



Our Polish ANCESTORS



THE QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF THE POLISH GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREATER CLEVELAND

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A Man of High Character - Stanley J. Klonowski

By Trina Goss Galauner

A bold Polish lieutenant in the Russian army wrote a letter to Czar Nicholas II in 1904 in protest of the unequal treatment of Poles compared to Russians in respect to promotion opportunities within the military. When his father read this letter, he said, "Stanislaus, you're a bright young man who can speak five languages. You will do better in America than in Siberia." It was under these circumstances that 21-year-old Stanislaw J. Klonowski made his way to the United States.

Born in Zawidz, Sierpc, Poland on May 29, 1883, Stanislaw was the son of a merchant named Franciszek Klonowski. Franciszek married Ewa Ewartowski in 1864 and they would have six children. Two died as children and the other four, Maryanna, Jozef, John and Stanislaw, all immigrated to the United States. Their mother, Ewa, immigrated as well.



Stanislaw J. Klonowski as a 21 year old Polish Lieutenant in the Russian Army, 1904
Cleveland Public Library
Plain Dealer Archives

Stanley was the youngest and the last of the family to emigrate from Russian Poland. He was educated at the University of Poland at Warsaw and served as a postal clerk and telegraph operator before serving in the Russian army. Escaping the likely wrath of the Czar of Russia, he arrived in New York on the SS Blucher on October 29, 1905 having traveled from Warsaw to Hamburg, through Cuxhaven, Dover and Boulogne-sur-Mer. He went to live with his brother-in-law, Stanislaw Szafranski in Braddock, Pennsylvania where there was work at the steel mill. His brothers, Jozef and John, were also living in Pennsylvania. A year later, Klonowski heard that the Czar had offered him a promotion in the Russian army but by this time he had plans for his future in the United States. Stanley, John and the Szafranskis moved to Cleveland by 1908 and Stanley declared his intent to become a U.S. citizen.

Since Klonowski was fluent in languages, he applied for work at the Polish-American newspaper *Polonia w Ameryce* for \$12 a week. Working for Polish American entrepreneur, Michael Kniola, Klonowski also assisted as a steamship agent, realtor and banker for the new Polish immigrants in the Warszawa neighborhood of Cleveland. But Klonowski realized quickly that he could build his own business. In March of

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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 Anthonette Baciak at pgsgc@yahoo.com for more information.





Letter from the President

It's hard to believe that 2019 is coming to an end. For our club it was a very good year with several members going to Poland to visit their ancestral villages, visiting churches and the homes of their grandparents.

Some stay-at-home members were able to break through the "brick walls" that have troubled them in their efforts to find the birth places of grandpa and grandma. I congratulate those who were able to forge ahead until they found the light at the end of the tunnel.

Our club participated in three Polish events this year, setting up our display and talking with those that showed in interest in their Polish heritage. We recruited several new members and helped them on their way to discovering their own Polish roots. PGSGC secretary, Lucia Dominak, was our go-to leader in these events, organizing and staffing our booth. Thank you, Lucia, and all those who helped in any way.



Lucia Dominak and our table at the St. Stanislaus Festival in October

We will hold our election of officers during our December meeting. I will be retiring as president at that time and will be turning over the gavel to another worthy and knowledgeable member of our group. It has been my honor to have led this fine group of people for the last two years. They have taught me a lot about my family and how to find out more about my personal heritage. Just like the military recruitment ads "we are looking for a few good men and women" to carry on the good work.

Please remember that our membership dues need to be paid in January and are still only \$24 per year. Consider a gift membership for a friend or family member this holiday season. Our membership application is included in this newsletter.

God bless all,
Ron Kraine
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/



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Requesting Sacramental Documents from the Diocese of Cleveland Archives

By Trina Goss Galauner

Sacramental documents of baptism, marriage, death, and even first communion and confirmation, are very valuable in family research. This information can include names of parents, names of grandparents, names of godparents, birth place, burial place, and other information. Marriage records will indicate the names of the witnesses which could help identify people in an old wedding photo.

No.	Date of Baptism	Name of Baptized	Parents	Patron
4465	21 Nov. 1891 22 ^a Nov.	Maria	Simon Wisniewski Cath. Kowak	Josephus Sprengel Rozalia Sprengel Rev. Fr. Kolaczewski, past

Example of a digital scan of a baptismal record provided by the Diocese of Cleveland Archives
Baptism of Maria Wisniewski, 22 November 1891, St. Stanislaus parish

The Chancellor's office of the Cleveland Catholic Diocese offers an online request form for requesting these documents from St. Stanislaus (1873-1905 only) and CLOSED parishes in the Diocese of Cleveland. The now defunct Polish parishes include:

Sacred Heart of Jesus
St. Barbara
St. Casimir
St. Hedwig—Lakewood
St. Hyacinth

To request a sacramental record from the Diocese of Cleveland Archives please visit <https://www.dioceseofcleveland.org/offices/chancellor/sacramental-request>. You can fill out the online form and submit immediately. Make sure to fill in all the information giving as many details as possible. It is most important to include the name of the parish, the date of the sacrament and names of any individuals involved in the act. It is possible that the document will be emailed back to you in a short period of time.

Sacramental records after 1930 are considered confidential but may be requested by the following individuals:

- The recipient of the sacrament;
- If the recipient of the sacrament is currently a minor, the minor's parents;
- If the recipient of the sacrament currently has a legal guardian, the legal guardian;
- If the recipient of the sacrament is deceased, an immediate relative;
- Requesting church institutions;
- Persons who demonstrate a legitimate reason for requesting the record.

Church records for the other Polish Catholic parishes that are still open, and St. Stanislaus parish after 1905, can be requested directly from the parish. If a parish merged with another parish, their records are held by the new parish. Contact these parishes directly to request sacramental documents.



A Man of High Character continued from page 1.....

1911, he was granted his U.S. citizenship, married Stella Akuszewski in 1912, and began his pursuit of the American dream. He placed a sign in the window of his office at 7119 Broadway Avenue SE stating "banking agent". A local competitor called banking examiners to investigate Klonowski's claim as a banker but when the examiners saw Klonowski's books, they were "in better order than most banks." So with \$100,000 in capital, Stanley Klonowski established the Klonowski Savings Bank in 1913. It was considered the first Polish-American bank in the United States. Klonowski helped immigrants purchase homes by initially approving a loan for six months in order to give them a chance to get established. Later, Klonowski became a contractor when he built \$2,200 homes on Klonowski Avenue offering them on a \$200 down payment.

Stanley Klonowski followed a conservative banking strategy which kept his bank liquid. In 1919, the Klonowski Savings Bank was incorporated by Polish stockholders and, in 1920, was reorganized and became known as the Bank of Cleveland. With its home at the corner of Broadway and E. 71st Street, the bank continued to grow by consolidating with the Cleveland Liberty Bank in 1927.

Stanley Klonowski's belief that banks should have a high liquidity would serve the Bank of Cleveland and its customers well during the Depression and kept the bank in business. In August of 1931, as president of the Bank of Cleveland, Klonowski wrote a letter to President Herbert Hoover with suggestions for the Federal Reserve System to help alleviate the financial problems of the country. He suggested a "separate governmental institution with an adequate amount of ready cash" to bail out failing businesses and banking institutions and to prevent their failure in the future. He wrote, "our troubles of depression and unemployment will immediately disappear." The President responded to this letter in thanks for Klonowski's views even though the Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Mellon, responded in disagreement that "such a measure was not warranted at this time." Interestingly, later in 1931, President Hoover announced the creation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation which eventually led to President Franklin D. Roosevelt's "New Deal" and the federal government's direct intervention into the U.S. economy. Klonowski was hailed as the "Father of U.S. Credit Plan" in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* but modestly declined recognition since he felt that these ideas may have also been suggested by other businessmen, bankers or governmental officials. In 1933, Klonowski used \$280,000 of his own money to pay his depositors and creditors what the Bank of Cleveland owed them. The Bank of Cleveland remained one of the most liquid banks in the United States.

In 1947, Stanley Klonowski was appointed to the board of the Cleveland Public Library, a post that he kept for 25 years. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, Alliance of Poles, Union of Poles, Polish Falcons, Polish National Alliance and several other civic groups. He helped establish Marymount Hospital, was involved with charitable organizations and served on the executive committee of Catholic Charities Corporation.

Stanley Klonowski died on February 3, 1973 at the age of 89. Shortly after his death, the Bank of Cleveland merged with National City Bank. His sons, Leonard and Bernard, continued the family banking business serving as vice presidents at National City.

Stanley Klonowski was once honored at a Knights of Columbus dinner. A Federal Reserve officer at the meeting paid tribute to Klonowski as having the 10 "Cs", charity, capacity, capital, candor, character, compassion, competence, conduct, courage and captainship of industry. All of these personal qualities he proved throughout his life's work. He truly was a man of high character.

SOURCES:

Bryan, John E., *He Really Did Better in America*, The Cleveland Plain Dealer, September 5, 1966
Cleveland Acclaimed as Father of U.S. Credit Plan, The Cleveland Plain Dealer, October 11, 1931
Familysearch.org



The Polish Genealogical Society



**THE POLISH GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
OF GREATER CLEVELAND**

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

New Applicant

Renewal

Applicant Name: _____

Spouse: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip Code: _____

Phone Number: _____

E-Mail Address: _____

Date: _____ Referred By: _____

THE POLISH GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREATER CLEVELAND is an organization dedicated to encouraging interest in collecting, preserving and sharing genealogical information. We invite anyone to join who is interested in tracing their family history. Meetings are held the first Tuesday of the month (January through June and September through December) at 7:00 p.m. at St. Mary's PNC Church parish hall, 5375 Broadview Rd., Parma, Ohio. We have summer break in July and August.

Programs include: Guest Speakers, Individualized Workshops and Social Hour.

A One Year Membership includes: Enrollment on our active membership list; A packet of information containing various forms and materials to get started in genealogical research; and a subscription to our quarterly newsletter, "Our Polish Ancestors" delivered via email (paper copy upon special request).

Your completed **MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION** will be filed with the Vice President/Membership Chairperson upon payment of annual dues (Jan. thru Dec.) of \$24.00. Dues for **new members** joining mid-year would be \$2.00 times the number of months remaining in the year. Make check payable to: "Polish Genealogical Society of Greater Cleveland" and mail to: VP Membership/Anthonette Baciak, PGSGC, 27380 Cook Rd. #115, Olmsted Falls, OH 44138.

Member Surname

OTHER SURNAMES YOU ARE RESEARCHING

USE REVERSE SIDE IF NEEDED

Please indicate what contact information we can publish online and otherwise for genealogical purposes. Your contact information will not be used for any other purpose.

email

mailing address

---- PLEASE PRINT ----



Catholic Parish records for Pielgrzymka and Wola Cieklińska in Southeastern Poland

By Trina Goss Galauner

Obtaining birth, marriage and death records from the remote southeastern section of Poland seems to be relatively impossible. However, the Archiwum Państwowe w Przemyślu (State Archives of Przemyśl) has digitized some and made them available for research. The parishes of Pielgrzymka and Wola Cieklińska which are located within Gmina Osiek Jasielski, [Jasto](#) County in the Subcarpathian Voivodeship are two of the parishes with online records available for research.

The parish records include baptisms, marriages and deaths for the villages of Pielgrzymka (including Kłopotnica and Huta Samokleska, small Lemko villages in the deep forest of the Carpathian Mountains that no longer exist) and Wola Cieklińska

(including Cieklin and Folsz). A rare record might be found regarding a person from Samokleski or Mrukowa.



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Common surnames found in these records are Cap, Chrapko, Cypuła, Daniło, Dragan, Dudka(o), Dziadosz, Fecina, Gała, Głód, Głowacz, Fundalewicz, Guzy, Horbal, Hruby, Jurkowski, Kanczuga, Kichard, Kocisz, Krol, Kulczycki, Kulenicz, Kulik, Mirowski, Musial, Olenicz, Pawlak, Popowicz, Rozdzielski, Serafin, Serniak, Smarz, Smerek, Stachurski, Szach, Szwed, Telep, Tomaszewski, Wasylec and Zajac. You can browse these records for yourself at:

Pielgrzymka:

<http://www.skany.przemysl.ap.gov.pl/show.php?zesp=142&cd=0&ser=0&syg=6841> (1784-1810)

<http://www.skany.przemysl.ap.gov.pl/show.php?zesp=142&cd=0&ser=0&syg=6842> (1811-1836)

<http://www.skany.przemysl.ap.gov.pl/show.php?zesp=142&cd=0&ser=0&syg=6843> (1837-1846)

<http://www.skany.przemysl.ap.gov.pl/show.php?zesp=142&cd=0&ser=0&syg=6844> (1847-49, 1857-59, 1863-71)

Wola Cieklińska:

<http://www.skany.przemysl.ap.gov.pl/show.php?zesp=142&cd=0&ser=0&syg=6860> (1784-1830)

<http://www.skany.przemysl.ap.gov.pl/show.php?zesp=142&cd=0&ser=0&syg=6861> (1831-1849)

<http://www.skany.przemysl.ap.gov.pl/show.php?zesp=142&cd=0&ser=0&syg=6862> (1850-9, 1861, 1863-71)

For more information on Pielgrzymka, Wola Cieklińska and surrounding villages you can visit

<http://www.avillagecluster.com>. Here you will find a wonderful description of the area and its history.



Getting Lost in Poland 2018....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 the spring of 2018.

Day 3 Sunday April 29

I had set my alarm on my phone for 5:30 a.m. to ensure I gave myself enough time to get cleaned up, packed, checked out and over to the rental car office by 9:00 a.m. It turns out that "Plus" decided to send me a text message at 4:00 a.m. letting me know that my phone was now registered. Surprisingly, it was already getting light outside. With that, I decided to get up and see if I now had service and internet access on my phone. I did a couple quick tests and thought I had internet access but my phone still didn't show a phone number registered to it. I knew what the phone number should be but it didn't show up on the phone's info screen. Well, at least I had internet, which was a big plus.

Since I was up so early, I wrote up my trip notes for the previous day and did some planning for my village trips today. Eventually, I got all of my stuff together and went down to the front desk to check out. Since I prepaid to get a lower room rate, it was a painless process. I then left the hotel and went back across the street to the airport to pick up my rental car. My plan was to just stop at a grocery store once I got on the road and grab some pastries for breakfast. I went directly to the rental car office and got there 15 minutes early hoping that it might be open already. No such luck. There were already 2 Korean guys waiting there frantically trying to call the rental car company because they were supposed to pick up a car at 8:00 a.m.

While I was waiting, I decided to check in with the Socha family that I wanted to visit in Paslek. A month earlier they let me know that they already had relatives who were supposed to visit them at the same time but they were not sure of the exact day they would arrive. Two weeks before my trip, I asked if they had any update, but, they still had no firm date. The week before my trip, there was still no news. I got my tablet out and sent a message on Facebook Messenger to my cousin. He asked if I could come at the end of the week. I reminded him that I would already be in southern Poland at that time and couldn't change my schedule. I also mentioned, again, that I could be there the evening of April 30th and leave the afternoon of May 1st. Surprisingly, he said that would work! Things were coming together!

The rental car agent finally showed up 10 minutes late and I let the Korean guys go ahead of me since they seemed to have some urgency. They weren't there long because they didn't have a reservation number. The agent asked if they received an email with the reservation information and they said "no". So the agent informed them that there wasn't a car available for them. The company I was using was a Polish rental car firm called Panek. Relative to the major players, they are quite small but still have good location coverage throughout Poland. Since they are small, their on-site fleet is much more limited. Once they left, I gave the agent my reservation number and he started to process my rental. I mentioned that I wanted to change my drop off date and location and that I sent a reservation change request with the required information. He needed to call the main office to confirm that was ok. After a brief conversation, everything was taken care of. We finalized the paperwork and I got the gps, keys and documentation for my car. He reviewed the form showing all of the existing damage on the car. After that, the agent explained where the car was parked and how to get there and I left. The whole process was smooth and uneventful.

I found the car and loaded my suitcase and backpack into the trunk. I then plugged in the GPS, actually Tom Tom,



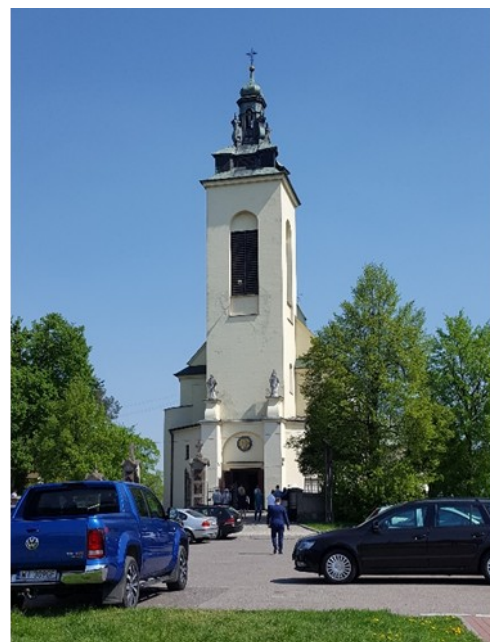
(not sure why they weren't using the on-board GPS built into the car). There was no signal in the parking garage so I started working my way out of the garage and through the exit gate. When I got out of the airport, I looked for a place to stop to program the GPS. I decided to leave Tom Tom in Polish language because my last experience with a GPS in Polish wasn't really problematic and was somewhat educational. I figured out how to program in a location and started routing to Zakroczym, my first stop of the day.

On the road once more, I immediately determined that the verbal directions weren't so much un-intelligible as they were confusing which made them not understandable, if that makes sense. To combat this, I started driving by the image on the screen. Something didn't seem right even though I knew I was headed in the right direction so I pulled into a grocery store parking lot and took some time to figure out how to set Tom Tom up the way I wanted. First, I switched the unit to English language. Trying to do this also familiarized me with the different menus and options available. I then picked a good view for following the course and set my destination again. It was immediately evident that even the English verbal instructions were confusing and repetitive at times so I found myself validating my route periodically by looking at the screen. Eventually, I got used to how Tom Tom communicated directions and developed a sense of when I needed to confirm the instructions I was being given. I was a little off course but easily made it to my first stop for the day, Zakroczym.

Justat relatives, from my Mom's side of the family, lived in Zakroczym in the early 1900s. I wanted to stop to visit the church and possibly ask at a small family owned grocery store if there were any people with that family name still living in the area. As I turned down the street heading into the village, the cemetery was immediately on the left. I continued down the street and saw a religious complex which I assumed was the church. Further along, I came to a roundabout and assumed that was the entire town. I was a little confused about not seeing any church so I went back and parked in the cemetery parking lot. I walked down to the religious complex and found out that it was a monastery. I continued down to the roundabout and looked around. I didn't see any signs of a church anywhere and decided to walk back to the cemetery and have a look around. I tried looking at Google Maps to find the church but quickly found out that I really didn't have a working data connection for internet on my phone. No shops were open either so I couldn't ask about the church or family. There is a new law in Poland forbidding stores to open on Sunday. Only the actual store owner can open and tend to a store on a Sunday. There must be some exceptions to this law because I saw some bigger grocery stores open with multiple cashiers working. In the cemetery, I asked an older lady if she knew where the oldest section of the cemetery was. She was rather embarrassed to say that she didn't know. However, she introduced me to an older man who would surely know. He basically said everything was mixed together. Both people were extremely nice and took time to help me. They even asked where I was from and why I came to Poland! At that point, I decided there was no point in spending more time there and moved on. I stopped at a Biedronka (Lady Bug Grocery Store) across the street from the cemetery and picked up a zapiekani (half a baguette baked with sautéed mushrooms and cheese) and some fresh baked rolls to munch on while driving along with some water.

While writing this (back home in the U.S.) I took a quick look at the satellite view of Google Maps for Zakroczym. I saw the cemetery, the monastery and the roundabout. Well, it turns out that if I would have continued south, after the roundabout, there was a town square and just south of the town square were TWO churches. Arghh, I guess Zakroczym goes on the itinerary again for a future trip.

My next stop was Pomiechowo, another town with references to the Justat family. This was about a 10 minute ride from Zakroczym. I easily found the church but it took a while to find a place to park. A mass was in progress and I had to drive around a bit to find somewhere I could leave the car. After parking, I walked over to the church. It must have





been full because a lot of people were standing outside. This was the first time I ever saw someone leave church and smoke a cigarette. I found a spot in the shade along the wall surrounding the church and participated in the last half of the mass. When people needed to kneel, they just knelt on the ground whether there was grass, dirt or pavement. Eventually I pieced together that a wedding was going on. When mass finished I asked a few people if they knew of any Justats in the area. The two or three people I talked to were very tight lipped and answered with a simple “nie”. I walked around the church taking pictures but couldn’t get inside due to the post wedding activities.

I had to pass the cemetery to get back to the main road so I stopped for a quick wander. This was a large cemetery and I didn’t want to waste much time here. After a brief walk, I left and continued on to my next destination. I was going to start moving north again through some small villages where Justats were known to live. There was just a short stretch on the main road before I turned off onto a small country road. This was going to lead me through some areas I was hoping to stop and ask around about living Justats. As I was driving along, the tire pressure low light came on in my car. I was pretty much in the middle of nowhere and about a half hour drive from any sizeable town. I came across a small gas station and stopped to check the tire and asked if they had an air pump. The tire was visibly low but not close to flat. When I asked if I could pump up my tire, the gas station owner told me he didn’t have a pump. My day’s plan now changed to finding a place to pump up my tire. I headed to one of the bigger villages I wanted to visit, Nowe Miasto, and stopped for a quick visit and searched for a gas station. Ignoring the comments from the drunks smashing empty bottles on the ground in the village square, I took a quick look around to see if there were any signs for a nearby gas station. The village looked quite nice, despite the welcoming committee, but I needed to move on. I decided to head to the biggest town I was familiar with in the area. It was about 30km (18mi) away. After getting to a main road again, I headed directly to Plonsk. Oddly, I didn’t pass any gas stations on the way. Arriving in Plonsk, I had to drive around a bit and ask for the nearest gas station. On route to one gas station, I found a closer one and stopped to see if they had an air pump. Fortunately they did. The owner and one of his workers were having a beer. Graciously, they gave me the inflator adapter for a pneumatic hose and pointed to the air hose. I snapped the inflator into the airline and turned on the air. The tire that was low needed a fair bit of air. While I was at it, I topped off the other tires as well. Fortunately, this was a one off issue. I checked the tire a couple times a day and it held air through the rest of the trip. That’s not to say that I wasn’t really concerned for a few days after the incident.



Now I needed to reassess my plans. Ultimately, I needed to be in Gdansk sometime in the evening. It was currently early afternoon and the drive to Gdansk was about 3 hours. I started to head towards Gliniojeck. On the way, I passed the road to Sarbiewo, which I was now going to skip due to my day’s adventures but changed my mind at the last minute. I turned around and went back. After turning off the main road, I was back on your typical “polska droga” or Polish road. If you say “Polskie Drogi” to any Pole or to anyone who has driven in Poland, they will immediately know what you mean... narrow roads full of pot holes and optionally paved. My GPS kept asking me “your route has unpaved roads do you want to avoid unpaved roads?” Slowly, I made my way to Sarbiewo and went to the church. I went back to the cemetery and did a quick walk through. This parish had ties to both the Rychlinski and Justat families on my Mom’s side from the late 1800s through the early 1900s. I saw some gravestones with names I discovered while preparing for my trip and photographed them. An older, well dressed lady was walking into the cemetery and I went to ask her if she knew of any Justats or Rychlinskis in the area and she didn’t even acknowledge me. It was like I was invisible. I asked someone else and she was much more helpful and understanding but she didn’t know of anyone with those surnames either. However, she recommended that I



talk to the bell ringer who would be at the church at 4:30. I wandered the cemetery for a bit and headed back to the church when I heard the bells ring. I rushed to catch up with the bell ringer before he could get to his car, asked him if he knew anyone with my surnames of interest and he too said "no". At that point, I stopped into the church (one of my favorite churches in Poland), said a short prayer, asked for my relatives' help/support and moved on. I really find it hard to believe that I don't have ANY family in this area so I will be back. I need to remember to schedule a couple days in this area for the next trip.

Now, back to the main road and on to Gliniojeck. I know for a fact that people with the Rychlinski surname live in Gliniojeck. In about a half hour, I was in Gliniojeck. It was a sleepy, small town. There wasn't much going on, but, then again it was Sunday. I started looking for the church and ran across some people walking down the street so I rolled my window down and asked if they knew of any Rychlinskis who lived in Gliniojeck. The two guys talked amongst themselves and gave me directions to another part of Gliniojeck just a couple blocks away and told me to ask there. I fortunately saw another person sitting in front of their house when I got to the right area and they directed me to the street that a Eugeniusz Rychlinski lived on and told me he lived on a gospodarstwo (farm). So I drove to the street and drove down but didn't see anything that I would consider a farm so I asked a lady. She pointed out the house to me and I parked in front. The house was on a larger plot of land than most and had a couple of small out buildings and the yard was well maintained. There was a dog out in the yard who wasn't even the least bit interested that there was a total stranger standing at the gate. I let myself in, walked up to the door right next to the dog and rang the doorbell. The dog fell back asleep. No one came to the door so I rang the bell again and waited. Still, no one answered the door. I had a feeling that one of the previous people I talked to called Eugeniusz and told him some foreigner was trying to find him. I did find out that Eugeniusz was a retired police officer by listening to the conversation of the first two guys I stopped to ask. I decided to leave but before driving away I got my notepad from the trunk of my car and wrote down his address so I could send him a letter when I got home.



This day was shot so I decided to go for broke and visit the village of Nuzewo, near Ciechanow. This was the village where the earliest known Rychlinskis lived in in the mid-1700s. It took about a half hour to get there and even though I was only 15 minutes away from a sizeable town, I was in the middle of nowhere. I took a picture of the village sign. The battery in my phone was dead so I had to take the picture from inside my car through the windshield with the phone plugged into the USB jack while parked across an intersection. I figured there wasn't much more to see here and programmed my Tom Tom for Gdansk.

Tom Tom lead me to a highway and then I started to make time. I was flying along until I reached the area near Elblag. Then I had to exit the highway because that was where the highway ended. That's when I learned of the massive effort underway in Poland to build modern autostrady (highways) throughout the country. For the next hour and a half, I was stuck in seemingly endless traffic while zigzagging back and forth through the construction of the new highway. The construction ended about 50km (30mi) from Gdansk where I again entered a functioning highway and went straight to Gdansk. While cruising to Gdansk, the thought hit me that I am going to have to drive through that construction two more times, once going to my Socha relatives in Paslek and then again on my way to Kartuzy in Kashubia. My head slumped between my shoulders and I started to think if I could change my plans to minimize dealing with that construction. Tom Tom got me efficiently to my hotel. I parked in their paid parking lot, checked my tires (still holding air) and checked in.



After getting situated in my hotel room, I went down and had dinner in the hotel bar. First, a piwo (beer) to take the edge off of driving in construction (and driving in Poland in general) then I ordered a chicken penne with pesto for my meal, yet ANOTHER traditional Polish meal! When in Rome... After dinner, I had a second beer while listening to a table of Norwegians, who were on a work trip, drink themselves senseless. During this same time, a guy and his work colleague stopped at the bar to get a drink. I'm guessing these two guys were from England based on their accent. The first guy ordered a gin and tonic, which was an item on the menu. The second guy ordered a Jack and Coke. There was a long discussion between the waitress and these guys about why she couldn't serve a jack and coke. The first guy started mouthing off and flouting his status with the hotel chain and making a bunch of idle threats. Then the manager got involved. As the conversation escalated, the mouthy guy looks up at the bar stock and says "Wait, just cancel our orders and give us two shots of Zubrowka." Then the world was right again. And that's when I went up to bed after a long day.

Kapusta

2 oz. (3-4 strips) bacon, diced
 1 onion, diced
 1 garlic clove, minced
 1/2 small head cabbage, shredded
 1 T. water
 1/4 t. salt
 1/8 t. ground black pepper

Saute the diced bacon in a medium sauté pan with a lid, over medium high heat, 2-3 min. Add the diced onions. Saute for 3-5 min, until bacon is crispy and the onions are golden. Drain fat but leave light coating on the pan.

Add the garlic and continue to sauté for 1-2 min. Add the shredded cabbage and water.

Cover the pot and simmer for 7-10 min. until the cabbage has softened. Remove the pan from the heat and stir in the salt and pepper.

Serve with kielbasa and pierogi.

Schedule of Presentations for Upcoming Meetings

Jan: *The Polish Garden*

Learn about some unique plants you will find in a garden in Poland and plan to put a little bit of Poland into your yard and on your menu this year. Presented by Ben Kman.

Feb: *Cleveland's Polish Community Part 2*

Let's watch the second part of the recorded video by John Grabowski regarding the Warszawa/Slavic Village neighborhood of Cleveland from the turn of the century through the 50s.

Mar: *Poland Travelogue*

Listen to Lucia Dominak talk about her 2019 trip to Poland and share how she found so many relatives.

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



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PGSGC Newsletter
c/o the return address above

About Us

Meetings are held the first Tuesday of the month (except July and August) at St. Mary's PNC Church parish hall, 5375 Broadview Rd., Parma, Ohio. We have 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 7:00 PM and are usually over by 9:00 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.