



Our Polish ANCESTORS



THE QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF THE POLISH GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREATER CLEVELAND

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A Polish School in Goosetown

By Trina Goss Galauner

When the school doors were opened on the corner of Krakow and Marcelline in the spring of 1890, one hundred and fifty children filed into four rooms on the lower floor of the newly established Sacred Heart of Jesus Church. All of these children would be educated by two Felician Sisters and one lay teacher, J. Nadolny, who also served as the church organist.



Sacred Heart of Jesus wood frame church and school
From Book of Memoirs, Golden Jubilee, SHJ Parish 1941

Sacred Heart of Jesus Church was formed when the residents of the Newburgh area, known then as "Krakowa" or "Goosetown", petitioned for their own parish. Traveling to school at St. Stanislaus was too far for the children living in Goosetown and St. Stanislaus parish was getting overcrowded anyway.

Construction of the combined church and school was undertaken by contractor August Dyczkowski, hired laborers and parishioners. The wooden building stood at two stories and was surrounded by an orchard of fruit trees. While the upper floor was the church, the lower floor served as the school.

Large construction costs, poor planning and economic hardship would keep the parish in debt and pastors under stress for many years. By 1900, the parish area extended to Independence, Garfield Heights and the Corlett neighborhood. Children from these areas had to travel as much as 7 miles to attend school. The enlarging parish led to a desire for a new and larger church.

In the spring of 1908, the orchard was cut down and digging for the new church began. But there were disagreements among the congregation as some felt the need for a new school as well. Work on the new church was halted leaving a 14 foot high building covered with a flat roof as the church until construction could resume.

It was eventually agreed that a new school was needed and plans for a new building were drawn up by the firm of Mr. Kujawski. Construction on the new school began in May 1916 by the contractor, Mr. Wasilewski, with no formal contract or budget in place. What was expected to save money ends up costing the parish more money

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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

Amazingly, our summer break has all but slipped by us! As in olden days when we were kids in grade school, we couldn't wait until summer vacation started! For us boys on E. 116th and Avon Ave, Jerry, Bobby, Tony, Dick, and me, it meant three months of summer fun. We spent those months being active either playing baseball, football, or swimming at Woodland Hills Park or Garfield Hts. Park. We did, however, do much of our playing on the street in front of our houses. When the weather was bad, we retreated to our front porch to play games such as Monopoly or Easy Money.

Sadly, today's kids don't have the luxury of a safe street to play on, for one reason or another. Even though the Avalon, Corlett, Union & Union Square, Milo, and Mt. Pleasant movie theaters were nearby, within 15-25 minutes walking distance from my house, you wouldn't dream of walking to them now if they were still open!

Bicycle & scooter riding, twirling a Duncan Yo-Yo and shooting marbles are also some other things that have pretty much gone by the wayside. The first two take too much energy and the latter two don't require batteries and can't be played on your Smart Phone.

Aside from all the neighborhood changes, the biggest change is the fact that ALL the adult relatives I grew up with on Avon during the 1940's and 50's are now gone, some not too far away, just south on E. 116th St. right at Calvary Cemetery. A trip into the old neighborhood always requires a visit to my grandparents and others at Calvary.

In a way, doing my family genealogy work always brings me back to memories from my youth! Thanks to all my relatives who made my growing up in Cleveland a wonderful time.

Don't forget that our annual PGSGC party will be coming up on October 4th. We'll be taking reservations for the party and passing around a signup sheet where you can indicate what you'll be bringing to the party, **DO PLAN ON JOINING US!**

Hope to see you soon.

John F. Szuch, President

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Remember When: Being A Paper Boy

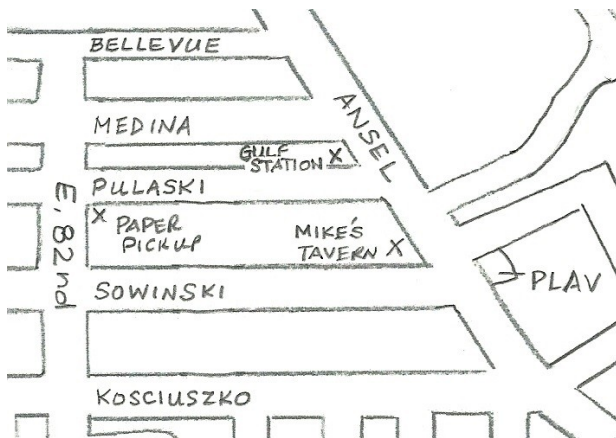
by John A. Prokop

It was a major responsibility, but it was also an opportunity. It was an admirable thing to be a paper boy. I remembered when ours would come to our house to collect. They were always clean, and neatly dressed and groomed. They were also polite, patient and good at math (add, subtract and divide). I was surprised how they always knew when to come to collect their money. We had both The Cleveland Press and The Plain Dealer delivered to our home. That meant we had two different paper boys and they were both standouts.



Once I realized it was a way to make money, I decided this was something I wanted to do. My first route was Pulaski Avenue and Ansel Road working for The Cleveland Press. I started from 82nd Street and went down to Ansel Road. I picked up my papers every day (except Sunday) promptly at 4:30pm. There were three of us at that corner. Our pick up designation was on the corner of 82nd Street and Pulaski, right by the convent. The navy blue Cleveland Press truck would pull up and my District Manager would greet us and have our papers precisely counted out. They would be dropped off if we were late and that meant you had to double up your delivery time to catch up.

My canvas bag held about 20-25 daily evening papers. Once I learned the secret of folding the newspaper, I could get them to fit snugly in my bag and this would not only save space, but also expedite delivery time since I could now throw a folded paper accurately from a good distance. My aim and precision were infamous. In the summer, I could pitch them on the front porches and if the house was a duplex, I could pitch it right to the door on the upstairs front porch. Rain always made the job more difficult and it took longer to finish your route. Winter was most difficult and certainly more challenging. When it was cold, I had to bundle up, go inside hallways, alleys and inside stairwells. I had to protect myself and keep the papers dry and make sure not to track mud or debris into people's homes.



I had primarily residences on Pulaski, but when I got to Ansel Road I had a few businesses like the PLAV, Mikes Bar, the delicatessen and the Gulf Gas Station. Businesses meant good weekly tips and great Christmas bonuses. Sometimes on Fridays I would get a free Walleye or Perch Fish Fry from Mike's Bar. Nothing beat those Friday fish fries from those neighborhood bars.

Most important about having a paper route made me learn responsibility, customer service skills, money management, organizational skills and it prepared me for learning how to solve some of life's problems. These include people who wouldn't pay their bills on time or never answer their doors when you

came to collect. If you needed to you could get your District Manager to help and he would have the main office send delinquent notices.

I also learned that good service meant good tips and compliments. Nothing hurt worse than a customer calling the paper and complaining about my service or me. The next day, my District Manager would hand me an envelope with a pink slip describing the complaint and what action needed to be taken. Quickly, I learned there were consequences for poor performance or mistakes.



What did I like and enjoy best about being a paper boy? Well, I got to know a lot about my customers. I knew every family member, their pets, became familiar with the individual smells and characteristics of their homes, and learned about where they worked and what they did. I was like an extended family member who delivered a service, door to door. I was just like their insurance man, milkman, dry cleaner, grocer and every other individual who delivered goods or services. It also gave me an opportunity to establish a good reputation as a businessperson and individual. Thanks to The Cleveland Press for this valuable learning experience.

From the St. Casimir Alumni Newsletter of E. 82nd and Sowinski Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. Reprinted with permission.



John A. Prokop is a freelance writer and has published articles about growing up on Cleveland's East Side Polish neighborhood (Poznan,) in the 1950s and 1960s. He attended St. Casimir Grade School (Class of 1962) and then Cathedral Latin High School (Class of 1966). He is also the Prokop Family Historian and Genealogist and has studied Genealogy for about 5 years. John tries to capture and record his feelings of the times, culture, food, religion, people and relationships, as he perceived and lived them. He also chronicles personal information about his family genealogy, which is often rarely recorded or documented. John currently is retired and lives in St. Petersburg, Florida with his wife, Laura, and their two married daughters, Holly and Jennifer.

A Polish School in Goosetown continued from page 1

and standard materials used would necessitate repairs within 10 years.

The new school opened in 1917 with 700 students being taught by 16 Felician Sisters. The building had a rich red brick exterior and was shaped like a large letter "T". Facing Marceline (E. 71st Street), the structure had 2 stories and a basement with 6 classrooms on each of the 1st and 2nd floors and a recreation area and meeting rooms in the basement.

By 1919, enrollment had reached 850. At that time, the Franciscan Sisters of Cunegunda from Chicago took over the education of the students. It is not fully understood why the Felician Sisters were replaced.



Sacred Heart of Jesus, the new school
From Book of Memoirs, Golden Jubilee, SHJ Parish 1941



2nd Grade class, 1928
From the collection of Trina Goss Galauner

Throughout the 1920s, enrollment increased but family offerings did not rise accordingly. Parish debt was mounting due to the cost of running the school and loans taken for its construction. Premature repairs were needed at the school due to its poor construction.

Pastor at the time, Fr. Mlotkowski, was able to reduce debt by establishing parish dues and fundraising bazaars. With this money, the outside walls of the school were reinforced and replaced as needed.



Franciscan Sisters
From Book of Memoirs, Golden Jubilee, SHJ Parish 1941

By 1925, school enrollment was at its highest at 1,013 students. With the advent of the Great Depression, enrollment dropped drastically. Fr. Mlotkowski was reassigned to Immaculate Heart of Mary Parish and from

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Poland 2014: A Journey.....Part 3

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 Tuesday September 9 continued...

The GPS managed to get us on our way and across the river heading south to Znin through Bydgoszcz. I smiled to myself as we drove past Solec Kujawski. I had visited the Urbanowski's in Znin multiple times and they are great hosts. I've arrived by train, bus and car. Once early on, I took a cab from the train station not knowing how close I was to the relatives' house. So by this time I was very familiar with the town.

As we entered the city limits, things started looking familiar and then I saw the road I remembered and turned right. This dead ended into my relatives' street and at that point I could have gotten to their house blindfolded. But I was glad that I could see. The road which had always been dirt and full of potholes was now paved with new sidewalks. Pedestrian guard rails at crosswalks all had a fresh coat of yellow paint. There were new houses being built. I was stunned. This sleepy little town was undergoing a transformation.

As we arrived at their house I pulled up onto the sidewalk at a diagonal to park "European style" which confused my parents who thought I was doing something illegal. As we got out of the car, Edward and Anna came out to greet us with their oldest daughter, Danka. There was a round of hugs and "three cheek" European kisses between both the women and the men. It isn't unusual for close men to kiss each other in Poland. That caught me really off guard the first time it happened during one of my early trips. Now I accept it as a sign of a close friendship/relationship. Edward kissed my Mom's hand and my mother didn't know what to make of it but was flattered. Their oldest son, Wojtek, and I have been corresponding for over 20 years. They were some of the first relatives I made contact with when I started my family research and we have a close and special bond. They are also very special people and I enjoy visiting them very much.

They opened the gate to their driveway and told me to park the car inside the gate. After moving the car, we were ushered inside. Cakes, tea and coffee were served. Dinner would come later. What could be better than dessert before dinner?



We spent the evening in conversation, making introductions with my parents and generally getting caught up. After dinner the "pol litra" (half liter) came out as well as an array of homemade cordials. "Half liter" or "pol litra" is kind of slang for vodka since the most popular size bottle of vodka is a half liter. So if you ever pick up on the phrase "pol litra" when visiting relatives, you know what is coming. Since our family makes fruit cordials as well, this led to a whole conversation comparing the processes each family used and what kinds they make. Interestingly, they had a berry called "aronia" growing in their garden that made a wonderful and unique cordial. So the three men drank vodka and the ladies sipped cordials as we whiled away the evening in good company. For the uninitiated, if a bottle of vodka is brought out, the expectation is that once it is opened it will be finished. Also, there is no sipping vodka. It goes down the hatch in one gulp. Typically more than one bottle is consumed



when people sit down to drink and you need to have a life threatening illness to get out of drinking and sometimes that doesn't even work. On a good note, there is usually plenty of food available which helps to absorb the alcohol and allows you to drink more. This in no way ensures you can keep up with a Pole when it comes to drinking vodka though. We all turned in for the evening after a long day of touring and visiting.

Day 6 Wednesday September 10

Today is dedicated to visiting with the relatives. I gave my parents the dos and don'ts of visiting family in Poland before we left. First, understand that living standards are different. Houses may not be as clean or as modern as you are accustomed to but our hosts will spend their last dollar and borrow to make sure we are cared for so be respectful of that. Second, you will be given food you may or may not like but take some of everything if you can't avoid it. It is disrespectful to decline food that has been prepared for you. They put a lot of time into preparing a spread of food (and you will love 99% of everything). Third, "Gosc w dom Bog w dom" means "a guest in the house is God in the house". You can't understand this until you experience the hospitality of people in Poland when you visit their homes. Lastly, be complementary of people's homes and things but do not single anything out or give profuse praise of a particular thing. You will be going home with it if you do regardless of how much it costs. Corollary 1, you will receive gifts from the family. Some you will like and some you will accept graciously. Corollary 2, many conversations are slanted to figuring out your likes and dislikes so appropriate gifts are purchased and favorite foods are prepared.

The day starts with breakfast, of course, which is the usual, bread, cheese, wedliny (lunch meat), jam, etc. Often, leftovers from dinner the night before reappear on the table. There is also the choice of coffee or tea. The coffee choice gets a little complicated since there are options. Typically, there is instant (rozpuszczalna) and what I call "po turecku" a spoonful or two of finely ground coffee placed in a glass then hot water is poured in. This is my favorite and I paid attention on this last trip regarding the grind of the coffee, amount, etc. so that I could make it when I came home. You need a knife and fork to drink it and I love it. Now, my Mom gets headaches from instant coffee here in the U.S. but she really liked the instant in Poland. I'm not sure what is different about it but it really is pretty good.

Edward built the house in which they live. Before that, they lived in a block nearby. After work every day, he would work on the house as long as he had building materials available. This was during communist times and he had to beg, borrow and steal to get the supplies he needed to continue building. It took several years but they had their own home, owed nothing for it and lived a comfortable life with their family. The house is a good example of the home styling during that era.

Just to set the tone, this was the coldest, most overcast and rainiest day of the entire trip. Actually, the ONLY cold, overcast and rainy day. I did forget to mention that on the previous day when we arrived we immediately took a quick tour of the garden and orchard which encompasses their entire yard. We sampled berries, peaches, grapes, walnuts, and anything that was available and ripe. This set the tone for other discussions during the course of our visit. Back to the present, over breakfast we talked about our plans for the day.

After we finished eating, we took a walk around Znin so Mom and Dad could see the city and I could see how much it has changed. On the way to the center, we stopped at the Biedronka (ladybug), which is a grocery store chain, to pick up a few things. Did I mention that the bread in Poland is to die for? (This is always worth reiterating). If you didn't know that biedronka meant ladybug after 2 days in Poland you wouldn't be able to forget it after seeing all of the Biedronka grocery store signs with a picture of a ladybug on it.

There was a hardware store next door that we took a walk through as well. In my opinion, it is just as important to see places like these as it is the historic and tourist sites. You get a feel of what daily life is like in a

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A Polish American Gem in Hockey Town

by Trina Goss Galauner

As you probably now know, I spend a lot of time driving my youngest son to hockey tournaments. I've lost track of how many times I've driven to Detroit, Michigan. A couple years ago I discovered there was a small Polish section in the suburb of Troy at East Maple and Dequindre Roads just around the corner from the ice rink. On the corner stands a long stone wall with a grand sign that



reads American Polish Cultural Center. Across the street there's a Polish Market and further down the Polish American Federal Credit Union. The cultural center has an eatery inside called Wawel Polish Restaurant.



Every trip to Troy I vowed that I would find some time to at least order some carry out food from Wawel Restaurant. I even tried to plan a hockey team dinner but the timing just never worked out. Finally, this summer, we happened to be in Troy for an off season hockey tournament and our Friday evening was free for dinner. We called ahead just in case they were closed. Wawel Restaurant is also a banquet hall and sometimes they may close the restaurant for a special occasion. Lucky for us, they would be open!

We arrived Friday evening and unfortunately we could not dine in the restaurant portion of the building due to the fact they had hundreds of people dining with them the night before for the Polish American Sports Hall of Fame Induction Banquet. They hadn't the time to properly clean and set up for Friday dinner. Nevertheless, we were excited to taste the Polish cuisine. I started with the



Dill Pickle soup which was delightful. My husband, Mark, of course had to have a Polish beer, Żywiec. I ordered the Hungarian Pancake with goulash and vegetables, a gołąbki (stuffed cabbage) and a side of pierogi. Mark ordered the Pyzy (2 large Polish dumplings filled with meat) smothered with bacon and onion with a side of sauerkraut. Obviously, we shared!

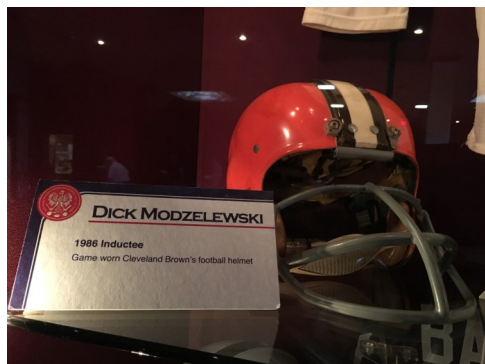


When we were stuffed, we wanted to take a peek into the restaurant. I had seen photos online but I wanted to see it in person. We slowly wandered into the other room so no one would notice. To our amazement, not only was there a beautiful wood carved bar and Polish decorations, but the restaurant was actually adorned with Polish American Sports Hall of Fame memorabilia! Behind about 20 glass showcases were Polish American sports



artifacts of all kinds. There was Mike Gminski's basketball shoes, worn when he scored his 10,000th NBA point, Stella Walsh's track shoes, Janet Lynn's skating costume, Dick Modzelewski's Cleveland Browns football helmet and Len Ceglarski's ice hockey skates. There were other items as well of other inductees such as Mike Ditka, Carl Yastrzemski, and

Stan Musial. There was even Johnny Crimmins' two hole bowling ball and Wladek "Killer" Kowalski's WWE championship belt. But I won't spoil it for you anymore. You'll have to go take a look yourself.



We obviously were making too big a fuss (taking multiple photos) and the Restaurant Supervisor, Don Armstrong, came over to us to see if he could help us with anything. When I explained why we were so interested he was immediately welcoming. On the opposite side of the large room were more showcases with authentic Polish artifacts including handmade clothing, dolls, crystal and handpainted pottery. I asked if there was a leftover program booklet from the Hall of



Fame induction banquet that I could have but Mr. Armstrong said there were none available. Had we more time, I would have asked many more questions but the restaurant was closing for the evening.



In all my excitement, I had set down our leftovers on a table in the Hall of Fame room and forgot to take them home. Oh, well, I guess I'll have to go back again sometime.

The National Polish American Sports Hall of Fame and Museum was established in 1973 to honor and recognize both amateur and professional Polish American athletes. You can visit their website at www.polishsportshof.com. The American Polish Cultural Center, which houses historic sports artifacts of its more than 125 inductees, is located at 2975 E. Maple Road in Troy, Michigan. You can visit their website at www.americanpolishcenter.com.



PGSGC Family Tree

By John F. Szuch

I'm sorry, but happy to say that I do not have any news to report for this issue! Either everybody was too hot or too wet to report anything. We, here in the Greater Cleveland area, have had our weather extremes, but not near as bad as some other parts of the country with heat, fires, and flooding! I hope you all survived this past summer.

Get me some GOOD news for the next issue. Wishing you all good health and GOD Bless You! Thanks,

John

Schedule of Presentations for Upcoming Meetings

Sep: *Research in Poland* webinar by Sonja Nishimoto from FamilySearch.org

Oct: PGSGC Anniversary Party

Nov: *300 Years of Records* webinar by Ceil Jensen

Dec: Szukajwarchiwach.pl demonstration by Ben Kman

Catholic Cemeteries Database Online

The Diocese of Cleveland has uploaded online databases of burials for many of the Catholic cemeteries in Cleveland, including the massive Calvary Cemetery. To access this valuable genealogical tool go to www.clecem.org. From there, click on "burial search" and set up an account (email and a password are required to login). Then you can use the drop down menu to choose a cemetery and search for deceased individuals by name. The following Catholic cemeteries are searchable....

- All Saints, Northfield
- All Souls, Chardon
- Assumption of Mary, Brook Park
- Calvary, Cleveland
- Holy Cross, Akron
- Holy Cross, Brook Park
- Resurrection, Valley City
- St. Joseph, Avon
- Calvary, Lorain
- St. Mary, Cuyahoga Heights
- St. Mary, Elyria
- St. Mary of the Falls, Berea
- Elmhurst Park, Avon
- Holy Trinity, Avon

Work is currently ongoing on the following cemeteries: St. John, Cleveland; St. Joseph, Cleveland; St. Mary, Cleveland; and St. Paul, Euclid.

Remember, you can also access over 1,500 burials at St. Mary's Cemetery (E. 71st) at our PGSGC website at <http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~ohpgsgc/St.%20Mary's%20Cemetery.pdf> with more than just burial information. Entries may also include name of spouse, maiden name, home address, and other notes related to the deceased.

Also, there is a searchable database of burial information for St. Adalbert's Cemetery (Berea/Middleburg Hts.) at http://mattsonworks.net/index.html?row1col2=St_Adelbert.html.



Poland 2014—A Journey continued from page 6

foreign country and see new things that give you ideas for when you go home. We worked our way to the center visiting the churches, seeing the local library, and passing the school where Anna and Edward's kids attend. Continuing down a wide pedestrian friendly street we came to the rynek with its signature ratusz (town hall tower). In many of the old, medieval cities in Poland, there is a large main square called the "rynek". The town hall used to be situated in the rynek and took up a commanding portion of it. The town hall usually had a tower (ratusz) often with a clock. Over the years, many of these town halls were destroyed and all that remains is the ratusz. Such is the case in Znin, Tarnow and Krakow for example. Torun, on the other hand, still has its town hall building.

It was obvious that a lot of restoration work had gone on in Znin. Many buildings are freshly painted and sidewalks and the rynek have new cobblestones (actually small pieces of brick laid in arch patterns to create a fish scale effect). It's no longer the rough and tumble little town I remembered. As we started to walk back to the house, we took a short cut through the park that follows the shoreline of the Male Jezioro. Znin is situated between two lakes, Male Jezioro (small lake) and Duze Jezioro (big lake). We passed by the school where my cousin, Wojtek, teaches and he happened to be outside with one of his physical education classes. We quickly said "hello" but didn't want to disturb him too much since he was working. It was a short walk back to the house where we relaxed for a while then went for a visit to Anna's brother, Jan, in Izdebno.

A trip to Znin wouldn't be complete without a visit to Jan's. He has since retired as a farmer and sold his land to his family who continue to farm it. His son and daughter-in-law live in the house built right next to his so they are close to help him with day to day chores. He is strong as an ox and loves to joke around. A trip to his house is always enjoyable.

The old family photos come out and stories started. After coffee and cakes, we took a walk around the old farm and the remnants of his garden. Anna wanted to take us on a short walk around Izdebno to show us the village in which she grew up. She pointed out all of the abandoned homes, the former farm fields now overgrown, the new houses being built with money from overseas and a huge mansion with its own helipad. Anna moved to Izdebno with her father and her brother and sister from the village of Roznowice where she was born. The neighboring village of Olszyny is where her father and my great grandmother were born. They were siblings. We went back to Jan's house after a short walk and said our goodbyes. That's always an emotional time. On our way back to Anna's house, we stopped at the cemetery to visit the grave of her parents and Jan's wife. In 1994, when I visited with them for the first time, Anna's father Ksawer was still living. He was 92 years old and living with Anna's sister in Znin. I had the opportunity to meet him on that trip and talk to him. It was an unforgettable experience talking with a brother of your great grandmother. That trip was in late September and I found out 4 days after I flew home that Ksawer had died. It was as if he was waiting to meet me. Because of that, a trip to the cemetery to visit his grave was so significant.

It was now time for lunch and the spread of food was amazing, two kinds of roulades and a type of fried cutlet along with soup and potatoes. As usual, we were stuffed. We were given our gifts before we started eating. Dad and I each got a "bottle", a bar of soap (we showered regularly so it wasn't a hint!) and a beeswax candle. The vodka was a no brainer. Anna remembered that I like a bath soap called "Fa" in Europe that is hard to find in the U.S. and she knew I was a beekeeper so the beeswax candle. Mom got two hand embroidered tablecloths.

We decided to walk off our meal but it had started to rain. We grabbed some umbrellas and went out anyhow. It rained harder and harder as we continued up the hill. We wanted to get a view over Znin and the two lakes. Eventually we turned around to get a cursory view of the panorama through the rain and headed home without reaching the lookout point Anna wanted to show us.

After a soggy return, we sat and visited and had something warm to drink. My cousin, Wojtek's wife, and their



two boys stopped over for a visit. We continued talking and Wojtek eventually came over after his classes finished. He had to leave again to open a training facility for some students. After visiting a while more, Wojtek's wife and boys went home.

A short while later, we went over to their house. I wanted my parents to see the style difference between a house built during communist times versus one built several years ago. We arrived at the same time Wojtek did and took a quick tour of the house. Unfortunately, we couldn't spend time because we were going to take a night walk through Znin to see it lit up. When we tried to leave, the boys didn't want us to go so it was a struggle getting out the door. I also felt guilty for leaving so soon. We drove from Wojtek's house into town and parked the car. We took a similar walk through Znin as we did in the morning but now everything was lit up with street lights and building illumination. There is even a lighted fountain for kids to play in on the main square. Everyone was tired now and we made our way home. This was our last evening in Znin. During the time we were there, we had plenty of tomatoes to eat, all of which came from their garden and each was an heirloom from which Edward saved seeds in order to grow the following year. He gifted me with seeds from each of the 6 different varieties he grows. Even though I don't like tomatoes that much, I am looking forward to trying these next year.



We sat down to dinner and some cordial while we continued conversations and stories. It was our turn to reciprocate with gifts. I normally try to find Cleveland and Ohio themed gifts; foods, candies, shot glasses, coffee mugs, sports team attire, etc. My Mom hand made potholders and my Dad brought Ohio maple syrup from Amish country. As usual, everyone was grateful for their gifts. We still needed to pack and get ready for our departure the next day so after helping clean up, we retired to our rooms for the night.

To be continued in the next issue

A Polish School in Goosetown continued from page 4

1932-1936 about 300 families left Sacred Heart to follow him there thus plummeting school enrollment to 412 by 1936. Replacement Pastor Fr. Kosinski lasted only 4 years due to the oppressing parish debt and asked for reassignment in 1936. Pastor Fr. Rybacki took a new, more spiritual approach toward the finances of the parish. Stretching school repairs over several years, Fr. Rybacki was able to fund the paving of the school yard, painting of the interior and exterior, and installment of a new heating system.

After World War II, student enrollment had dropped down to 260. During the 1950s, class sizes increased steadily and the church was finally completed and the school building was completely renovated. By 1960, enrollment started to decrease again and would never rebound.

In 1979, the Felician Sisters withdrew from the parish after 60 years of service. The Sisters of St. Joseph Third Order of St. Francis took over the teaching responsibilities. But student enrollment would continue to decrease. Finally, in 1987, with the school enrollment down to 126 pupils, it was decided to merge the schools of Sacred Heart of Jesus parish and Immaculate Heart of Mary parish into one school called Jesus and Mary School. The K - 3rd classes were held at the Sacred Heart School building and the 4th - 8th grades were held at the Immaculate Heart School.

The Jesus and Mary School has since closed and a charter school now occupies the former Sacred Heart of Jesus school building. The 100 year old red brick building still stands and remains in service to the education of Cleveland children.

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



**Polish Genealogical Society of
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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.