

Our Polish ANCESTORS

THE QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF THE POLISH GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREATER CLEVELAND

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Experiences of a Displaced Person

By Anthonette Baciak

The dictionary defines any person without a place to call home as a “displaced person,” better known in the United States in the 1950s as a “DP”. As a young girl, all I knew about relatives in Poland was that they needed our help, they were very poor and they lived through the war. Occasionally, Mom would receive a letter from Poland, usually from my grandmother’s sisters, written by one of their children who knew how to write. Then we got busy making packages and sewing money into hems of clothing. My mom and grandmother knit sweaters all of the same color, so that the relatives in Poland would undo the knitting and repurpose the yarn into comforters or slippers which were much needed then. The Communists governed the area of Bialystok and had issued strict regulations as to contents of packages from foreign countries. United States currency was forbidden.



Stefcia (Stefania) Jasionowska and her son, Juzio (Joseph) Coburg, November 1947

One day in 1949, joyously, Mom announced that her first cousin, Stefcia was coming to the United States! Amid the tears, we got the specifics, that Stefcia (Stefany) and her son Juzio (Joseph) were being sponsored by her aunt (my father’s sister).

Stefania Jasionowska was born 23 September 1921 in Kamionka-Nowa, Kreis Augustow, Poland. In 1941, on her twentieth birthday, she was arrested by the Nazis and sent to a labor camp in Suwałki, Poland (Sudauen, East Prussia). She was chosen to serve as a domestic servant in the home of Martha Stephan whose husband was a German doctor. In July 1944, the Russians were approaching Suwałki so the doctor sent Stefania with his family to live in Eltmann, Bavaria, just west of Bamberg. Here, Stefania continued to work for Mrs. Stephan until she was freed in 1945. After the war, Stefania lived in Bamberg at Hainstrasse 2. The town had been mostly spared by the ravages of war. Stefania’s son, Joseph, was born 18 March 1946 at the frauenklinik (women’s clinic) in Bamberg. In October of that year, she registered as a DP (displaced person) with the desire to move west. Stefania and Joseph were transferred to the DP Camp in Coburg where preparations began for their eventual immigration to the United States.

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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 Michael Speare at pgsgc@yahoo.com for more information.

The Polish Genealogical Society





Letter from the President

Witam i zapraszam:

There is quote attributed to many, “if I have seen farther, it is because I stood on the shoulders of giants”. Academics often cite it to students to alert them to the fact that anything they discover in their pursuit of knowledge is the result of those who have preceded them. I think that phrase should also be applied to our ancestors. We are the beneficiaries of their efforts to build better lives for each new generation. While we may like to think that we are descended from a Polish prince or princess, it is far more likely we descended from peasants scratching out an existence on a farm that they may not have even owned. To their perseverance, we owe our very existence. They left their families to come to America seeking a better life for themselves and for us. Think about the courage it took to leave and travel to a new land seeking a new life. They took the worst of jobs to build a new future. In our search for names and dates, let us not forget their sacrifices so that we, sitting on their shoulders, could see that better life.

As the incoming President, I, too, am standing on the shoulders of giants. My thanks to Anthonette Baciak who guided us through the most difficult times of the pandemic, the web design and layout contribution of Cori Messenger, the volunteer help of Elaine Rachochi, Pat Bakaitis, Ed Ostry, Art Lauterer, among others. I recognize Ben Kman, who continues to be the glue who holds us all together and our tireless newsletter contributor and editor Trina Galauner. I, and our other new officers, Richard Szczepinski and Don Demor, have much to live up to.

It is an exciting time for our Society. We have launched a new and more robust website (<http://pgsgc.org>) that will allow us to put more resources into the hands of our members. We optimistically resumed in person meetings in September but also recognized the value that Zoom brings to members and will be improving our audio/visual capabilities. We look forward to 2022 with optimism and perhaps recognize the need to show some of the grit of our ancestors.

Michael E. Speare, President

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The Polish Genealogical Society



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At the end of the Second World War, at least eleven million people had been displaced from their home countries, with about seven million in Allied-occupied Germany. Not everyone wanted to return to their country of origin as many were fearful of the persecution by the communist regimes installed in their home countries by the Soviet Army. In the midst of the Cold War, individuals simply wanted to avoid living under a communist regime.

Stefcia and Joseph left Coburg 11 May 1949 and transferred to the Resettlement Center in Schweinfurt where they were issued passports. They departed Schweinfurt 23 May 1949 and traveled via Wildflecken to Bremen. There they boarded the *General W.G. Haan* 31 May 1949 and arrived in New York 10 June 1949.

My aunt and her family lived in Jackson, Michigan and were able to meet all requirements of the Displaced Persons Act of 1948. It authorized, for a limited period of time, the admission into the United States of 200,000 certain European displaced persons for permanent residence.

Joseph shared with me that although he was only three years old, he did remember the many kindnesses of the staff and how much food was available to the passengers. He never saw fruit when in the camp. Having never tasted ice cream, he was hooked and he was allowed to have all the milk he wanted. Things were looking up.

The Summer of 1950, my dad and mom decided to take my "Busia" to Michigan to visit with her niece and her son. The Jackson family opened their home and hospitality to us. So many tears and hugs were shared at the initial gathering. A mutual decision was made that Stefcia and Juzio would be able to return with us to Cleveland, Ohio and stay for a few weeks. I was about ten years old then and remember the ride home with Juzio crying out loudly his newly learned word "TRUCK" each time he saw one on the highway. For a couple of months, he became the little brother I never had. I also learned an early lesson of how to appreciate what one takes for granted through the eyes of those who were experiencing it for the first time. Stefcia was speechless and overwhelmed at the selections and largeness of the local grocery stores. She was accustomed to having to stand in endless lines for hours at a time and only one or two products being available per day. When the supply ran out in the store, everyone returned home only to face another day doing the same. Another remembrance I had was the fervor of Stefcia's prayers. To this day, I think she taught me how important religion was in every life. It was a way of life and not something superficial.


Joseph Kwiatkowski, a former friend from Poland who also immigrated to Rochester, New York, proposed to Stefcia in 1951. Another letter that I recently discovered explained Stefcia's anxiety in making another life-changing decision. After approval from all family members, she and Joseph married 5 May 1951. She and her husband created the American dream; a home, employment for both, citizenship and added a daughter, Lucia. Eventually, they were able to bring her mother and her sister's family to the United States. My grandmother got to reunite with her sister, Apolonia, after a sixty year separation. But that is another story.

A.E.F. D.P. REGISTRATION RECORD											
Original <input type="checkbox"/> Duplicate <input type="checkbox"/>											
M. <input type="checkbox"/> Single <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Married <input type="checkbox"/> F. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Widowed <input type="checkbox"/> Divorced <input type="checkbox"/>											
Polish											
(1) REGISTRATION NO. 795718											
444337											
(2) Family Name: JASIONOWSKA											
(3) Sex: M. <input type="checkbox"/> F. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>											
(4) Marital Status: Married <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>											
(5) Claimed Nationality: Polish											
(6) Birthdate: 23.9.21											
(7) Religion (Optional): Catholic											
(8) Number of Accompanying Family Members: 1											
(9) Number of Dependents: 0											
(10) Full Name of Father: Bronislaw Jasionowski											
(11) Full Maiden Name of Mother: Apolonia Cudnowska											
(12) DESIRED DESTINATION: na Zachod											
(13) LAST PERMANENT RESIDENCE OR RESIDENCE JANUARY 1, 1938: Kamionka Nowa Augustow Polska											
(14) Usual Trade, Occupation or Profession: rolnik											
(15) Performed in What Kind of Establishment: pracownica domowa											
(16) Other Trades or Occupations: none											
(17) Languages Spoken in Order of Fluency: Polski											
(18) Do You Claim to be a Prisoner of War: No <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>											
(19) Amount and Kind of Currency in your Possession: FILE NO. 12453											
(20) Signature of Registrant: Stefcia Jasionowska											
(21) Signature of Registrar: [Signature] Date: 16.10.46											
(22) Destination or Reception Center: Bamberg											
(23) Code for Issue: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28											
(24) REMARKS: TEMPORARY DUPLICATS. - Josef, son, 18.3.46, 795720. 795718 issued 7.11.46											



Genealogy 101: More Google Tools for Genealogy

By Michael Speare

Google has become a valuable tool as we search for ancestors and/or information about where and how they lived. An often-overlooked Google tool is Google Lens. This is the symbol for Lens . It is available as an app for IOS (iPhone and iPad) and Android devices and can be downloaded from the Apple App store or Google Play. Once installed the icon will appear in the search box.



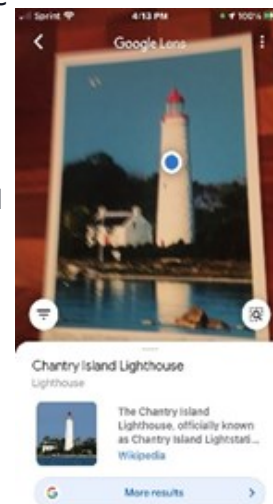
What is it and of what value is it to my genealogy search? Google Lens enables you to point phone or tablet camera at an object and, using artificial intelligence, identify what that object is and get additional suggestions about that image. Let's look at an example. On the left is a picture I took on vacation. I lost track of where I took it. I opened Google, hit the lens icon, took a picture, and got the following back. Lens identified the picture as being lighthouse on Chantry Island in the harbor of Southampton, Ontario. It also offers a link to a John Brown who built this lighthouse and gave me a biography of him and links to another lighthouse he built. Southampton was a city that my great grandfather served as the town constable. I then used that image in a biography on my family website. I have used this technique to identify a car and a landmark in a picture of my grandparents.

Another use is translations. This can be done by touching the Lens icon. At the bottom there will be several choices to highlight (translate, text, search, homework, shopping, places, and dining). Select translate and slowly scan down the document. The translation will appear as you scan. The default setting is to autodetect the language but for better accuracy select the language of the document and the choice of the translation. A steady hand is often required but it can give a quick idea of what a document is about and whether you want to explore further.

Several books, websites and YouTube channels are devoted to illustrating the many uses of the Lens app. We do not have room to illustrate all. Here is a list of a few; smart text selection (point the camera at a text and then highlight and copy to the phone for pasting in another document e.g., a password), smart tech search (highlight a word, phrase or text in Lens it will search Google for more information), shopping (see a book or shoes you like, take a picture and Google will find several places to buy it), search around you (point the camera at flowers, buildings, trees, weeds and Google will provide additional info on the object). This last one could help identify where the picture of your grandparents was taken or what weed killer to use on that strange new weed that popped up in your lawn.

More information is available in Google and their use is only limited by your imagination. Use Google and many YouTube videos to learn more.

Key board tips: My hand is not as steady as it once was, so I find that using my computer mouse is difficult. I have found that I can use my keyboard only for many commands. Here are a few for use with Windows* documents. To select words, place the cursor at beginning then press shift and move cursor to the end of the desired passage. To delete this selection, Press CTRL + X. To copy, press CTRL + C. After copying use CTRL + V to paste. Made a mistake? Use CTRL + Z to undo. Want to save a document in progress? Use CTRL + S to save. To print, use CTRL + P. To switch between open apps, CTRL + tab. Some variation may occur for different Windows versions. Check the Microsoft support website. *For Mac users, substitute Command for CTRL.





Remember When: Pilgrimages

By John A. Prokop

When I was growing up, especially in the summer, we made special pilgrimages (holy vacations or trips,) to venerated places. These venerated places included cemeteries, shrines, or other churches. Some visits were planned and made on holy days, feast days, holidays, anniversaries, or special events and others were made just because you were nearby in the vicinity. Sometimes you had to wear your Sunday clothes, or dress up to go and other times you could get by wearing whatever clothes, you had on at the time.



One of the places we visited most often was Calvary Cemetery. There was always a reason to go visit family, friends, or relatives who now resided there, as their final resting place. Since we could no longer visit at their houses, we went to see them where they were buried. It may have been their birthday, anniversary, or a special event in their lives when you went, or you may have gone just because it was a weekend and the weather was nice.

Before we left the house we had to pack the trunk with all the necessary tools to clean a grave, if necessary. Sometimes we had to prune the grass around the stone, dig out weeds, or clean the stone itself if it were really dirty, with a brush or old rags. If flowers were in bloom in the yard, they were fresh cut and wrapped in foil or plastic bags, to retain their moisture and you didn't forget to bring the big quart Mason jars to use as vases. When it was a federal holiday, like Memorial Day or the 4th of July, we took miniature American flags, to stick in the ground by their grave site. Sometimes we purchased Styrofoam or plastic bunnies, or crosses (for Easter,) or other holiday decorations for the season. When we went to the cemetery, we were there for a good while and I now understand why we were forced to make a "pit stop" before leaving home.

The cemetery was like a really big park, but it was a holy park, where we could not run or play. It was sort of like a big "outdoor church" with lots of holy statues and monuments, so we had to behave. We also had to do a lot of praying for all these people, who we were going to visit. I especially remember praying for them in case their souls were stuck in purgatory trying to get into heaven. Since they couldn't pray for themselves anymore we had to do their praying for them. I used to feel like I helped a lot of souls get into heaven when I left the cemetery for the day.

However, I remembered the most important reason for visiting the cemetery was to let our loved ones know that they were not forgotten. This was a ritual and part of our faith and culture, that we followed in the footsteps of our predecessors. Our future generations would do the same for us.

Pilgrimages and visits to shrines were much more fun and lively events. They were always dress-up events, required some travel and we were there for a good part of the day. We also took in a meal, because we were



there either for breakfast or lunch. My favorite and most frequently visited shrine was “Our Lady of Lourdes” in Euclid, Ohio. It was an annual event to visit on August 15th, which was the “Feast of the Assumption.” What made it such a special annual event was that we would meet other family members there so it was like a small reunion at the shrine with aunts, uncles and dozens of cousins.

The shrine was also like a very large park, with lots of statues, monuments, an outdoor grotto for mass, an indoor church (in case the weather was bad), a huge gift shop, and a great cafeteria (where the good sisters baked and served great tasting foods). There were great hills to climb on the grounds there. Going to an outdoor mass at the grotto site, was really special because it made us feel like we were in Lourdes where it all really happened. The grotto included water from a spring, which was blessed and considered holy and curative, just like the one in Lourdes, France. The water flowed over an embedded relic, taken from the Lourdes Grotto in France.



The sisters had a large convent on the grounds and they were seen everywhere. Somehow I felt like they were always watching us kids when we were on their grounds. They seemed to have innate radar with eyes in the back of their heads and we felt like we had to always be on guard, when we were, there because of them. They were always watching us and were quick to send a non-verbal message to correct our behavior. All it took was a finger to their lips (to be quiet), a frown (to stop the behavior we were doing), or a smile (keep doing what we’re doing and behaving the way we are).

My favorite shrine spot was the gift shop, where we could buy any sacramental item which was laid out right before your eyes. It was like shopping at a big box store. There were so many rosaries, crucifixes, holy pictures, statues, medals and prayer cards, for any saint in the world, which could cure or help you through any disease, disability, addiction, or affliction. It was like a total “one stop shopping for Catholics.” There were enough church artifacts to build or make our own church or shrine, in our own home, or back yard. I could spend my whole allowance in fifteen minutes there. Sometimes, we would want to buy some of these gifts for our friends like souvenirs, so we could share our experience with them. Once we purchased them, we had to get them blessed, otherwise they wouldn’t work. Luckily, there was always a priest available in the church, or on the grounds, who would gladly bless them for us. Before we left the shrine, we had to light vigil candles at the grotto, for all our special intentions and took home bottles of the holy and curative Lourdes Shrine water from the spring. I must have lit over five hundred vigil lights at that shrine since I was never short on special intentions.

There were other visits to churches, cathedrals and smaller shrines during the year, but the ones I grew up visiting regularly, were the ones I remembered the most.



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 her husband, Hamlet, and Jennifer and her husband, Robert. John and Laura are also the proud grandparents of Jennifer and Robert’s son, Robby.



The Polish Genealogical Society



Welcome — New Member — Witamy

Richard and Jeannine Bogielski	Seven Hills, Ohio	Kurotyszewski, Staniszewski, Winiaski, Hermanowicz, Maciorowski, Jaschewitch or variation
Pam Riggs	Avon Lake, Ohio	Sarna, Zaborowski, Dominik, Rygwalski, Rigwalski, Domchowski, Smigccra, Kruzyczna, Swsiatoj, Switog, Swieton
Gerry Urban	Strongsville, Ohio	Mazur
Patricia Karabowicz	Bedford, Ohio	Swiatkowski
Bernadette and Kenneth Berger	Chagrin Falls, Ohio	Staskiewicz, Kosakowska, Zielinski, Tyburski
David and Patricia Brown	North Royalton, Ohio	Bartoszek, Nowicki, Bagen
Nancy and Steven Kucharski	Fort Wayne, Indiana	Hules, Michalski, Vetrovec
Kathleen Kaczynski	Cedar, Michigan	Dybzinski, Dybza, Janicki, Malwinski, Olejniczak
Michael Wasko	Athens, Georgia	Motulewicz, Sowul, Witusik
Heather Larson	Wichita, Kansas	Zadzielka, Zadel, Zielinski
Carleen Welch	Hudson, Ohio	Bluso, Sheck, Farren, Faron, Szczehowski, Jagella, Malecka

See the PGSGC website for the most up-to-date list of surnames being researched by our members.



POLISH PAĆZKI

submitted by Anthonette Baciak

- 1 yeast cake or 3-1/4 oz. packets of Active Dry yeast (equals the activity of one 2 oz. yeast cake)
- 2 c. milk, scalded and cooled to lukewarm
- 2 c. flour, sifted
- 4 egg yolks plus 1 whole egg
- 1/2 c. granulated sugar
- 1/2 t. vanilla (see hints)
- Rind of 1/2 orange or lemon
- 1 t. salt
- 1/2 lb. butter, melted
- 5 c. flour, sifted
- 3/4 c. thick cherry jam or other favorite jam, if filling paćzki

Instructions:

- Dissolve yeast in lukewarm milk in large bowl. Add 2 cups flour. Let rise in warm place about 30 minutes.
- Beat together eggs, granulated sugar, vanilla, grated rind and salt until light.
- Add to yeast sponge mixture.
- Add melted butter.
- Mix in 5 cups of sifted flour.
- Beat with wooden spoon. Old timers way, or if you have a mixer which does heavier yeast doughs beat until dough is elastic and cleans the sides of the bowl.
- Transfer dough to a lightly greased large bowl. Turn dough so as to be greased on all sides. Cover with a clean cloth and place in a warm place for about an hour or more or till dough doubles in size.
- When dough is light (double in volume about 2 or 2 1/2 hours) turn out on a moderately floured board. Roll out about a cup of dough to about 1/4 inch thickness on flat surface. Keep remaining dough covered to prevent drying.
- Using a 2 1/2 inch round metal cutter. If you don't have that, find a cup or glass that is close to that size.
- At this point, you can place 1/2 teaspoon jam on 1 dough round. Lightly place another dough round directly on top of the first covering the jam. Using your fingers, crimp dough edges together tightly to prevent halves from separating during frying. Place filled doughnut on a flat working surface. Using a smaller round cutter, trim off edges to make a nice round smooth edge. Place filled doughnuts on a lightly greased baking sheet. Leave room between resting doughnuts for spreading when dough rises. Cover each baking sheet with a clean cloth so doughnuts rise and do not dry out. Let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour.

FRYING: Pour vegetable oil in a deep fryer or large saucepan to a depth of about 5 inches. Heat to 360F or until a 1 inch bread cube turns golden brown in 60 seconds. Add doughnuts without crowding, raised-or top side down, so bottom will round out during cooking. Fry 3 to 4 minutes until golden brown. Turn and fry other side about 3 minutes or until golden brown on both sides. Drain on paper towels. Dust doughnuts with powdered sugar.

HINTS: Lightly grease a couple of baking sheets. Keep ingredients a room temperature. Sometimes bakers will add "Spiritus" like rum for flavor also. Old timers used to use lard or Crisco for frying.

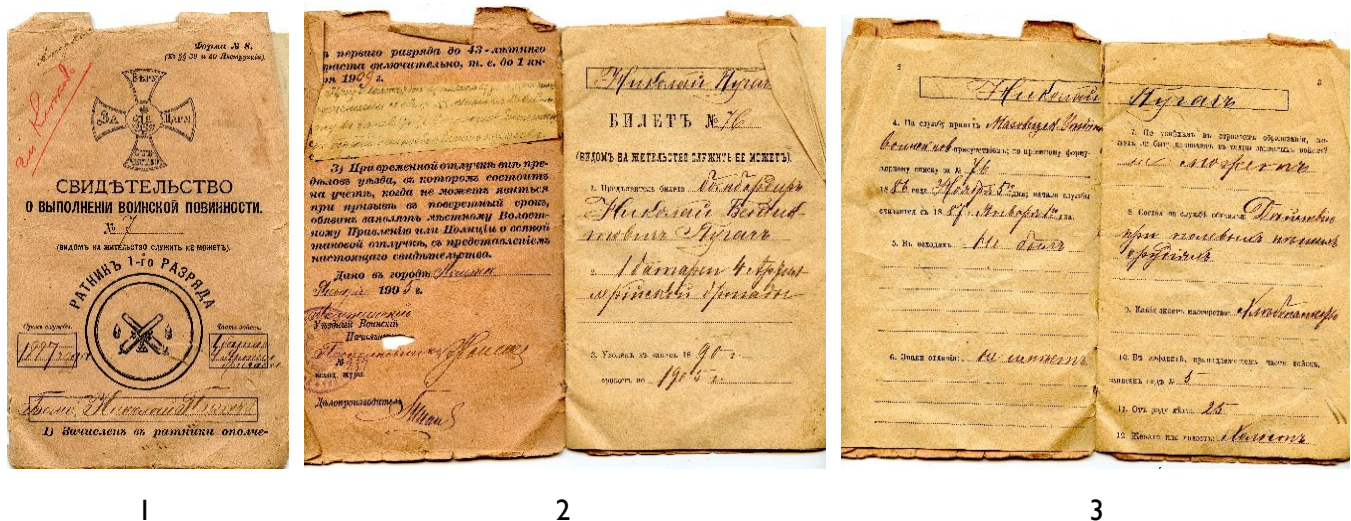


The Military Record of Mikolaj Pugacz

By Michael Speare

In a previous issue, I shared the wedding document of my great grandparents, Mikolaj Pugacz and Jozefa Tyminska . In that document, Mikolaj was referred to as a billeted soldier in the Russian army. Poles in the Russian zone were required to serve in the czar's military for 25 years beginning at age 21. It appeared that this service could be a combination of full-time regular service and then a time of ready reserve. I have been fortunate that my family preserved the service record of Mikolaj. The multi-page document is shown below. Recruits were to report with their own boots of no less than nine inches height and underwear of the appropriate quality. He was allowed to purchase those items from the army for 5 rubles (boots), 50 kopechs (shirt) and 35 kopechs (underwear). For providing a good winter coat if mobilization is between Sept. 1st and Feb. 1st, he would be reimbursed 4 rubles.

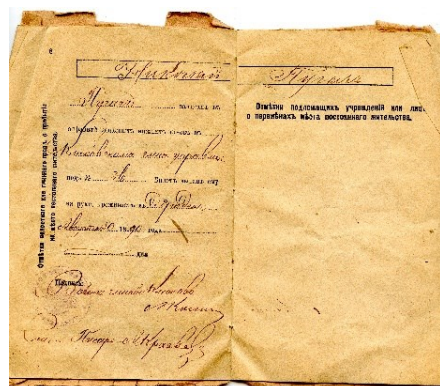
These pages illustrated the long service required by the czar but apparently offered some freedom of movement.



1. Document cover. These pages recognize fulfilment of military service (in red). This document could not be used as a residence permit. Mikolaj was a soldier of 1st grade. His term of service began in 1887. He served as a bombardier (cannons) in the 1st battery, 4th artillery brigade, enlisted in militia soldiers.
2. Mikolaj was of the first grade until the age of 43 years, (i.e., 1 January 1909). He was drafted temporarily into the militia with the duty to report to Lomzha to the military draft office on the third day after the announcement of the military draft. On the temporary absence from the uезд (powiat/county), in which he is registered, when he might not be able to report on duty in the mentioned (3 days) time he must announce to the local district office or to the police on all these absences with the presentation of this certificate.
3. Mikolaj was drafted into service 5 November 1886, to start 1 January 1887. He had not participated in a military campaign and had not achieved any honors. Upon completion of his military training (field artillery), he could not be appointed to the reserve cadre. He was single, age 25, and his trade was ploughsman (farmer).



4



5

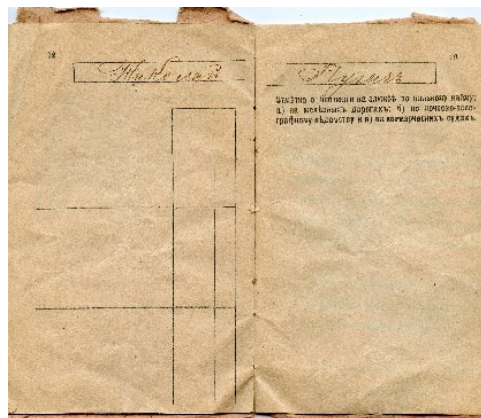


6

4. Pugacz is recorded in the alphabet books of reserve lower ranks in Clukowo gmina management under #36. This billet is given to him. He is residing in the village of Grodek 30 August 1890.

5. Notes of the volost of gmina management on the arrival to the place of permanent residence. This billet is given to him, he is residing in the village of Grodek*, 30 August 1890. Signed by officer and clerk.

6. These pages are to record short trips and returns from such. Permitted to leave Warsaw for one year (22 September 1890). Military officer of Clukowo signature. Returned 31 December 1891. Permitted to leave Ciechanowicz of Grodno governorate for one year (January 1892). Pugacz arrived for temporary residence in Ciechanowicz 18 July 1897. Police office signature. Arrived for residence in Clukowo 12 March 1901. *Grodek is a village in the administrative district of Gmina Klukowo, within Mazowieckie County, Podlaskie Voivodeship, in northeastern Poland.



7



8

7. Page of notices of the service on railroads, postal service, and commercial ships, all left blank.

8. Back cover.

To help put some of these dates in perspective. Mikolaj was probably born in 1865 as he is shown to be 25 when he married Jozefa on January 22, 1891. I have not been able to verify the date of his arrival in the United States, but I know it was between 1902 and 1907. In 1907, Jozefa and their two daughters joined him in Olyphant, Pennsylvania. Russia went to war with Japan from 1904 to 1905. Russia suffered an incredible defeat highlighted by the naval battle of Port Arthur in which a totally untrained Russian navy sailed halfway around the world to be obliterated by the Japanese. Many novice Poles were impressed into this navy. Some historians mark the war as the start of the decline of the Czar that ultimately led to the Russian Revolution.



The Polish Genealogical Society of Greater Cleveland is looking for articles to include in upcoming newsletters. Write your Polish story, suggest tips to help others with their research, create a tribute to a Polish ancestor, share old photographs of your Polish relatives, the possibilities are endless. Put your thoughts and stories on paper and have them published in our newsletter.



We have the following submission guidelines:

- Article content should focus on one or more of the following:
 - (1) Polish Cleveland
 - (2) Polish history and culture
 - (3) Genealogical research (specific to Poland or very general)
- Preferred article length of 2-4 pages of original content with 700-800 words per page. Shorter articles may be considered.
- Pictures pertaining to article content are also encouraged when the author owns the rights to the photograph(s) provided. If images are included, submit in .jpg format only.
- Include an appropriate and informative title for the article.
- We do not publish content related to other countries or cultures, unless it is German, Austrian, or Russian, when it specifically pertains to their involvement with Poland.
- Refrain from content that could be political or biased in nature.

Deadlines for article submission to be considered for an upcoming newsletter are February 15th, May 15th, August 15th and November 15th. Articles should be written in paragraph form. The editor reserves the right to accept and modify article content as needed. Articles may be refused at the discretion of the editor. Submissions should be emailed to our newsletter editor, Trina Galauner, at galauner@yahoo.com. Thank you for your assistance!

Schedule of Presentations for Upcoming Meetings

Apr: ***Searching Polish Cemeteries Online***
Ben Kman

May: ***How Did It Start: Share your story of how/why you started researching your family history***
Group participation

Jun: ***Why Poland's Jewish History Matters for Jews and Poles***
Sean Martin

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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.