

***April 2025****~Carol Schweizer*

GPS welcomed Charlene DuBuque, Education Director at the Saratoga County History Center, who presented “Passing the Time in Victorian Saratoga County.” Citizens’ activities and interests were not so different from how we recreate today, although not in our modern style. Victorian era citizens gathered for food, games, nature and showing off elaborate fashions. The fashion part—not so much today, unless you count going to the race track in August! We still enjoy picnics, nature, water sports and socializing. The Saratoga County Fair is still a favorite event as it was in Victorian time.

The Board of Trustees is reaching out, through the nominating committee, for some officers and a board member. Arlene Rhodes will be chairing the committee. GPS is a fine group of people who share an interest in local history and beyond. If you have an interest in becoming more involved, Arlene would appreciate hearing from you.

Our next program, on April 7th, will be provided by Rachel Clothier, historian for the Town of Corinth. She is calling it “Cultivating Corinth-A Local Agricultural History.” She will present photos and stories detailing farming over the past 200 years in the northern Saratoga County town of Corinth. Since this town is only a little to the north and east of Galway, I’m sure the history will be similar to that of Galway.

Hope to see you there.

Coping with Change*~Bonnie Donnan*

It has been over fifteen years since I retired from my job with the Times Union in Albany on the first day of my forty-second year on the job. When I started the job, I found the culture shock intimidating. Newspapers, by their nature of purpose, getting out information on a timely basis, run in a deadline driven state that builds

in accelerating tension and adrenaline-fueled anxiety that cycles daily. Release of pressure often involved a lot of raised voices. Situation based emergencies were worked out at high volume bellowing that could intensify into shrieking. Coming from a family that was not given to this kind of vocalization, instinct was often telling me to seek cover. Neither of my parents were shouters. My grandmother, Agnes Donnan, talked me out of quitting several times during my first couple of years. She was a strong believer in Proverbs 15:1, "A soft answer turneth away wrath:" It took me a bit of time to realize they were not all crazy, and the yelling incidents were situational, not personal. Violence was not likely, although one writer was legendary for flinging a typewriter through a fourth-floor window.

A decade or so after my initial exposure, a coworker told me how worried she had been, at first, about the number of times she had found me crying in the ladies' room. I had advanced, by my third year, to page makeup. It involved adding up all the advertising space, adding the news budget, and working out with the pressroom how we were going to run the resulting number of pages. By that time, I had adapted to the pace and peak volume blips of the business. I had learned to appreciate the contact my position carried with all the departments of the business. Production had to stage materials and people according to how many pages were needed.

The technology involved in producing the newspaper was constantly evolving, As in society in general the only thing constant was change. When I started page makeup I used a manual adding machine, made pencil sketches of the entire edition, prepared page maps with a ruler and carbon paper. When I left, I was viewing the paper on a 24-inch monitor, page, section, or entire edition. Drawing page maps was replaced with an output to a computer printer and electronic release to the newsroom. Parallel changes had hit all departments. Ads were arriving electronically instead of delivery service or courier. No melted lead in the production process. Newsroom copy editors communicating on screens instead of clustered around a copy desk with a continual coach-like patter on the situation. An executive news editor pointed out a major leap to me. He said "I can't stand the silence! It's like a library or a church or something!"