



Our Polish ANCESTORS



THE QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF THE POLISH GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREATER CLEVELAND

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Do You Remember the Payparex Man?

By Trina Goss Galauner

A horse and buggy slowly meanders down the narrow brick-lined streets and alleys of the old Polish neighborhood. The humbly dressed man tending the reigns of the old tired nag yells out in a heavy accent "pa-a-per rex! pa-a-per rex!" It certainly sounded like he said "payparex" but in actuality he was yelling "paper and rags!". But most in Cleveland remember him as the Payparex Man.

The Payparex Man, or paper rag man, was a junk collector. Many times he was a Jewish immigrant. He would rent an old horse and wagon from a nearby stable and set off on his daily quest. If a family had old household items, newspaper, pots and



pans, bottles, scrap metal, tin foil, pipes, batteries, old clothing and rags, they could sell them to the Payparex Man when he came down the street every week or so. Most paper rag men carried a scale to weigh paper and rags, paying for them by the pound. Generally, the seller would receive only a few coins for their collection of items. Two bundles of newspapers may earn a nickel. Children would search the streets for chewing gum and cigarette wrappers since they were made of tin foil. They would roll them up into a ball and the Payparex Man would pay for them by the pound. Some children tried to fool him by wrapping the tin foil around a stone to get more money for the tin ball.

The Payparex Man then took the rags and other items to a scrap yard selling them for a small profit. The pieces of cloth would be sorted for recycling. Cotton rags were used for making rag paper, a good quality paper that didn't shrivel or decompose the same way wood pulp paper would. Wool rags could be recycled to make new clothing. In Great Britain, he was called a rag and bone man. In addition to the

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Welcome

If you are not already a member of the PGSGC and would like to become one and receive this quarterly newsletter (cost is \$24.00 per year), please contact Membership Chairman, Ron Kraine, at ronkraine@aol.com for more information.





Letter from the President

Summer is almost upon us which means that we will be taking our two month break from meetings. Even though we won't be holding formal meetings during that time period, there is nothing stopping you from getting together with some of your PGSGC friends to have informal workshops or maybe a field trip, etc. It's also a great time to do some cemetery hopping to get photos of relatives' grave stones. If any of you are going to Poland, take photos, of relatives and maybe old homesteads, that maybe you could share with us in a future issue of "Our Polish Ancestors" Bulletin.

The April and May meetings have been very gratifying. Both meetings had a noticeable number of new guests in attendance, and some in turn have become new members of the organization. This has been a direct result of the work that Lucia Dominak and Maria & Dennis Kuminski have done to advertize our meetings. Lucia is responsible for submitting "News Releases" to the many neighborhood publications in the greater Cleveland, Ohio area. The "News Releases" list our meeting date, time, and location and what the program is going to be for that particular month. Maria & Dennis are spreading the word by posting flyers (with similar content) in various libraries and other relevant locations. My personal thanks to you for your efforts, they are paying off with new members!



Also contributing to the meetings' appeal is the series of genealogy programs that Ben Kman has put together and presented at recent meetings. He has others planned for future meetings. If you are new or old to genealogy work, there are always some tidbits you can pick up to help in your search for those elusive relatives.

I wish you all a safe, healthy, and fun summer, and we'll see you September 6th.

John F. Szuch, President

Polish Genealogical Society of Greater Cleveland

c/o St. Mary's PNC Church

1901 Wexford Ave.

Parma, Ohio 44134

www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~ohpgsgc/



Officers:

President:	John F. Szuch	105 Pleasant View Dr., Seville, Ohio 44273	(330) 769-4603	pulaskipro@aol.com
Vice President:	Ron Kraine	9810 Greenhaven Pkwy., Brecksville, Ohio 44141	(440) 838-5743	ronkraine@aol.com
Treasurer:	Ben Kman	170 Bellus Rd., Hinckley, Ohio 44233	(216) 469-9670	
Secretary:	Sonia Chapnick	7897 Gildersleeve Circle, Kirtland, Ohio 44094	(440) 256-8392	



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recycling of rags, bones could be reused as knife handles and the grease extracted from them could be used in soaps.

Some people thought the Payparex Man was actually wealthy and that after he sold all the junk to the scrap yard he jumped into his Cadillac and drove home to his mansion in Shaker Heights. The Payparex Man may have been an entrepreneur. In any event, junk collecting and reselling was a source of employment for him and a way to support his family. During the depression era, everyone benefited through transactions with the Payparex Man.

Some time in the 1950s the Payparex Man stopped coming around. Nowadays, you may see garbage pickers looking for some of the same types of items to resell for profit. Today, the Payparex Man would have a career in waste management.



FURTHER READING

Whatever Happened to the "Paper Rex" Man? And Other Stories of Cleveland's Near West Side compiled by the May Dugan Center

A Stitch in Time: The Cleveland Garment Industry by Sean Martin, Ph.D., Western Reserve Historical Society, 2015

The Rag Race—How Jews Sewed Their Way to Success in America and the British Empire by Adam D. Mendelsohn, 2014

Polish Family Heirlooms

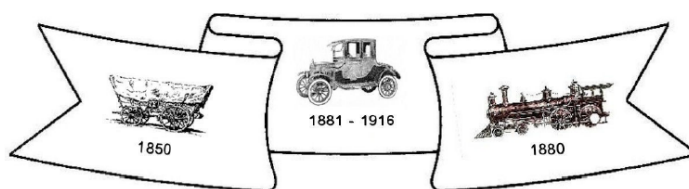
This tiny sterling silver cross belonged to Trina Goss Galauner's grandmother, Jadwiga "Hattie" Mliczek. She received it on the day of her First Holy Communion in about 1925. On the back, her initials are engraved "HM". The cross measures 7/8" long by 1/2" wide.





HELP WANTED?!

FREE Lineage Application Workshop



Presented by Cuyahoga County Lineage Groups
June 25, 2016 • 10 a.m. – 3 p.m.

Fairview Park Branch Library
21255 Lorain Road, Fairview Park, Ohio 44126

**How-to presentation,
library assistance by genealogical helpers**

**Please bring ancestor chart, known data,
laptop, tablet or iPad helpful,
brown bag lunch.
CCLG application forms will be furnished.**

Registration is requested.

**Email your name/address to
OHCAGG@ix.netcom.com**



Poland 2014: A Journey.....Part 2

by Ben Kman

The following is the story (offered in quarterly installments) of member Ben Kman's 16 day journey to his ancestral villages in Poland in September 2014.

Day 4 Monday September 8 continued...

Having a car when you are travelling outside of big cities is a huge convenience and gives you the opportunity and flexibility to see so many things that are difficult to get to otherwise. The big gotcha is that driving in Poland is truly an experience. With the narrow country roads and Polish speed demons, you are always on the look out for something to happen: cows, chickens, dogs, tractors, old drunk men on bikes, people cutting you off, pedestrians asserting their right to cross the street. It's all part of the game. Since they didn't have the car I requested, they upgraded us to a larger car, a diesel Opel Insignia wagon. It came with GPS that turned out to be very helpful but it also led to some adventures as well. I rented the car from a company called Speed. Their website is 49zl.pl. A Polish friend of mine who goes back to Poland every year with his family recommended them. When I reserved the car, I needed to put down a 25% deposit and select a pick up point. They have offices in all the major cities in Poland so I first needed to pick a city then the location in that city. For Warsaw, the options were at the airport or in the city. I assumed "in the city" meant at their office in the city. It turns out that I could have specified an address. You also choose different options for your car: GPS, child seat, return car to different location, travel outside of Poland, pickup/return the car outside of business hours, etc. When I picked up the car, I thought the agreement was for unlimited miles but it turns out there was a 400km per day on average limit. So for a 10 day rental period, I couldn't drive more than 4000km. This is actually 2,480 miles which is a ton of driving in 10 days. Even though I was concerned about this at the start due to the amount of traveling we were doing, it really wasn't an issue when all was said and done.

Finishing all of the paperwork and the inspection for pre-existing damage, we finally headed out on the open road. Our first stop was Nasielsk to visit the church. Nasielsk is about an hour drive due north of Warsaw. This was the church in which my mother's maternal grandmother was baptized. Many churches are now locked in Poland. However quite a few open their doors but have a locked gate preventing entrance into the church proper. This still affords people the opportunity to pray with a view of the altar and visitors to see the inside of the church. It turns out theft in churches is becoming more prevalent which has necessitated security systems and locks even in the small villages. After stopping at the church, we started to head west to the village of Swierkowo. This is literally a grouping of houses along the road and is the village where my Mom's grandmother, Stanislaw Justat, was born. We stopped at the sign indicating we were entering the village and took the obligatory "evidence" photos. I like to stop and get pictures of all the ancestral village signs with myself and/or a relative standing next to them as evidence that we were actually there. This is getting more difficult to do with the increasing traffic on the roads. It used to be easy to pull over to the berm, stop the car,





hop out, take a picture and continue on. Typically you would only see a car or two. Now there is a continuous stream of traffic. Driving through the village gave my Mom a better idea of the countryside that her grandmother was raised in. That part of Poland is pretty much flat farmland.

We continued west heading towards Plonsk which was our destination for the evening. Just outside of Plonsk is the village of Strachowo. This is where Stanislaw Justat's father, Adam Justat, was born. All of the villages in the general vicinity of Strachowo had Justat's living in them: Strubiny, Lisewo and Poswietne. It was still mid-afternoon and we decided to head to the village of Gumino to the west of Plonsk. Gumino is the earliest place to which I traced Justat's in Poland. From what I can tell, all of the Justat's that I have researched can be traced back to an originating couple from this village. They appeared in the church books of Gumino around 1800.



Searching earlier records turns up no traces of Justat's (alternate Jostatt). Sometimes I wonder based on the location of the village and the time period that they appeared, if they were German or tied to one of Napoleon's armies in some way. We visited the church in Gumino after having to ask for directions and then wandered through the cemetery looking for family names but to no avail. Wanting to use our time as effectively as possible, we moved on to start exploring the villages of my Mom's maternal grandfather, Franciszek (Frank) Rychlinski. His family was from the area just north east of Plonsk. We headed first to the church in Maluzyn where he was born. It was already early evening and the church was locked. I really wanted my Mom to see the inside of this church so we took a walk around the outside, decided to return the next morning, called it a day and headed for our hotel in Plonsk.

In the late 90's I found a book in a bookstore (remember those?) called *People To People Poland*. It listed people all over Poland who were interested in making contact with other people outside of Poland. In it I found a family living in Plonsk. I contacted them before one of my earlier trips, visited with them and have been friends ever since. My visits with them familiarized me with Plonsk and surroundings and I relied on them to recommend a hotel for my parents and me in Plonsk. They had good things to say about Hotel Martex. Mind you, I stayed in a hotel in Plonsk once before in the early 2000's and it was still the dreary pseudo 12 communist style with a "room nazi" for a receptionist. Given the fact that there isn't a whole lot in Plonsk and that the city is WAY off the tourist circuit, I didn't expect to see much in the way of improvement for accommodations. I was completely wrong. This turned out to be a very nice, modern hotel with friendly and attentive staff. The room we were in was remodeled and had an up to date bathroom. We were actually in a suite that could have slept 6-8 people easily. So here are the details:

I. Hotel Martex, Plonsk

- a. Standard hotel in the center of Plonsk.
- b. Hotel had an elevator.
- c. Stayed in a suite with a private bathroom/toilet and could have slept 6-8 people.
 - i. In Poland, there is a distinction between a toilet room and a bathroom. In a bathroom, you bathe! You can guess what the toilet room is for. It is becoming more common for them to be combined into one room.
- d. Rooms were quite large and spacious.
- e. Price US\$139 for everyone



- f. Breakfast was included in the price of the room.
 - i. It was the typical Szwedski Bufet. Various cold cuts, parowki (thin sausages typically eaten at breakfast. Resemble a hotdog but have flavor.), various jams, granola, rolls, break, eggs, pickles, etc.
 - ii. One note, Polish breakfasts tend to be a bit different than the U.S. Normally, there are prepared meats, bread, tomatoes, cheeses, pickles and sometimes soups. It takes a bit of getting used to when you normally eat a bowl of cereal or a donut but overall the quality of food is very good.
- g. There was free parking.

We ate dinner in the hotel restaurant when we arrived since there aren't many restaurants in Plonsk. This was a total sleeper. There was no one else in the restaurant which worried us. When we looked at the menu, we were amazed at the variety of dishes. We had a great server and excellent meals (half of a roasted duck, "pork knuckle", 10 pierogi dinner). My duck was perfectly cooked and my Mom said the pierogi were the best she ever ate in her life. They also have a killer lemonade. My Dad and I drank beer and vodka and sampled my Mom's lemonade too. The whole meal with drinks included was US\$72. For whatever reason, my Dad fell in love with the beer glasses from which we were drinking. They were from the brewery for Kasztelan beer and had the logo on the side. He wanted to know if he could buy one. So I proposed it to the waiter and he said he needed to ask his manager. After a short while, he walked out from the office with an empty glass on a tray and says "A gift from the restaurant". That's service. Tomorrow, we continue touring the villages of my Mom's maternal grandfather and head to Znin for our first family visit.

Day 5 Tuesday September 9

We got into a rhythm of getting up around 7AM everyday, getting ready then going for breakfast. Today we ate at the hotel. Not surprisingly they had a very nice spread of food for breakfast with all of the usual dishes. We were going to continue our tour of villages in the morning exploring the villages and churches of the Rychlinski's from my mom's maternal father's side of the family (my maternal grandmother's father).

I guess I should give a brief background here which also serves as a lesson. I basically knew nothing about my grandmother's side of the family except that they came from the area around Warsaw. There were your usual family stories (more to come on one of these stories later) and tidbits of information I gleaned from trying to locate immigration records and vital stats. There was no information on my grandmother's birth certificate or any on her older brother's birth certificate. I gave up hope that anyone else's contained more detail. A few glimmers of hope came from a letter from a local church here in Cleveland with some information on my great grandmother's second marriage that lent support to the fact that she was from around Warsaw. However, there wasn't enough detail to pinpoint the exact town. I struggled with this for nearly 10 years. Then my grandmother died. At the funeral, I was talking with some cousins of my Mom. Everyone knew I was the family historian and I would always pick people's brains for information and stories at family functions. In the course of conversation with the cousins, I mentioned that I was never able to find the villages from which Frank Rychlinski and Stanislaw Justat came. As if I had been living under a rock, the cousin said "Really? They are on my Dad's birth certificate." An already emotional day became even more so. How could that be? I obviously asked for a copy of the birth certificate from them and when it came in the mail, sure enough, there was the information I had spent a decade looking for: Konradowo and Swierkowo. Lesson learned: don't give up on basic research no matter how frustrated you are or how boring it is. You never know what you will find.

From that research, I was able to find the ancestral parishes for both the Rychlinski's and Justat's. The original plan for today was to spend the first part of the day at the archives in Mlawa doing research on the Rychlinski's

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Welcome — New Member — Witamy

Thomas and Patricia Adamski 9625 Melody Lane Brooklyn, Ohio 44144	two477@wowway.com	NA
Ron and Debra Bartek 6684 Benedict Drive Middleburg Hts., Ohio 44130	rbartek@sbcglobal.com	Geual, Kross, Rutkowski, Trepanoski, Kosko, Brejnak, Nowacki,
Valeria Bobry 38570 Beulah Reed Road Nehalem, Oregon 97131	vjbobry@charter.net	Nowak
Kathy Krieger Caja	NA	Jankowski Czajkowski, Krajewski, Krygier, Szymanowicz, Derbin
Robert Castele 12900 Lake Ave. Apt. #720 Lakewood, Ohio 44107	robertcastele@gmail.com	Bargel
Thad and Helen Cooke 7426 Winding Way Brecksville, Ohio 44141	NA	Kucharski
Felicia and Chet Federowicz 446 Mather Hill Dr. Wooster, Ohio 44691	felfed446@hotmail.com	Rzeczyski, Zawadzki, Stawski, Kupinski, Rulka
Al and Mary Louise Figler 5728 Mill Road Brecksville, Ohio 44141	figler@sbcglobal.com	Skrzypczylski, Majoros, Verbus
Donna Bry and Mark Gawell 5108 Longrifle Rd. Westerville, Ohio 43081	dgawell@wideopenwest.com	Szarlej, Nowakowski, Cudecki, Raypold
Louise Kilgore 40 Prospect Street Berea, Ohio 44017	kilgore1262@gmail.com	Staniszewski
Maria and Dennis Kuminski 10214 Deer Run Brecksville, Ohio 44141	mkunminski@yahoo.com	Kwiecien, Piascki, Borczuch
Paul and Ann-Marie Potemski 2305 Fawn Haven Dr. Medina, Ohio 44256	paulpotemski@msn.com	NA
Clem and Maryanne Ras 3421 Torrington Parma, Ohio 44134	sarmell@gmail.com	Cielec, Kmiecicki, Wodzinski, Wolowiec, Sliwa, Wojnardski, Gasior
Aggie Smith 1345 Shenandoah Oval Parma, Ohio 44134	agathalsmith@yahoo.com	Hodar, Hamer, Wasek
Dan and MaryLu Sokolowski 3673 Regency Woods Trail Richfield, Ohio 44286	daniildo@roadrunner.com	Sokolowski, O'Donnell, Stadler, Kaiser, Shovlin, Phelan
Mary Rita Zajac 3810 Germaine Ave. Cleveland, Ohio 44109	NA	NA



PGSGC Family Tree

By John F. Szuch

Our meeting "Hostess" Anthonette Baciak reports that her granddaughter, Katelyn Peterson, recently graduated with her Masters in Applied Physiology and Kinesiology with a concentration in Athletic Training from the University of Florida. Now, it's job hunting time. The graduation ceremony was held in Gainesville, Florida. Anthonette was able to watch the live feed from the stadium (the Swamp), and saw her granddaughter receive her diploma from the comfort of her home! To quote Anthonette: "This technology isn't so bad John."



Father Jason with Marlene Hardman

Also in the news is our "in house" Chaplain, Fr Jason Soltysiak, pastor of St. Mary's PNCC. Fr. Jason was recently in Temperance, Michigan for the celebration of the 10th anniversary at Resurrection PNCC there. Marlene Hardman (nee Piotrowski) emailed me that Father Jason had visited the Parish there. She mentioned to him that she was the librarian for the Toledo Polish Genealogical Society and they talked about the PGSGC. It is a small world!



Katelyn Peterson, granddaughter of Anthonette Baciak

Here's what going on at the Galauner house this summer. Trina and Mark's son, Erik (the hockey player) was recognized in the Broadview Journal's June edition. Erik was one of 68 hockey players in the USA Hockey Mid-Am District (Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Western PA) selected to attend the USA Hockey Mid-Am Select 14 Camp in Sylvania, Ohio in June. About 160 players born in 2002 were nominated by their coaches and trainers to attend the tryout. Erik was one of only 36 forwards chosen. Trina and Mark's daughter, Brigitte, prepares to study abroad in Freiburg, Germany this coming Fall through the College of Wooster's Study Abroad program. As always, the Galauner household is busy!

Don't forget to send me your summer news for the next issue.

John

Schedule of Speakers for Upcoming Meetings

Sep: TBD

Oct: PGSGC Anniversary Party



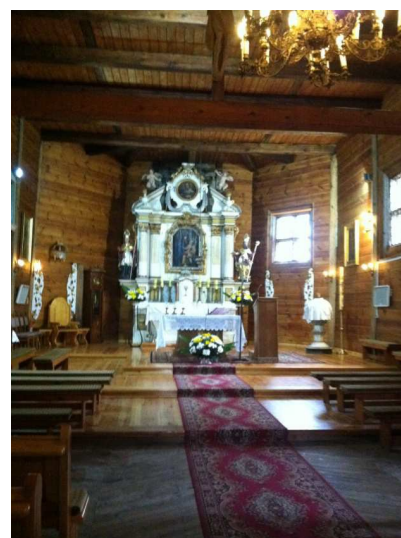
Poland 2014—A Journey continued from page 7

because very little information is available for the parish records of Maluzyn outside of the archives. When I first started planning this trip, I mentioned that I was going to visit the archives in Mlawa and one of the Geniuses (Jan Ciesarczyk) told me that all of the records had been digitized and were available online. So earlier this year, in preparation for this trip, I started digging through those records and found a treasure trove. As a result, the itinerary changed and allowed us to spend more time bumming around the area of my Mom's side of the family and perhaps finally finding some living relatives.



The first order of the day was to head back to the closed church we visited the day before. On our way, we would visit some other churches and villages tied to the Rychlinski family. But first, we needed to visit the church in the heart of Plonsk. This was the Justat family parish for over 100 years. When you visit churches like this, it is so hard to believe that multiple generations of your family came to this place weekly and that you are standing on ground they walked on. I could tell from my parents that they were having that experience throughout the trip since this was their first time seeing all of this. One note, the Family History Center actually microfilmed the records from the church in Plonsk which gave me a lot of material on the Justat's right after my epiphany moment at my grandmother's funeral. The Rychlinski's still remained somewhat of an enigma at that point.

From the church in Plonsk, it was back into the countryside. The first stop was at the church in Sarbiewo. On our way to Sarbiewo, we literally stumbled across the village of Wierzbowiec. This was the village my great grandmother listed as her place of residence in Poland when she married for the second time in Cleveland. This is also the village of residence where my great grandparents were living when they had their first daughter in Poland. After this serendipitous find (I couldn't locate the village on a map or with GPS), we continued on to the church in Sarbiewo. Not surprisingly, this is the church in which my great grandparents got married in 1911. It is a beautiful old wooden church built in the early 1400's. My parents were having a hard time wrapping their heads around the fact that a church from the 1400's could still be in existence. As my Dad kept saying, this building was here before anyone even knew America existed. Many of the churches have a history of the parish posted in the vestibule. Reading through some of these gives a lot of insight into how deeply the church is engrained in Polish history and culture. For example, the history of the church in Plonsk references the fact that there was a church in that location since 1065. Yes, you read that right and yes, I typed it right. Fortunately, we were able to get into the church in Sarbiewo because the interior is completely made of wood with old polychrome paintings. This is one of my favorite churches in Poland for many reasons. Early on in our church tours, my parents began to notice the mass schedules posted in the churches. There would be 8 mass times listed for Sunday and 3 or more daily. They couldn't believe that was possible. The other thing they noticed was that outside of many of the small, old churches were rows of benches. They wondered what those were for until they saw on a Sunday that churches were overflowing with people attending mass.



After Sarbiewo, we hit the church in Dziektarzewo. This is actually the parish of my great great grandparents, Jozef Rychlinski. It was an old, brick church and it was locked. We literally watched the priest drive away as we got out of our car. So we had to satisfy ourselves with a short walk around the church and some pictures. Back on the road we visited the parish cemetery to scan for surnames on graves and ended up talking to a couple who



told us of some Rychlinski's who lived in Glinojock as well as some who lived nearby. After that, we stopped in Ogonowo for more evidence pictures. This is where Jozef Rychlinski was born and raised. Now it was time to go back to Maluzyn where my great grandfather, Franciszek Rychlinski, was born and hope the church was open. We got there and it was still locked up. I went to the priest's home and hoped someone was there. Often in the countryside, the parish priest (proboszcz) lives in a house in the immediate area of the church. Sometimes it is very obvious and other times you need to ask. After ringing the doorbell, a priest came to the door. Of course, I forgot my manners didn't greet him with *Szczesc Boze* or *Niech bedzie pochwalony Jezus Chrystus* but I made up for that later. It's always good to greet a priest, even in passing, with one of these phrases. However, I recently learned that *Szczesc Boze* is very informal and not as appropriate as the other greeting. When the priest came to the door, I asked if he could open the church and he just stared at me. When I explained why I wanted to see the church, he immediately warmed up and ran off to get the keys. Little did I realize that we were in store for an hour and a half tour of the church which included private rooms, a description of the crypt, a chance to see one of the original iron doors from the 1400's, descriptions of all of the statuary including an original of Mary and another of the crucifixion from the 1400's as well as numerous other interesting facts about the parish. At the end of the extended tour we offered a donation to the church and received numerous gifts as remembrances of our visit to the parish. From dejection one day at not being able to just see the inside of the church to a nooks and crannies tour the next day. In the course of conversation with the priest, he mentioned that the village of Konradowo only has 5 families living in it now but that there are Rychlinski's living in Mlock and still attending the parish. It is now on my radar to track these people down. Maybe I'll finally have a chance to make a connection with living relatives on my Mom's side. I would have liked to visit the cemetery but after such a lengthy tour, we needed to move on. One final note, this parish has the oldest wooden bell tower in all of the Mazowian wojwodstwo.

The next stop was Torun on our way to our first family visit in Znin. It was a good point to take a break from driving and gave us an opportunity to see a town I had always wanted to visit. After fighting traffic and trying to figure out where we were in the city, we found a parking place just outside of the old town. This was the first parking meter I've ever had to deal with in Poland and it wasn't as simple as throwing in a few zloty and walking away. You basically feed the machine with coins for the duration you want to park then you get a ticket that you put on your dashboard that shows that you paid and until what time. But the process of getting the ticket involved a series of questions including entering your registration number so it was very confusing. Fortunately, someone took the time to help me out. All paid up we walked into the old town really just to have a wander and get a feel of the city. The first thing you notice is that the main square is dominated by a massive town hall. You almost feel claustrophobic in what normally is a large open space in most Polish cities. We found ourselves down by the river and walked through the city gates to see the Wisla and what the city looked like from outside the walls. We then worked our way to the Copernicus museum and visited that. For anyone's future reference, a picture of the outside of the building is enough. It isn't worth paying to go inside. I wouldn't recommend it. After the museum we worked our way back to the car stopping in a towering and imposing church with an interior to match. It was time to continue on and our parking was going to expire soon.



To be continued in the next issue

The Polish Genealogical
Society of Greater Cleveland
c/o St. Mary's PNC Church
1901 Wexford Ave.
Parma, Ohio 44134



**Polish Genealogical Society of
Greater Cleveland**

PGSGC
c/o St. Mary's PNC Church
1901 Wexford Ave.
Parma, Ohio 44134

President: John F. Szuch
E-mail: pulaskipro@aol.com

Newsletter Editor: Trina Galauner
E-mail: galauner@yahoo.com



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c/o the return address above**

About Us

Meetings are held the first Tuesday of the month (March, April, May, June, September, October, November and December) at St. Mary's PNC Church parish hall, 5375 Broadview Rd., Parma, Ohio. We have Winter break in January and February and Summer break in July and August. St. Mary's is located on the corner of Broadview Rd. and Wexford Ave. in Parma, Ohio. Meetings begin at 7:30 PM and are usually over before 10:00 PM. There is ample parking in the parish parking lot. The entrance is on Marietta Ave. Membership dues are \$24.00 per calendar year.

At many of our meetings, we have guest speakers who address the group on subjects in which we have an interest. The subjects may include genealogical matters, Polish history, heritage and traditions. When we do not have a guest speaker, we have "**Show and Tell**" nights when fellow members discuss their genealogical problems, ask for advice from anyone with a similar problem, tell us of their discoveries, or let us know what they've learned about their ancestors.

Our group maintains a library which is a popular resource our members enjoy. It contains various books, maps, pamphlets and newsletters from other genealogical groups. Materials can be borrowed from the library for a period of one month. We employ the honor system with regard to borrowing of books and other related materials.

We also keep a surname research list. This list includes the surnames of our ancestors which our active members are researching. In the past, members have discovered that they were investigating names that other members were also researching.

We publish a quarterly twelve page newsletter entitled, *Our Polish Ancestors*. Articles for the newsletter are selected that are of interest to our membership. Many are based on materials gathered from the many fine research facilities in and around the Greater Cleveland area, such as: The Cleveland Public Library, The Western Reserve Historical Society, The Cuyahoga County Archives, The Family History Centers and the many Polish-American churches in this part of northern Ohio. Articles written by our membership are always welcome.