



Galway

~Carol Schweizer

The GPS membership meeting program “One Hundred Years Ago, the Village of Galway and the Hamlet of East Galway” was very well received by an unusually large attendance. The Old Time Story Night program presented in May of 1984 was “revisited” by member/speaker Arlene Rhodes. The program included 40 of the original slides of Galway Village and East Galway. Arlene reviewed details and dates relating to the photos (without notes, no less.) Many thanks to Arlene for a memorable program.

GPS has requested, many times, for members to consider writing down memories of early times from Galway or the near area, for our Journal. I would also like to ask if there are any members who might like to learn about putting together this monthly Journal. Bonnie Donnan has done a wonderful job editing for a long time. We would like to have a “back-up” person to know how it is done. Please contact me if you have an interest, 518-882-1023.

Our own GPS member, Alan Maddaus, will present the February program “Wright Peak Elegy-A Story of Cold War Deterrence and Ultimate Sacrifice.” This involved a plane crash in the Adirondacks in 1962. Alan has written a book on this event which he will have at the program.

Looking forward to seeing you on February 3 at 7:00pm Town Hall.

Winter Memories

~Theresa Bogdan Ferguson

I would like to tell you about some winter memories. The first I don't remember, but my mother told me this.

It was a cold night. The snow was piling up all day and the wind was blowing. It was so cold. My father had to go to the Village of Broadalbin to get Doctor Chapman, and he came back with him. The doctor even slept on the couch by the parlor wood stove. They all waited, for it was the night I was born. It was in the

house where Baci* used to live. The roads were closed because of the drifting snow. It was a cold winter night, February 20, 1934. Every year we would have a bad snowstorm on my birthday. The wind would blow, and the drifts would get higher and higher.

When I turned six years old, I was ready for school. After all, my big brother Edjew* was going to school already. I was so anxious to go. I started in September, and my brother and I would walk to the one-room school. That is where there is only one room in the building, and all the grades, one through six, would be there. One row was for first, another for second, etc. We had two large closets at the front of the room. They were called cloak rooms. We would hang our coats there. When we had to go to use the bathroom, we had to go outside to a separate little building. One side of it was for boys and the other for the girls. They were not flush toilets, and there were no sinks to wash your hands. The seat was pretty cold when I sat on it.

Back to telling how cold it was. I slept upstairs in a bedroom that had no heat. I would sleep under a big pizzina* which is made from feathers. I had my flannel nightgown on, and it was so nice and cozy under the pizzina. Then I heard my mother call, "Theresa, time to get up for school." I just snuggled in bed again. "Theresa, time to get up right now."

I said, "All right." I pushed the pizzina off of me, and my feet touched the cold floor. Brr! I looked at my window. Jack Frost did a beautiful job of painting my window. There were mountains, trees and icicles drawn all over my window. It looked so pretty.

"Theresa, are you up? And don't forget to wear your long underwear."

So I got up and quickly took my nightgown off and put on my long-sleeve undershirt. There, that felt better. Then I had to put on that long underwear, first one leg and then the other. Then I had to put on my long brown stockings. It was hard to do so that my legs wouldn't look all bunched with that long underwear underneath. Then I put on my red sweater and plaid skirt. Girls didn't wear pants in those days.

I hurried down the stairs and stood by the kitchen stove that was so nice and warm. My dziadzak* was already warming himself by the wood stove. He was sitting there smoking his curved pipe. My mother had the oatmeal already cooked. My brother and I quickly ate it. We put on our overshoes, coats, hats and mittens. Oops! I almost forgot my blue tin lunch pail. My mother had made me a blueberry jelly sandwich on homemade bread. I think there was an apple in there and a cookie.

Eddie and I went out the driveway. It was cold and he was walking fast, a lot faster than me. I could barely keep up. I was cold, and my tin lunchbox was cold. He kept telling me to hurry or we would be late for school. I started to cry. I just couldn't keep up with him, and I was cold. So I sat down in the middle of the road on my tin lunchbox and



cried and cried. I was so cold. I was right by the creek just this side of the house where Eddie and his wife Julie lived years later.

Another cold day, Ed and I went out to play. I think our mother told us to go out and get some fresh air. Ed said, "Let's take the horse and sleigh out and go for a ride."

I said, "Okay! That will be a lot of fun."

So Ed got the old work horse out. I think his name was Jim. He put the leather straps over the horse's big body. Then he took him to the barn where the one-horse sleigh was and hooked him up. He told me to get on if to go with him. I climbed on the sleigh. It was so high. Then Ed got on and held the reins and snapped them. The horse took off. This was fun. We went around the milk house. This was really fun. We kept going around the milk house. Then we decided to go on the road. We went out the driveway and took a left up the road, past the creek and up the hill. It was so much fun.

Then when we got to the corner where Humphreys now live, there was a big snow drift and the sleigh got stuck. Ed told me to stay on, and he got off to see how we could get out. He got out and went around the sleigh to look things over. I was sitting there like a good sister should. Then the horse decided to go. No one was holding his reins, and I was sitting there yelling for Eddie. I think I started to cry. Ed ran fast and faster and jumped onto the back of the sleigh. He reached for the reins and yelled "Whoa, Jim" and pulled the reins back quickly. The horse stopped.

Then slowly Eddie turned the horse and sleigh around. We went back down the road, into the driveway, and back to the barn and quietly put the horse back inside.

We never took another ride like that. Then we both went into the house and took off our cold, wet clothes and mittens. We pulled chairs over to that kitchen stove. We opened the oven door, set a piece of firewood on it and put our feet into the oven. Aha! That sure felt good. Mom made us some hot cocoa from real chocolate and raw milk.

**Words in Polish*

Baci, Theresa's mother but the word means grandmother

Edjew, Edward

pizzina, feather blanket

dziadzak, grandfather



Bogdan Farm on the West side of Bogdan Road between Route 29 and Ridge Road, 1946

Note: Photo on page 3 is Eddie, Theresa, and Joe Bogdan. 1946