



June 2024

~Carol Schweizer

The May meeting was, in fact, a true business meeting, one of our two yearly. New officers were elected, as presented in last month's newsletter. We wish to express our sincere thanks to Phyllis Sleeper for serving as our recording secretary this past year.

The program for May was presented by Michael Diana on the history of Wolf Hollow. For the second month in a row, we heard about very early history of our area, going back to Native American struggles and conflicts before the American Revolution.

GPS was represented at the annual Memorial Day observation in the village on May 27th. Many thanks to all who were there to help with our booth in the park. Periodicals were available for sale along with a display of reproductions of early pottery made in Galway. Welcome to the new members who joined that day. We also thank members who marched in the parade and carried our GPS banner. Virginia Sawicki decorated the small gazebo with patriotic colors. Thank you, all!

The final gathering for GPS in June will be the annual potluck picnic held at Town Hall on June 3 **at 6:00 pm**. If any member has not yet signed up, please call Linda Bobar at 518 705-6254. Following the meal, at approximately 7:00 pm our speaker will be Anne Clothier for a presentation on early textiles.

As we close out this program year, I am very thankful for so many officers and members who have joined in presenting a full, interesting effort to preserve and share our local history! Have a wonderful summer and see you in September!

An Army of Chickens

~Bonnie Donnan



Recently I was entertained by two short amateur videos on Facebook. Scattered free range chickens were hurrying to gather and fall in behind their favorite human, an owner with a container suggesting food. Both videos referred to a "chicken army" in the captions, and one had the dramatic music track "Jedi Temple March" from Star Wars. Their leader, a human being they associate with food, was in front of the march.

The videos reminded me of the homemade poster with a photo of my father, Jim Donnan, in front of his gathered squad of Rhode Island Reds. The corn-fed broilers and roasters were the roasters that arrived with straight-run hatchlings. Note the 4 digit phone number.

The poster was on the back of part of a gift box from Barney's, a long-gone department store in Schenectady. Gift boxes were always saved to be used again the next time a present needed to be wrapped. Often, the paper was used again, too. A family that had lived through the Depression learned how to hold on to little amenities that make special occasions a little brighter.

The lettering on the poster was familiar. My father had a set of special pen nibs that he kept with a bottle of India ink. The tips ended in a little circle shaped foot, rather than the usual chisel shape. The resulting letters had a legible, even, thickness.

The chickens in the photo were probably a batch that arrived by mail order. New hatchlings were packed in a box and shipped by mail. The box was large, but shallow, sectioned into a grid pattern, kind of like a big candy box. If the box was tilted, the chicks wouldn't all tumble to one side with the bottom layer turning into victims. Depending on the order, there could be a couple hundred continuously cheeping little peepers in there. Boxed from the hatching incubator, they had not had their first meal. Hungry and loud! Noise expedited the package through shipping phases.

Raised in a brooder coop with heat, they were allowed out during the day to roam when the weather warmed up. They all returned at night, shut in for safety from predators. When they matured to the stage of laying eggs, they moved on to the hen house, a large roomy building with a selection of nest boxes.

The chicken and egg business grew into retail home delivery every Saturday morning until 1998

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