we returned to the area from college. Hume had renovated a home near his and was renting an apartment, had heard we looking for a place to rent but didn't know how to contact us.

Thanks for the opportunity to take a trip down memory lane. Kurt, Martha, and Hume were good people. I will not forget them.

~Alan Maddaus

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