



Our Polish ANCESTORS



THE QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF THE POLISH GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREATER CLEVELAND

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A Polish Flying Ace in the 1932 Air Races

By Trina Goss Galauner

Every year over Labor Day weekend, Clevelanders look to the skies for their holiday entertainment. The Cleveland National Air Show began as the National Air Races in 1920. However, it wasn't held in Cleveland until 1929 when the Cleveland Pneumatic Tool Company (manufacturer of airplane landing gear) and Thompson Products (manufacturer of aircraft engine valves) solicited support for the air races to be held in "The Forest City". Cleveland City Manager, W. R. Hopkins approached local businesses to support the endeavor and companies responded. It began as a 10-day event which included a grand downtown parade on opening day, Goodyear blimps overhead, an aviation exhibit at Cleveland's Public Auditorium, fireworks and the most spectacular aerial stunts ever to be performed before a live audience.



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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.



Jerzy Kossowski ca. 1930s
pl.wikipedia.org

The biggest thrill was the races. The Thompson Race was a five lap, 10 mile closed course race. It came with a large cash prize. Aviators from all over the world came to compete for the Thompson Trophy. There were also cross country races from Los Angeles, Miami and Toronto where Cleveland Hopkins Airport was the finish line. Famous pilots such as Charles Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart performed for crowds of over 100,000 spectators from all over the country.

In 1932, the Poles in Cleveland wished to bring the famous Polish military aviator, Col. Jerzy Kossowski, to the Air Race competition and spared no expense to transport him to Cleveland. A huge fundraiser picnic sponsored by the Lincoln Post 13 of the Polish Legion of American War Veterans was held on July 24th at the Federowicz farm in

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Letter from the President

Welcome back from our summer break. I hope it went well for everyone. This will be my second last letter because of my decision not to run for president again. I figure that 25 years on the post is long enough! It's time to get some fresh blood in the office. Please give some thought to possibly running for office. I may move the election up to the November meeting as we should have good attendance then because of our Christmas Party that night which is November 7th.

Speaking of the Christmas party, let's make this year our biggest and best to date, as it will be my last one as president!

There won't be an installment of "OUR PGSGC FAMILY TREE" in this issue, because quite simply put, no news is good news! My computer was down for a month, so if you know of any obituary I missed, please let me know so I can include it in a future issue. Also, I'm always looking for good news. My Granddaughter, Ashley, will be presenting me with my second great grandchild in the near future.

I hope to see many of you at a meeting in the near future.

John F. Szuch, President

Schedule of Presentations for Upcoming Meetings

Oct: TBD

Nov: **Annual Party** - Come join us for our annual pot luck dinner. It's a feast of homemade Polish cooking. No one goes away hungry and you have a great opportunity to try other families' long kept secret recipes.

Dec: TBD

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Remember When: Do You Remember These Two Ladies?

by John A. Prokop

Do you remember these two ladies? Why, of course you do. Yes, that's correct, they are Sister Mary Immaculata Conceptiona, on the right, and Sister Mary Adoration of the Eucharist, on the left. Their names have been changed to protect their humility and they are back to remind you of your commitment to being good Catholic boys and girls.

Does this picture make your knuckles swell and hurt? I bet you can still smell the Ivory Soap scent when they used to walk by? How about all those holy pictures you won in all those spelling bees for being able to spell words correctly? You felt like you won the lottery until you turned the picture over and found out it was a holy picture from the local funeral home that buried everyone in the neighborhood. The nuns told you to pray for these poor souls because the leftover pictures meant they didn't have enough people stop by to say goodbye to them. That meant, if you don't pray for them, they will be stuck in Purgatory until the Apocalypse!

Remember when they would teach you penmanship? They held your right hand so firmly while they made the Palmer Method circles and loops, forcing your right hand to write like they did? Even today when you write your name, everyone still asks which Catholic grade school you attended.

Let's not forget those wonderful stories and lessons of guilt and the punishments for sin. It made us fear God, the Pope, priests, the nuns, our parents, our neighbors, the Police and Fire Departments, the Catholic Church, and the IRS. Don't forget having to go to confession and telling everything you did and how many times you did it (no wonder you are still a math whiz today, being able to add, subtract, multiply, divide and extract square roots from 16 digit numbers blindfolded). There was nothing like a good "nun paddling" to make you feel remorseful and that justice had been served.

Your voice is still able to sing a melody from singing in the choir, singing in school, singing at recess, singing in the cafeteria and singing in the shower. You could hold a tune and memorize the lyrics after only singing the song once and years later you are still humming bars from, "Oh Mary We Crown Thee with Blossoms Today". In your heart you still long for that "Old Time Catholic Religion", better known as the Latin Mass.

We are to be thankful for these fine dedicated ladies for the guidance they gave us and how we wish they were still around today for all the little juvenile darlings that are running wild and free not only in the neighborhood, but also in Cyberspace. The dear sisters' time, discipline and influence ended way too soon.



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.



Poland 2014: A Journey.....Part 7

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 12 Tuesday September 16

Many homes in Poland utilize the "instant on" hot water heaters. When you take a shower, it's a balancing act to get and maintain a consistent water temperature. You can quickly go from scalding water to ice water or vice versa. It's quite a wake up call.

At breakfast today, we had white farmer's cheese in addition to the usual bread and cold cuts. This is normally a staple on the table and for me nothing screams "breakfast in Poland" more than fresh farmer's cheese on a piece of bread. It's grainy, white and bland but oh so satisfying. That's why I'm so surprised that we haven't had it yet after being in the country for a week and a half.

Natalia went to work today and she was going to try to leave early to come home for obiad and join us for afternoon activities. After cleaning up from breakfast, we were going to take a tour of Korczyna and the neighboring countryside. First stop was the house in which Jozef grew up and his father lived until his death. They sold the house but kept the neighboring land for their children if they wanted to build a home(s). Their one son moved to Krakow and the other moved to Warsaw so I'm not sure how that is going to sort itself out.

From there we headed up to the castle ruins of Kamieniec. My first visit to these ruins was in 1997 and it was literally just that, abandoned ruins. You could climb around and do as you pleased. With each visit, more and more amenities have been added. Now there is parking, admission is charged to tour the ruins, they are rebuilding parts of the castle and there is a small museum and historical exhibit. Student tour groups were marching through as well as other tourists. The castle is built on top of a large rock outcropping with a commanding view of the entire area. It must have been impressive when it was fully functional. But I will say, I am glad I wasn't the one hauling all the building materials up to the site.



The earliest historical trace of the Kmons in the church books for the area dates to 1753. In 1997, I had befriended an individual who lived in Korczyna and was interested in genealogy and local history. On my last visit in 2007, he presented me with a book he wrote about the area and the old families. There was detail on family trees, the houses the families lived in, maps of where the houses were and other such information. As a result of his research, he took me on a walk during my trip in 2007 to show me where the Kmons lived from 1753 to the present. It was fascinating to start literally right next to the castle in an area called Podzamcze (under the castle) where there were still ruins from the original homestead back in the middle 1700's. We proceeded to follow a stream that headed back to Korczyna, stopping at houses from different periods of the Kmons history in the area. We ended where a house, in which my great grandfather was born, used to exist. I had visited the



house in 1997 but by 2007 it had been torn down. Unfortunately, my parents couldn't take the same walk this trip but I explained as much as I could.

After walking around the ruins and visiting the torture museum, we started to head back to the house. On the way, we stopped to show my father where the house his grandfather was born in used to be. There were still relatives living on the property but we didn't stop to visit. From there, we went back home and took a walk into the town of Korczyna and visited the church. The church was rebuilt in 1911 so it post dates when my great grandfather would have been there but Kmon generations still continue to use it. The whole church has been sand-blasted and re-tuck pointed so it looks like new.

Following a leisurely walk back to the house, we sat outside and had coffee while we waited for Natalia to come home. Jozef used to plant a large garden that covered half of his yard but I noticed there was no garden this year. I think that his health and his wife's are deteriorating even though they are only in their early 60's. He still has his chickens and they sell their eggs to supplement any income they are receiving.

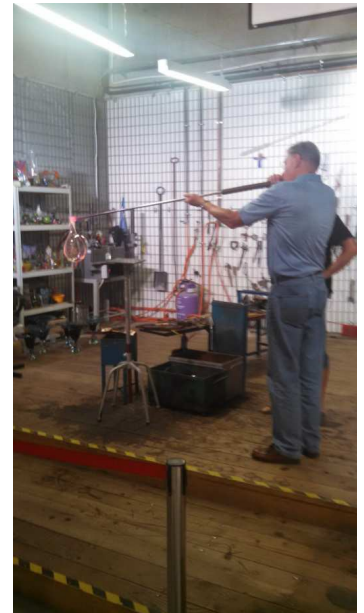
As we were sitting there talking, a car pulled in and a girl got out with a bottle of milk and a bag. She delivered them to Jozef's wife and left. Fresh milk and fresh white farmer's cheese! It turns out that they buy their milk and cheese from a local dairy farmer. Next, a neighbor stopped in because he saw the car with Warsaw license plates and wondered what was going on. The license plate on each car starts with a two letter code representing the wojwodstwo the car is registered in. That makes it easy to figure out where someone is from and whether they are local or not.

Natalia eventually came home and told us she scheduled a tour at a local glass museum. We piled into the car and drove to Krosno. There was a short walk to the museum where we bought our tickets (of course, we weren't allowed to pay). The tour took us through the main processes for making glass, forming glass and finishing/ decorating glass. It actually starts at the end of the process and works back to the start. The best part of the tour was being allowed to actually try your hand at blowing glass. It sure isn't as easy as it looks. Even better, for anyone who tried, you received a glass medallion with the town seal of Krosno stamped in it. What a great souvenir!

The second part of the tour was through a gallery of glass artwork and the gift shop. Between the museum tour and the gallery/store tour, we needed to walk across the rynek in Krosno. Everything was clean and repaired. There were no missing brick pavers in the pedestrian areas, none of the seats or benches had any broken wood and all the buildings had a fresh coat of paint. Progress marches on.

Now it was time for obiad. When we got back home, Natalia had to leave again for work to attend a conference call regarding some delivery problems. We sat down to eat and waited for Natalia to come home. Jozef is a tinkerer and builds a lot of useful things. One of his more interesting creations was a home-made tractor. He built a frame, repurposed some car axels, scavenged a car engine then put it all together into a tractor for hauling things. After we finished eating, we went down to the workshop and looked at it. He does some very good work.

Natalia was running late but when she got home, we decided to go mushroom picking. Jozef's wife and Natalia are avid mushroom hunters. They were telling us that two weeks ago, they came home with 8 bags full of mushrooms. The weather had been very dry (that lovely weather we had been experiencing wasn't good for mushrooms) and Natalia and her Mom were not hopeful. We went anyway and I was hoping to learn how to pick some new kinds of mushrooms from experienced pickers. We drove to Krasna where Janina (Jozef's wife) grew up and still had some family land. Off we went into the forest until it started getting dark. There weren't many mushrooms and when we did find some we would check with Natalia whether they were edible. Janina went off on her own. It





was a great experience that we all enjoyed very much. Far better than sitting around watching TV. In the end, we brought home a few mushrooms that they would be able to preserve.

That evening we sat around talking. Natalia, Mom, Dad and Janina looked at wedding and baby pictures for the two brothers, Piotr and Marcin. While they were doing that, I talked to Jozef about his family and gathered a bunch of missing information about birth, death and marriage dates for everyone. Jozef and Janina don't speak English so I felt like they were being left out when Natalia was talking to my Mom and Dad. I tried to engage them in conversation when I could to keep everyone involved. Eventually, the evening came to an end and after a long, busy day we went to bed to prepare for the next leg of our trip since this was our last day in Korczyna.

Day 13 Wednesday September 17

Our visit with the Kmons and our time in Korczyna came to an end today. We said our farewells this morning and started what was the second to last leg of our trip. We continued our push westward. The region of Poland between the line formed from Sanok to Krakow and the border with Slovakia has a high concentration of wooden churches. These churches are extremely beautiful and possess their own unique architecture. Some are still in use, some are abandoned and some are maintained for their historical and architectural significance. We would visit several of these throughout the day.

As we headed into this part of Poland, we stopped at the parish of Samokleski which is the church for the village of Mrukowa. In the early 1830's, my Socha ancestors moved from Mrukowa to Jawornik Ruski and started a new life there. I am not sure what the motivation was. However, I believe that it is somehow tied to the illegitimate birth of my GG grandfather which occurred in Mrukowa. We stopped at the church which was completely locked and decided to visit the cemetery. Another member of my genealogy club was researching family from this parish as well so my parents and I walked through the cemetery photographing graves for Socha, Twardzik and Bilski surnames. When we finished up, we continued on the road to Gorlice stopping at several wooden churches. A few of the villages we visited were Bodaki, Bartne, Ropica Gorna and Sekowa. You could easily spend weeks visiting these architectural treasures but our small sampling provided a nice overview and exposure. There is a great website for the Wooden Architectural Route in Malopolska (www.drewniana.malopolska.pl). Visit it and enjoy.

From Gorlice, we worked our way back to Biecz on the main road then turned off onto the now familiar two lane country road. Just as we started down the road, the car in front of me stopped suddenly forcing me to lock up the brakes on our car. I narrowly missed hitting it and skidded to a stop before almost going into a ditch on the side of the road. All of our hearts were racing as we started moving again. A short way down the road we came to the village of Raclawice from which my Olbrych branch comes. They were also German immigrants to Poland who arrived in this village sometime in the 1780s or 1790s.

When we were visiting the Urbanowskis, they mentioned that an elder Olbrych (married name of Dutka) was still living but they didn't have an address. However, Anna Urbanowski said that if we stopped at the store on the border between Raclawice and Roznowice, the shopkeeper would be able to direct us to her home. Sure enough, there was a store between Raclawice and Roznowice and the shop keeper gave us directions to Pani Dutka's home.

For those of you who haven't had the opportunity to dig up living relatives in the Polish countryside while travelling around, this will seem a little unorthodox. With the following directions, we drove off to meet a new relative.... "Continue down the road until you come to the third driveway on the right. It is the one that goes down the hill. That is the house." Wouldn't a house number have been simpler?

We found the house, pulled into the drive and parked around back of the house. Remember, we are complete strangers. A man was sitting in a car behind the house. As I got out of the car, another man emerged from the house and I asked if Helen Dutka lived there. He said yes and told me to go to the door. I walked up to the front



door and rang the doorbell. A middle aged woman came to the door and I asked for Pani Dutka (who happened to be in her 80's) and followed quickly with the whole story of why I was there. Helen then came to the door as well and I was invited in. I called to my parents and they came up to the house as well as we were welcomed into a stranger's home practically unquestioned.

Immediately we were offered coffee and tea as well as cookies. We sat down in what I believe was Helen's bedroom and started having a conversation. Helen was a VERY spry and clear headed individual and she immediately started telling me a story that she remembered when my great grandmother went back to visit Poland in 1939. She then started rattling off different family stories and talking about the family tree. Something occurred to her and she got up and left the room. When she came back, she had a portable phone in her hand and got her address book out of a table drawer. She said her brother would probably know more and called him. After talking briefly with him she called another brother to see if he could come over. Unfortunately he was busy. I ended up speaking with him briefly on the phone and apologized that I didn't think we would be able to get together. I told him I would write to Helen and him with any questions I had.

My parents and I were astounded by how lively this woman was. Eventually, we had to take our leave and thanked her profusely for taking time to talk with us. I got her address and promised that we would correspond. That's how you find relatives in Poland.



The church for Raclawice was in Roznowice. Originally, there was an old wooden church from the 1700s. The last couple of times that I visited Roznowice, the church had been closed because it was struck by lightning and had extensive fire damage. It was decided to build a new church when the existing church was damaged. Further up the hill and within sight of the old church is the new church. However, when we pulled into the parking lot of the old church, it was evident that they were rebuilding it. I was astounded. As we walked up to the old church, the doors were open and you could hear the sound of sawing and hammering. They were restoring the church to its original glory. I asked if we could look inside and one of the workers allowed us in but cautioned us to be careful. The whole interior of the church was in a complete state of renovation. It was an amazing site. All of us were taking pictures. This was the first time I had ever been in the old church and now I am looking forward to seeing it complete. I will say that it was strange seeing all of the centuries old religious artifacts and statuary piled up in the vestibule while the work was going on.



Leaving the church and Roznowice, we continued on to our last ancestral village. The village of Olszyny and its parish in neighboring Olpiny were the home for my Wszolek ancestors. As genealogists, we are all interested in the significance and meaning of our surnames. Early on in my research, I tried digging into the meaning of each of the names I was researching. Wszolek, as it turns out, means "cattle louse". I really have to wonder how we adopted that name. Naming conventions aside, I have been able to trace the family back to 1700 in this village and there are still relatives living in the area, 314 years of history here.

The church in Olpiny is a large structure and obviously old. We had a wood carver in the family who made some of the statuary in the church according to family stories. We stopped here as well and were able to look into the church. As with most of the other churches we visited, it too had undergone much cleaning and maintenance since I was last here. They even had palm trees planted in large pots outside the church.

In addition to visiting the church, I really wanted my father to see the cemetery in Olpiny. Before leaving the church, I asked for directions from someone I saw on the street. Of course, I had to clarify if I



wanted the old cemetery or the new one which was a shock to me. I went with old. The directions got me close but I had to stop and ask again. This time we were on track. We turned off of the main road onto a one lane road going up a hill. The road turned to the left and we could see what appeared to be a cemetery ahead. This didn't look correct from how I remembered it in 1994. The entire area was surrounded by a large hedgerow and there were no trees. I distinctly remembered a wrought iron fence around the cemetery and a large number of trees. With doubts, I parked the car and told my parents that I would check to make sure this was the place first. I knew exactly where the grave was from my previous visit (albeit 20 years ago). I walked into the cemetery and headed to the spot where the grave should have been. Sure enough it was there. They had cut down all of the trees in the cemetery and either tore down the fence or let the bushes grow up around it. I didn't even recognize the place. I motioned to my parents to come into the cemetery and that's when I showed my Dad the grave of his great grandparents, Piotr Wszolek and Apolonia Olbrych. It dated from the late 1940s when they both died. Their daughter, Stefania (my great grandmother), and her brother, Stanley, both lived in Cleveland and we saw them at every holiday until they passed away. We now came full circle by visiting their parents' grave.



Leaving the cemetery, we returned to the main road and followed it through the valley to Olszyny . After passing through the village proper, I knew we were getting close to the old homestead. In 1994, a relative brought me here and took me to the site of the former home. Even though there was no building there, it was inspiring to just stand on the spot where the house stood, especially while you were holding an old picture of the house in your hand. In 2007, I drove through this area again and could still see the place where the house once stood. I recognized the old fence which I could see from the road. This time I knew we were in the right area but so many houses had been built in the last 7 years that I could no longer see the hilltop and pinpoint the location. My parents would have to settle for knowing they were close.

It was late afternoon and our day was winding down. The endpoint for the day was our last family visit in the village of Chojnik just several kilometers from Olszyny. I hadn't visited this relative in 20 years and I didn't drive the last time so I had no recollection of how to get to the house. Even though I had an address, it was difficult to see the house numbers while we were driving down a busy road. Eventually, I stopped at a building supply store and asked where the Maniaks lived. They lived just 300 meters back down the street on the left at the bend in the road.

Trying to drive "slowly" we found the house, pulled in and parked. The family immediately came out of the house and welcomed us in. We were forewarned by a cousin in Chicago (the sister of the relative we were visiting) that the house was being renovated. Most of the house was tore up except for the kitchen. That's where we ended up. No sooner did we sit down than were we served obiad: homemade chicken soup, fried chicken cutlets and various sides. While we were eating, we were introduced to the granddaughters. The older one, 5 years old, was a future supermodel. She was scary beautiful and could already turn the world with a smile and a giggle. The second granddaughter, the younger of the two, was a pure imp and you could see mischief in her eye. We spent the early evening playing with them and socializing with more relatives who continued to show up. It seemed odd at first that all of these people were showing up but then we came to realize that there was more than one house on the property. Originally, our hostess's father lived in a house closer to the road and two other houses were built in the same vicinity. A son moved into one house and a daughter into the other. Eventually, the father's house was torn down after he died. So essentially there were two multi-generational families living in their own micro-village.

Then we were told that it was time for dinner. We literally just finished a huge lunch no more than two hours earlier. When I informed my parents that more food was coming, it was pretty obvious that there was no way they

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On September 2nd the White Eagle Trophy Altitude Race began at 2:15 pm. Staggering take offs, Kossowski was the third in line. But his P.11 plane stuttered on takeoff losing five seconds before it shot up to the sky perpendicular to the ground, an elite feature of the P.11 fighter. The other pilots flew their planes less perpendicular going up and coming down. Kossowski, the brave and daring aviator that he was known as, did a hell dive straight down at the same time as his Russian competitor, Alex de Seversky, which was a spectacular show for the audience. Having made up for lost time, Kossowski appeared he would be the winner of the race by 6 seconds, however, he crossed the finish line from north to south. He only realized his mistake as he noted the others crossing from south to north. He quickly turned around and crossed from the south but by that time had added nearly 25 seconds to his time. Col. Jerzy Kossowski and his PZL P.11 fighter would finish 4th in the race.

Kossowski returned to Poland after the National Air Races and continued to work for the PZL until 1937. Having trained a countless number of young pilots over the years, he was well respected as an aviator and commander but was known for recklessness and alcohol abuse. When it was apparent that Poland would become embroiled in another war, Kossowski requested a return to active duty. The Department of Aviation rejected his request over concerns of his conduct around the young pilots. Hopeless and possibly struggling with alcohol addiction, Jerzy Kossowski took his own life on August 6, 1939 at the age of 46. Despite his sad ending, he will always be considered one of the best pilots of Polish aviation, a brave soldier of the air.

The PZL P.11 became the primary Polish fighter when Poland was invaded in 1939. The only remaining P.11 is on display at the Polish Aviation Museum in Krakow.

The National Air Races in Cleveland were suspended in 1949 after tragedy during a race where a pilot's plane flipped upside down and crashed into a Berea resident's home killing a mother and her infant son. Then, in 1964, the Cleveland National Air Show was revived and changed its venue to Burke Lakefront Airport. The event became a 3-day affair and a Labor Day tradition. Each year the Cleveland National Air Show attracts over 100,000 spectators and aviators across the globe.



PZL P.11 at Muzeum Lotnictwa Polskiego Krakow
Photo from Wikipedia.org

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Poland 2014: A Journey continued from page 8.....

could eat anymore. Fortunately, our hosts were understanding. We were given a tour of the construction and saw the new kitchen. It was beautiful. They were even putting in a dishwasher. The work was going slow but they were paying for everything with cash and doing a lot of the work themselves. You could tell how proud they were about how it was coming out and about the fact they didn't have any debt. The goal was to have Christmas in the new kitchen and living area. The evening was progressing and we moved over to the other house for more socializing. We would be staying in the house of Stanislaw Wszolek which was our hostess Genowefa's brother. It was a short walk to the other house and we picked up our bags from the car on the way. It turns out that it was Stanislaw's birthday so once we got settled, we had to have a drink. Stanislaw makes a special cocktail by mixing 9% Porter Beer with Spiritus. The first shot burned going down but it numbed everything in its path. The second and third shots were smoother. We sat around and talked for the rest of the evening and were telling family stories. While we were talking, Stanislaw and Genia's sister from Chicago called. She wanted to see how everything was going. Everyone had a chance to say hello and I ended up speaking with her for a little while bringing her up to speed on the trip. We finally decided to call it a night then showered and headed to bed.

To be continued in the next issue

Family History Library Discontinues Microfilm Distribution

On September 1, 2017, FamilySearch discontinued its microfilm distribution services mainly due to two reasons. First, the library volunteers have made great strides in digitizing the microfilmed documents and second, the microfilm reading technology is being phased out. Over 1.5 million microfilms (about 1.5 billion images) have already been digitized and made available at their website at FamilySearch.org. The library projects that all remaining microfilms will be digitized by 2020.

Family History centers will remain open where visitors will still have access to "relevant technology, premium subscription services, and digital records, including restricted content not available at home."

Volunteers will continue to image new records using digital camera equipment and make them available at the Family Search website.

Online Genealogy Aids

<http://pgsa.org/databases>

(33 searchable databases online at the Polish Genealogical Society of America website)

www.wolfbane.com/icd/index.html

(International Classification of Diseases—death certificate numerical codes and their meanings)

www.maurentaylor.com

(Maureen Taylor—The Photo Detective....paid consulting site for use in identifying unknown family photos)

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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.