

Searchers

The Journal of the Polish Genealogical Society of New York State

Number 37

PRESERVING OUR PAST SINCE 1988

Spring 2004



The Harlos Family—Julianna [*Konarski*] (on donkey), Stanisław, and baby Cecylia. Picture dates from 1910-1911. Cecylia was born in Buffalo in 1908 and died there in 1917. Stanley and Julianna were the grandparents of **Searchers** Editor, Jim Harlos.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

MEETINGS

The PGSNYS meets on the second Thursday of each month in the Villa Maria College cafeteria, 240 Ridge Road, Cheektowaga, New York, at 7:00 p.m.

All meeting cancellations due to bad weather will be announced on News Radio 930 AM, WBEN.

MEMBERSHIP DUES

Dues are \$15.00 for the year. This entitles you to three editions of the Searchers. New members receive an information package to help get them started. **Please notify us of any change of address.**

ARTICLE SUBMISSIONS

All articles concerning Polish Genealogy, history, and information are considered for publication in the Searchers. Submission deadlines for articles are as follows:

Spring Edition	April 15th for June mailing
Summer Edition	June 15th for August mailing
Winter Edition	October 15th for December mailing

Contact: James P. Harlos, Editor
Articles@pgsnys.org

MAIL

Please note when writing us for assistance, that due to the large amount of mail received, the PGSNYS will answer ONLY correspondence that includes a self-addressed, stamped reply envelope. All correspondence should be directed to:

The Polish Genealogical Society of New York State
12645 Rt. 76
East Aurora, New York 14052

If you wish to contact one of our committees, please write the committee name on the front of the envelope. The committees are: General Corre-

spondence, Searcher Editor, and Membership Chairman.

Please visit The Polish Genealogical Society of New York State's Web Site:

www.pgsnys.org

PGSNYS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	David E. Newman president@pgsnys.org
<i>Vice President</i>	Ted Smardz vicepres@pgsnys.org
<i>Secretary</i>	Dan Filipski djf@adelphia.net
<i>Treasurer</i>	Chuck Pyrak
<i>Historian</i>	Monica Rzepka
<i>Founder</i>	Michael A. Drabik 1950-2001

PGSNYS TRUSTEES

Walter Kloc whiteniko@email.msn.com
Frank Martin
Patricia Neuland
Ed Prabucki prabucki77@aol.com
Frank Wilczak

In this issue.....

Editor's Notes...	3
President's Message	3
Yesterday's News	4
Potpourri	6
Three Languages from Two—Part 3	7
The Bells of St. Stanislaus	11
Information Please...	13
2nd Annual Polish Heritage Festival	15

Editors' Notes

This issue's cover is personal, it is a picture of my grandparents and their first child, Cecylia. For most of my life I did not know very much about my family. At that time I thought my grandparents had three children, my uncles Thaddeus and Arthur, and my father Henry.

About ten years ago I started doing genealogy. You can not imagine my surprise when I found out there were actually nine children born, 6 of which died. Of those that died, Cecylia was the longest lived. She lived till she was 8 years old. My father, who was born 3 years before she died, remembers her fondly. He himself is the last of the children and is now 90 years old and still going strong. Genealogy has provided us with a lot of interesting conversation.

I am sure that many of our members have similar stories and pictures. It would be nice if they would share them with us. If you wish to, you may e-mail them to me at harlos@adelphia.net or by regular post to

James P. Harlos
62 Jeffrey Dr.
Amherst, NY 14228

On another personal note I would like to welcome new member, Norbert Surdyk. He may not know it, but we are second cousins. Contact me Norbert.

Jim Harlos



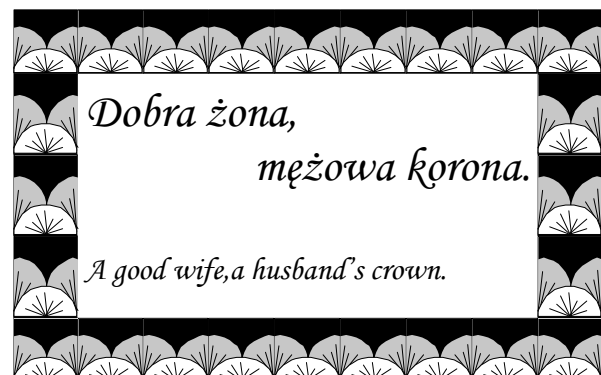
President's Message

This year we have one major goal in mind that I'd like to update the membership on.

MICHAEL DRABIK COLLECTION PGSNYS Library

The PGSNYS Library now called "The Michael Drabik Collection" is a little closer to being moved over to the Special Collections section of the Central Library in Downtown Buffalo. On April 10th, Daniel Kij, Lynn Mycek-Rzepecki and I met with Central Library Staff to reopen dialog on the possibility of moving our library. The meeting went well. The Central Library is enthusiastic towards the notion of housing the "The Michael Drabik Collection". They believe it will greatly benefit both the PGSNYS and the genealogical community. The Central Library is currently working with their lawyers and drafting an agreement. In the meantime we (PGSNYS) must catalog our collection using the Library of Congress method to catalog books. The ultimate goal is to have our library moved by October of this year. A ceremony commemorating the Michael Drabik Collection will commence. Anyone wishing to volunteer to help catalog can contact me at niewczyk@verizon.net

David Newman



YESTERDAY'S NEWS

Researched by Laurel Myszkier Keough

The Buffalo Times
October 14, 1934

At least one of the organizers of St. Stanislaus church is still alive. She is Mrs. Mary Kaptur, 84, of 21 Townsend Street. Through out her long life she has continued as a loyal member of the parish and today, hale and hearty, goes to mass every Sunday.

Her story is one of courage and hope, and an inspiration to the young people of today.

In 1871 she was married to Valentine Kaptur in Poland. It was a troublous time. The Franco-Prussian war was flaming, and most young Poles were awaiting the call to arms. It was a perilous time for a young couple to enter the bonds of matrimony, but they did not falter.

COMES TO AMERICA

But the young bridegroom had no sympathy with the Franco-Prussian war, and was determined to have no part in it. He watched for his moment, and when it came, hurried away for America, leaving his young bride behind.

He came to Buffalo, found a job, worked diligently at it and prospered so well that he was able to send for his young wife within a year. In this the Kapturs fared better than many of their fellow-countrymen. Often it was years before the husbands, who came first to prepare a place, were able to send for their wives and children.

It was early in the year 1873 that Mrs. Kaptur arrived in Buffalo. That was the year in which St. Stanislaus Parish was organized. The Kapturs, though they spoke German, were Poles at heart. Eagerly they joined in the manifold tasks, and responsibilities of their new church home.

JOBS WERE PLENTIFUL

They entered into their new life with greatest of enthusiasm. For some, the Promised Land might have fallen short of its promise, but not for the Kapturs.

Jobs were plentiful, and wages high, compared with the wages of their native land. It was at a time when construction was booming on the East Side. Father John Pitass was more than a pastor then. He was a valuable and

Pulpits and People



Two of the charter members of St. Stanislaus and the present church are pictured here. The charter members are Mrs. Florence Masarynska, 147 Detroit street (left) and Mrs. Mary Kaptur, 21 Townsend street (right).

able friend, who could get a job for a newcomer.

Father John could do more than that. His recommendation to a contractor meant something. If a man had \$25 or \$50, a job, and approval of Father John, a contractor would build him a house. The rest of the payment could be made in installments.

The homeowner found extra revenue by renting rooms to single men, or those who, like young Mr. Kaptur, were temporarily single. You could rent a room then for \$1.25 a week

COWS WERE COMMON

It was a common thing for families to have a cow. Almost all of the families, in fact, who had gotten a good start, had their own cow, and maybe a few pigs. Those who lacked a milk supply of

their own could get milk cheaply from the neighbors.

"All a family had to do was put out a pitcher or a pail on a table near a window," said Mrs. Kaptur. "If the window wasn't open when the milkman came, he opened it himself and poured the pitcher full.

"We didn't hesitate about leaving windows open then, or even doors. Everybody had enough to live on, everybody who could work had a job, and there were no burglars. Times have changed since then."

"Of course there were some drawbacks. There were no street cars, no automobiles. If we wanted to go any distance, we went by horse and buggy. But more often we walked, most of us. Even over to Black Rock."

"How well I recall the first street car. It was drawn by horses of course, but it was a thrilling sight. But the first electric car was even more wonderful."

THE FIRST TROLLEY

"And how we dreaded fires then. The city was not so well prepared. It was terrible when fire broke out."

"There were no telephones, you know, and when a fire was discovered, somebody ran to St. Michael's Church to sound the alarm."

"Then the church bells rang like mad, and residents came pouring out to fight the fire. We would grab buckets, anything - and all go to help."

Mrs. Kaptur remembers a prophecy by Bishop Ryan in those formative days of St. Stanislaus. It was a prophecy that was to come nearly true, for what he said

was that some day, the intersection of Broadway and Fillmore Avenue would one day be the center of the city. It is now, by all odds, the second largest business district of Buffalo.

ACTIVE AND ALERT

Mrs. Kaptur today is active and alert. She survived her husband Valentine and two of their eight children, both sons. The other six, all daughters are alive.

They are Mrs. Anna Nowak of 72 Pulaski Street; Mrs. Martha Pyszczyńska, of 107 Millers Avenue; Miss Mary Kaptur, who lives with her mother at 21 Townsend Street; Mrs. Bronisława Hibner, of 103 Hazelwood Avenue; and Mrs. Helen Suszyska, of 26 Kehr Street.

Mrs. Kaptur also has 11 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. With love and pride, she watches them all in their daily work, or growing to manhood and womanhood, and they look to her as the matriarch of the family – a stanch elderly woman, made of the stuff from which St. Stanislaus and the East Side drew its life and strength.

The Buffalo Times

October 19, 1934

Pioneer St. Stanislaus Families Recall Early Days of Parish

Memories of old St. Stanislaus fall thick as hail when families of the two oldest parishioners get together.

For years, these two seniors of St. Stanislaus – seniors in point of years – lived together in a house at 49 Townsend Street. Albert Stachowski, one of them, died a year ago soon after he celebrated his 100th birthday.

But the other, Mrs. Elizabeth Rogowska, now 107 and the oldest resident of Buffalo, is hale and hearty. She remembers as if it were yesterday, how St. Stanislaus church received her into its membership when she came here 46 years ago. The big church was just completed then, Broadway was a cobble-stone street, and the neighborhood was still young. She was 61 when she came here from Silesia, where she was born in 1827.

STACHOWSKI HERE FIRST

Mr. Stachowski had preceded her here. He came from Poland 63 years ago, and was one of the group that founded St. Stanislaus. All the rest of his life he attended the church, even after he moved to a farm near Orchard Park. That recalls the story of Father John and the pet crow.

Frank Stachowski, one of the sons (he's 63 now) tells the story.

"On the farm I found a crow's nest, and in it a young crow, which I took home." He said. "It became a pet. It could talk and would follow me anywhere. Several times I sold that crow. It was easy money, because the next day the crow would come flying back home."

"One Sunday when we drove in to church –

these were horse and buggy days, remember – the crow rode in too, sitting on the back of one of the horses."

"Father John saw it, and he took a fancy to it. He wanted to buy it but I only grinned. It would have been a good joke to sell it to him, but I didn't want to play a joke on Father John. He offered me \$5 for it – a lot of money for a crow, especially for one that would come flying back like a homing pigeon."

A GOOD JOKE

"So I had to tell him why I would not sell. How he laughed then."

Where Fillmore Avenue now runs, with thousands of cars streaming through it, the muddy creek ran when the Stachowski sons and daughters were children.

"We used to skate on it in winter and swim on it in the summer," Frank continued. "In the spring we would hop on the big ice cakes and go floating along on them. How that used to distress Father John. He would run along the shore, scolding at us, but ready to jump in to our aid if anything happened."

"And at last something did, sad to say. One boy slipped from the ice cake and was drowned. His body was carried into the sewer into which the creek emptied and later recovered in the Buffalo River."

Frank recalled a humorous story about the building of the first wooden school house. While it was still incomplete, the youngsters climbed in, jumping from rafter to rafter. Finally one of the boys got up on a chimney stub that looked like a pulpit, and began to preach, in imitation of Father John.

DISCOVERED!

"It was so good we were in hysterics," he said. "Very solemn and he made gestures just like the Father. Imagine how we felt when we looked up and discovered Father Pitass himself looking on."

"The young orator made a dive and just escaped Father John's strong, clutching hand. In after years, the Father, with a twinkle, used to say that the sermon was good, but that the gestures and intonations were exaggerated."

The oldest of the Stachowski children, now Mrs. Apolonia Burzynska, 67, of 119 Hirschbeck Street, recalled another aspect of the good priest.

"As the oldest child, I was entrusted to pay the school dues," she said. "I was very proud when I marched into Father John's office with the money. And then he would say to me, 'I hear you trounce your little brothers and sisters.'"

"I would indignantly deny this, and then with a smile he would take a bog of candy from his desk and give it to me, saying, 'Here, that's for being a good girl.'"

Mrs. Burzynska remembers the parades and processions as high points of her school days.

GIRLS HONORED

"Certain girls were picked out, and we dressed in white," she said laughing. "How grand we thought we were in

Potpourri

Some useful information

I am sure that all of us have used the Ellis Island Research site < <http://www.EllisIsland.org>> to search for Immigration Records. However, using the search engine of that site can sometime miss your ancestor for various reasons. There is help at hand due to the marvelous work of Steven Morse. I would recommend paying a visit to his site, <<http://www.stevemorse.org>>. Here you will find links to a great many search engines, including Ellis Island, Census record information, vital record information and others. I can recommend the surprisingly useful birthday link.

Allow me also to give a tip with regards to downloading the manifest record images from Ellis Island. As you may know you can order a 11" x 17" image from the site for \$25. If your record extends over two page you must order each separately for a cost of \$50. While this may be worth it, it is more than I can afford. You can capture the small image, by right clicking and saving image. This saved image will not allow magnification and still be readable. When the Ellis Island site first started you could look at the magnified image and still right-click on it and save the image—but no longer. In the past I overcame this limitation by using Jasc's PaintShop Pro. I would activate the screen capture function and then capture various parts of the image and recombine them into the original image. This worked fine for me, but was difficult to explain to people who a) did not have PaintShop Pro and b) were uncomfortable with graphics programs. So... here's an easier method. In your browser bring up the enlarged image of your manifest. In the menu bar of the browser, click on the File item on the menu bar. In the drop-down menu click on the item Save as... This brings up a dialog box. Rename

Witamy

We welcome the following new members to the Polish Genealogical Society of New York State.

Amborski, Leonard E	Williamsville, NY
Borowczyk, James	West Seneca, NY
Burgio, Delphine	Williamsville, NY
Czelusta, Jacob	Cheektowaga, NY
Dabrowski, Sophia M.	Buffalo, NY
Doran, Teresa	Batavia, NY
Eckert, Donna	Orchard Park, NY
Johnkoski-Tomasi, Christy A.	Battle Creek, MI
Lee, Albert	Huffman, TX
Majchrzak, Daniel P.	Orchard Park, NY
Oleszkowski, Arthur	Eden, NY
Pacocha, Ted	Webster, NY
Palmer, Robin	San Clemente, CA
Ryan, Thomas K	Westville, OH
Rucker, Patricia	Orchard Park, NY
Steinwalhs, Julianna	Holland, NY
Surdyk, Norbert & Gladys	Hamburg, NY
Thrun, Arthur G.	Bella Vista, AZ

the item from Manifest Enlarger to a name more meaningful to you. Also change the location of where it is to be saved if needed. Click save. Now using your file manager, go to the directory where the item was saved and go to the file that had the name given to replace Manifest Enlarger. In that file will be a file called zoomMan_Files. Click to open it. There will be a gif file there called tif2gif. Click on it to display it. It is the full page of your manifest. Rename it can copy it where you want. The files here and above can now be deleted.

Jim Harlos

Three Languages out of Two

A look at English, Polish and “Half-Na-Pół” - Part 3

by Andrew Golebiowski

This is Part 3 of the article which started in the Summer 2003 issue. An appendix will be in the next issue.

Humor

The immigrant experience and the language varieties that emerge as part of that experience have been the subject of jokes, skits and other forms of entertainment. Much of the humor has been malicious; the offensive ‘dumb Polack’, ‘dirty Wop’, ‘Nazi German’ or ‘dumb Southerner’ jokes have stigmatized entire generations. There is an internal genre of humor however that groups use to reflect on their common experiences.

Half-na-pół has been used in comedy skits, some of which were recorded on LP’s and sold in Polish-American communities.

Joe and Harriette Trela, “Polish Stars of Stage and Radio in Central New York”, a married couple who had a Polish radio program in the 1940’s, 50’s and 60’s, recorded an album of humorous songs and skits entitled “Stary & Staro” (Old Man & Old Lady) in which they use polonized Anglicisms. Not only did Stary & Staro pepper their language with individual terms, they alternated phrases in a half-and-half manner within lines of verse:

That old lady of mine, she is a...
Ta moja staro, ona jest honey
 She only likes me...
Tylko mnie lubi, when I got money
 ...Cherry Brandy, ‘cause it’s so sweet
 I drink *Wiśniówka*, *bo taka słodka*
 She always hollers,
 ...auntie
 Worse than my *ciotka*...
 ...*Old Lady*...
 Yes sir, my *Staro*, she is a dandy...
 ...Hey, Hey my old man, he is a dummy
Hej hej my Stary, to ci fujara

He’s always looking to get a buck from me,
Zawsze odemnie, szuka dolara,

...that dollar

If I no give him, *tego dolara*

He always borrow

From his buddy Johnny

Od kumotra Dziana.

...Old Man, he really likes me

You know my *Stary*, *on mnie lajkuije*,

I’ll give him a dollar, and then he kisses me,

Dam mu talara, on mnie calujie,

...that he has a drink or two

I don’t care so much, by on se *wypiul*

As long as a bit of his pay...

By troszke zpejdy, bring home for me too.

Here we see standard Polish, Polish dialect (*staro* for *stara*) standard English, non-standard English (*if I no give him*) and the following hybrid terms: (*z*)*pejdy*, *lajkuije*, and *Dziana*.

The fact that the Trelas went to the trouble of producing and selling such a record is evidence of the existence of an audience that understood Polish, English and half-na-pół. They even mimic the audience’s non-standard grammar in English.

Another Polish-American performer named Marisha Data similarly appealed to “trilingual” audiences with her recordings in the 1960s. Data used the English phonetic spelling for her first name (spelled *Marysia* in Polish), as a stage name. In the role of “Aggie”, the big blabbermouth (*Klepaczka przy telefonie*), she had ample opportunity to display her half-na-pół proficiency in countless words and phrases. As with the Trelas, I’m sure that she hoped her records would sell, meaning there was an audience that understood the humor behind the use of terms such as *insiurenca* and *siur* (sure). The ex-

istence of such recordings and any sales data that can be obtained, give us a historical record of the proficiency in understanding, if not the speech patterns of certain numbers of Polish-Americans during a certain time frame.

Tongue in cheek titles of Polish-American Polka music (also a hybrid form which is as American as it is Polish) songs and albums include Staś Bulanda's *Bulanda's in the Sianda* (Bulanda's in the Shed), *Half-na-Pół* by the Canadian Fiddlestix, Big Daddy Lackowski's *Na Porchu* (On the Porch), *Jaka to Kara?* (What kind of Car is it?) by the Connecticut Twins, *Z Chicago "Bom" Oberek* (Bum from Chicago Oberek), the old polka classic *Jedzie Boat* (The Boat is Going) and many others.

Contemporary performers working in Chicago, Toronto, New York and other areas around North America cater to recent immigrants by continuing this tradition in their monologues and comedic plays.

Radio in a Half-na-Pół World: walking a tightrope through the community

Polish language radio has played a significant role in Polish-American communities. For a year or so I worked for Mr. Stan Jasinski, who had a long-running Polish radio program in Buffalo. Jasinski was born in the United States, knew Polish very well and knew his audience's varieties of speech. I recall one commercial in which he promoted an advertiser's donuts over substandard pastries by saying in Polish "These are not *donatse*, these are real Polish *paczki* ! *Donatse*, of course is the polonized English word for donut.

In our news reports, or in the commercial spots we read, we tried to appeal to people of all levels of proficiency in Polish, English and sometimes half-na-pół, by employing the Polish word *czyli* (pronounced 'chili'), which means, 'in other words'. Though American born, Jasinski did try to avoid half-na-pół terms. I remember him taking me to task for saying *incze* for inches instead of the standard Polish *cale*. What could I say in my defense except that I used what I had heard my father, an immigrant from Poland, use.

But I did at times say *insiura*, czyli *ubez-*

pieczenie ('insurance, in other words insurance'), or *bowling*, czyli *kregle*.

Being in a public position such as a radio announcer, one is exposed to all sort of criticism for one's choice of cultural symbols, which involve language and music. A foreign language ethnic radio program that relies solely on advertising for its existence needs to please people who have strong opinions about who and what is Polish. Stan Jasinski and Ms. Halina Jawor who succeeded him after his retirement, were very conscious of this fact and try as they may, were not always successful in pleasing everyone with their speech.

After two years of programming, Ms. Jawor decided she did not want to put up with the incessant criticism of her Polish dialect, which was based on her mother's regional speech mixed with half-na-pół terminology. On the other hand, there had been those who appreciated her for speaking a variety of speech they found accessible and understandable.

Earlier, Mr. Jasinski had been frequently criticized for playing half-na-pół music by people who did not identify with the American hybrid and those who ashamed of the low-prestige that was ascribed to the music and its lyrics. When Ms. Jawor played music from Poland or classical music, she heard criticism from another segment of the audience for playing what to their ears was *DP* music, a music whose symbols (in lyrics and in style) did not resonate with them.

Attitudes toward Borrowing

A term used by some Polish language purists for the process of borrowing is *zachwaszczanie*, meaning the 'cluttering' or 'infestation' of the language, (from infestation by weeds, from the root *chwast*=weed).

Sociologist Mary Patrice Erdmans, in her book *Opposite Poles* (1998), writes about the differences and miscommunication she observed between Polish immigrants who came to the United States primarily in the 1980s and Americans of Polish descent. In one chapter she discusses language and cultural differences between the two groups. As an illustration, she quotes one new immi-

grant as saying:

“Some of these old Poles, [laughs] they are really funny, their Polish. It is not American, it is not Polish. Some I cannot even understand. Those that came from the turn of the century from these poorer regions, mostly Galicia, they are speaking a different Polish than we do. And then they are here and it changes.”

A follow up interview with the same immigrant 12 years later may reveal that Kruszkas’s observation about the transformation of a *grynhorn’s* attitude toward the local hybrid continues to be relevant some 100 years later, or it could reveal that certain individuals resist borrowing forever. Such a study of course would need to look at factors other than just group behavior across time, but also include type of education, knowledge of English prior to arriving in the United States, whether the individual used standard Polish in Poland, etc., etc.

A study comparing the attitudes of users of English borrowings in Poland toward their own borrowing, what they think of themselves when they borrow, their feelings for the words that they borrow as well as their attitudes toward the same questions regarding Polish borrowing and borrowers in the United States could go beyond the simple, though necessary, compilation of terms in the form of a dictionary.

What is interesting about Waclaw Kruszkas, at a time when he was an immigrant of about 12 years himself, is that he had quite a tolerant attitude toward the idea of borrowing and borrowers themselves. He admitted that his view was unacceptable to some, yet counts himself among those who:

‘...as practical Americans, will not only continue to eat pies, but will call them paje and not placki or plastry [cakes or tarts]. Thus also our people in America favor the word pentry [pantry] in place of szafarnia and spizarnia [pantry].’

adding,

‘Let the purists wrack their brains about how to polonize the two words paj (pie) and puding.’

He asks that critics accept the borrowing of “Americanisms” and the hybridization into American Polish, appealing to their desire for the preservation of Polish, arguing that it is the language that does not change that dies. Some purists of course fear the opposite, that hybridization is what first invades and then kills a language.

One could also argue that, in the process of lexical borrowing at least, it is Polish that remains the stronger language. If we are to apply 19th century concepts of the natural world to language, rather than looking at English borrowings as ‘weeds’ that need to be rooted out, we can see them as American-grown fruits that go through Polish processing after being picked. Purists who live in Poland and who target the speech of Poles in America, should also be conscious of the many borrowings that exist within the Polish speech used in that country and also that the English borrowings are not necessarily Americanisms at all, but terms that were borrowed earlier, perhaps even from other languages into English. I agree with Kruszkas that Poles in America be allowed to come up with the tools they consider appropriate for communication in a world they must negotiate on their own when cross-Atlantic visits and phone calls are over. I also agree that borrowing is sometimes done out of laziness.

Poles in Poland *can* and *do* serve a vital role in reminding Polish speakers in the United States of the language of their ancestors, their relatives and others, as well as keeping us informed of language trends in that country. If one truly cares about language serving as a positive tool for human communication for the betterment of the world, then discussions on the topic of one’s speech must be take place in an environment of mutual respect.

Finally, I am reminded of a recent immigrant telling me once, in half-na-pól,

‘I don’t like when they call me Czesiek at

work, *Call me Chester, I tell them.*'

"*Ja nie lajkuję jak w siąpię kaluję na mnie Czesiek,*
'Call me Chester mówie.'"

We can admonish and analyze Czesiek or Chester all we want about perceived inferiority complexes, accuse him of betraying his heritage and of mangling 'our' language, but in the end it is he who needs to live in his new world and survive and sleep well at night. Scoldings regarding incorrect speech patterns create an additional burden for immigrants trying to find a place within a new culture.

Final Note; on Opportunities for Further Study

In addition to those opportunities mentioned earlier, I believe that much more can be done to document and to try to understand the speech of Polish-Americans. Desires for preservation, etymological curiosity, aesthetic curiosity as well as a desire to shed some light on attitudes that go along with speech varieties, and how outside attitudes about language use affect people's lives can be motivations for such study. Borrowings have differed over time and space. (Buczek-siendagrynowcomer-old resident). A comparison of English borrowings among Polish-Americans in different regions of the United States as well as in different countries could be very interesting as well.

Future studies should involve audio, if not video recordings of speech involving borrowings as well as accents. The latter could help contribute to Professor Wolfgang Wölck's work on Buffalo ethnolects, which has included the sounds of the Polish-American accent in Western New York. Ideally speech would be recorded in natural settings in place of, or in addition to, sit-down interviews or formal readings of text.

Olgierda Furmanek asks how she should conduct herself as a translator when confronted with half-na-pół text, which presents another legitimate and interesting area of study, one that includes the issue of ethics as well.

Any further study of borrowing should also consider reasons for resistance to borrowing in bilingual contexts. Do people resist borrowing in certain situations when they do not want to be understood in order to maintain their power over a speaker who is not as proficient in their native language? Do they resist borrowing only in front of their children or students, or do some people resist borrowing 'till the day they die' in their adopted country hoping never to give in to the infestation by the local language?

i "na" literally means "on". In this case it serves as "and".

Bibliography

- Andrzejewski, Adam, et al. *Pamiętniki Emigrantów, Stany Zjednoczone* Warsaw: Książka i Wiedza, 1977
- Baugh, Albert C. and Cable, Thomas. *A History of the English Language*, 5th ed. Upper Saddle River, NJ: Prentice Hall, 2002
- Danesi, Marcel, "Canadian Italian: A Case in Point of How Language Adapts to Environment." From *Polyphony* Vol.7, 1984 pp.110-113 in *Italians in Ontario*. Multicultural History Society of Ontario, 1985
- Doroszewski, Witold. *Język Polski w Stanach Zjednoczonych A.P. The Polish Language in the U.S.A.* Warsaw: Towarzystwo Naukowe Warszawskie, 1938
- Dubisz, Stanisław, Karaś, Stanisław and Kolis, Nijola. *Dialekty i Gwary Polskie*. Warszawa: Wiedza Powszechna, 1995
- Erdmans, Mary Patrice. *Opposite Poles: immigrants and ethnics in Polish Chicago, 1976-1990* University Park, Pa. : Pennsylvania State University Press, 1998.
- Furmanek, Olgierda. "Polglish: A Valid Sublanguage or a Horrifying Unacceptable Deviation?" in *Chronicle* July 2000, American Translators Association, Alexandria, VA
- Graddol, David, Lieth, Dick and Swan, Joan. *English: history, diversity and change*. New York: Routledge, 1997

(Continued on page 14)

The Bells of St. Stanislaus

by Edward W. Kornowski
E.kornowski@aol.com

As I rounded the corner of Lovejoy Street, I was hoping to see a light on at Kasper Dort's drugstore. All was dark and the dog started barking when I knocked lightly on the screen door. "Who's there?" yelled Mr. Dort. "It's me, Franciszka, the Kornowski girl" "What are you doing at this un-godly hour? Its not even 6 am," growled Mr. Dort. "My mother has sent me to get some medicine for my father, he's been sick with the grippe. We fear he's near death, he hasn't left the bed for a whole week."

"Frances, all I can give you is some Scott's Emulsion, but frankly I don't think it will do any good. After all, your brother Joseph drank it by the gallon and he still died." "Please Mr. Dort, I beg you.... Mother says..." Shaking his head, he hands me a bottle, "Here take this bottle, no charge. You tell Basia, prayers are the only medicine that can help. I don't care what Doctor Bapman said." "Thank you Mr. Dort, I'll surely tell her."

Walking home, almost every house I passed was decorated with flags, there are banners of red and white, some with a cross on them. Everyone was ready to celebrate, tomorrow is May 3rd, the one hundredth anniversary of the Polish constitution. A few houses on the street had black ribbons nailed on the door. This means someone in the house had died recently. There had been many deaths in Buffalo due to the grippe. I

counted black ribbons on four houses on Detroit street alone, five, if you count our house! My brother Joseph died only ten days ago, now I fear Papa will be next.

As I approached our house, I tried to be quiet so as not to wake the dogs. All of a sudden our chickens started to crow. This was not good, because we have no roosters! All we have is hens. This is a sign that death is near.

The kitchen door was open and I could smell the bread Mama was baking.



She was up all night preparing for the army of visitors that would surely come. Papa was a mailman and the whole neighborhood was constantly asking about him. I can't believe how calm she is, I think cooking keeps her from crying. She hides it well but I can

see her eyes are all red.

A moan comes from the bedroom, and Mama rushes to see what Papa wants. She wipes his head with a cold towel. He is awake...I could see his eyes were open. He was saying, "I am cold...I never should have come here.... such a long voyage on that ship, and for what..... so my son could die of the grippe? And who's next, me?"

Everyone here was getting sick and dying, I heard Mrs. Rzepka say "she

counted thirty carriages on their way to the cemetery last Monday, lined up as far as you could see." Mama wiped Papa's head and said "not to listen to what he was saying, it's just the fever talking."

The kitchen door slammed as my older brother Alexander returned from church, where he went to make arrangements. Alex kissed Mama and whispered, "Father Pitass says it would be difficult to have a mass at St. Stanislaus because of all the celebrations that are planned for May 3rd. It's only the biggest Polish holiday there is!" There is a parade planned for today and tomorrow. Besides he doesn't think, "the cemetery workers will be back for at least three days, they've already started celebrating!" He said, "Father Flaczek would say a mass at St. Adalberts." "But we belong to St. Stanislaus" said Mama as she began to cry. Alex hugged her and told her Father Pitass promised to ring the church bells if Papa should die.

Neighbors and friends started to arrive, Mrs. Prabucki brought her soup, and Mr. Braun brought poppy-seed cake his wife Zosia had made. People seemed to know the time was near, a crowd was gathering outside on the porch.

Alex handed Mama her good rosary..... the one made of Burstyn, from the old country. She loaned it to his wife Paulina when their baby died. Papa's room was dark, because the windows were covered. The only light was from the gromnica, a small candle burning on the nightstand. It's smoke drifted towards the door. Mama said, "that means the end is near." She prayed softly as she fingered her rosary. Papa was curled up in a ball, rocking slowly, he started singing "o'tannenbaum...o'tannenbaum, a German song he knew from his childhood in Prussia.

I was crying..... I had to get out of

the house.... it was too much for me. I had to get some air and clear my head. I decided to walk to my brother's house. It was after nine o'clock and the marching bands were assembling in front of St. Stanislaus church. I couldn't believe all the people, there had to be hundreds, all dressed in fancy uniforms and Polish garb. Red and white banners hanging overhead. Peckham Street was a sea of red and white. I let my mind wander, trying to imagine what our lives would have been like if we had never left Poland?

As I crossed Broadway and was about to turn on Beck Street, I could hear the church bells in the distance, they were coming from St. Stanislaus. It's only nine-thirty in the morning, why are they ringing? Papa! I screamed..... then I ran screaming all the way home.....

Franciszka Kornowska
May 2nd, 1891

Written by:

Edward W. Kornowski the Great Grandson of Michael Kornowski, on April 22, 2001 mixing facts and fiction from personal knowledge, conversations, and research, as well as the following sources:

Michael Kornowski death certificate #360
City of Buffalo dated May 2nd, 1891
St. Stanislaus 50th Anniversary year book, 1923
Polish Customs, Traditions & Folklore by Sophie Hodorowicz Knab 1996
Buffalo Daily Courier May 3, 1891 pg. 13 (Celebrations)
Buffalo Daily Courier April 20, 1891 pg. 6 (grippe & 30 carriages)
Buffalo Express April 20, 1891 pg. 3 (Scotts Emulsion)
Przewodnik Handlowy 1906 (Kasper Dort)
Mr. Albert Kornowski, Cleveland, Ohio personal knowledge

Information Please...

Recently one of our members, Dolores Kopopa, had a suggestion. Why not allow members to post queries in the journal. This is a membership benefit in many genealogical societies. - Editor

Information request form. Use this form or facsimile to submit a request for publication in the Searchers. This is only for members of PGSNYS. Send request to:

James P. Harlos, Editor

62 Jeffrey Dr.

Amherst, NY 14228

Or by e-mail to harlos@adelphia.net

Seeking Information on: _____

Born on: _____

Place: _____

Resided (where): _____

Died: _____

Place: _____

Marriage: _____

Place: _____

Spouse: _____

Other information known: _____

Information desired: _____

Submitter's name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ County: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

E-Mail address: _____

Computers & Genealogy

I have difficulty envisioning how I could do my genealogy without a computer, and to a lesser extent, without the Internet. I am not saying it can't be done but that I personally would have difficulty in doing it. I would start off with the intention of keeping hard copy records up-to-date and adding new information to the records. Sooner or later I would start saying, "Well this is not in the main line—I'll add it when I have time." Then I would start justifying my methods by saying, "Well, I have this as a hard copy already. I'll just slip it into the folder." Eventually my research would develop into a stack of papers, notebooks and miscellaneous pieces of photocopied materials. Others may do this better—I'm sure they couldn't do it worse.

For me a good genealogical program is worth its Hmm—this brings up another problem, I'm basically cheap. Therefore I do a lot of searching on the Internet for good, reasonably priced (or free) software. TMG, The Master Genealogist, is an excellent piece of software, but it is too rich for my blood. I've tried demo versions of it and can not get comfortable with it. For me a almost ideal program is Legacy, now in version 5. A light version if available for download at [Http://www.legacyfamilytree.com](http://www.legacyfamilytree.com). Don't confuse this with the somewhat more expensive Family Tree Maker, which is also a good program. The only problem I have with Legacy is that it doesn't support Unicode and so getting the special Polish characters requires a little manipulation. If you're interested, let me know, and I'll tell you how.

If you have a need for a computer filing cabinet, that is, a program that can store miscellaneous information, I would recommend "Bygones—A genealogical note-keeping program". This is a free program that you can get at its web site—<http://home.utah-inter.net/bygones/>. With these two programs you're well on your way to having a good tool chest. I would also recommend a good graphics manipulation program. Unfortunately I have not found a good free one. Photshop is the best, but it is very pricey. A very good, and in some ways, better program is Jasc's Paint-Shop Pro. Any version will do what you want, so keep your eyes open for sales. The last essential piece is a scanner. Good ones are available for very low prices. They also may come bundled with the graphics manipulation software, so you can kill two birds with one stone.

• Jim Harlos
• harlos@adelphia.net

(Continued from page 5)

our finery. And after the parade, Father Pitass would serve us ice cream with strawberries and cake in the rectory."

There were problems for the children too. The Stachowskis lived near Walnut and Cedar Streets and had to cut across lots on the way to school. Near St. Ann's Church was a big sand hill and behind it children of the neighborhood would lie in wait to fling stones and call names.

"They got plenty back." Said Mrs. Burzynska with a smile. "But some of the more timid would wait till a grown-up walked past and they would then go by the sand hill under guard."

The Stachowski children have seen the Broadway-Fillmore section grow from a desolate mudflat and marshland to the second busiest business center of the city, and have watched St. Stanislaus grow from a rural parish to the biggest urban parish.

Another family of old parishioners is the Johnson family, who for more than 60 years have been associated with the music and teaching of St. Stanislaus.

JOHNSON FOUNDER

Jacob Johnson was founder of the family here and one of the organizers of the church. He graduated from Cornell University, and taught English and mathematics in the school. He married one of his pupils, Miss Eva Stopinska, now living at 341 Peckham Street.

Mrs. Johnson once had another partner than her husband. It was Father John, when she was a member of the parish's first communion class.

"All the rest of the class were boys, and they teamed up, leaving me alone." She said. "But Father John saw my predicament, and he walked with me to the communion rail. How proud I was, in my white dress and white shoes and stockings, with the wreath of white wax blossoms on my head."

After her marriage, she became soloist in the church choir. For 24 years her voice rang through the big auditorium. One of their sons Victor, taught in St Stanislaus School after his graduation from Canisius College. Some 30 years ago he became organist in the lower church, and now plays the big organ in the upper church. His sister, Miss Ursula Johnson, succeeded him in the lower auditorium. She is secretary to Stanley Czaster, president of the Polish Union of America and lives with her mother.

SON IS PASTOR

Another son is the Rev. James Johnson, assistant pastor of St. Lawrence church in Detroit, where a third son, Stanley, is in the real estate business.

Two grandsons, Victor jr. and Harry, are accomplished pianists. Victor is now in Africa, doing research work for the Buffalo Public Library.

(Continued from page 10)

Kula, Witold, Assorodobraj-Kula, Nina and Kula, Marcin. *Listy Emigrantów z Brazylii i Stanów Zjednoczonych 1890-1891*. Warsaw: Ludowa Spółdzielnia Wydawnicza, 1973

Kruszka, Waclaw. *A History of the Poles in America to 1908, Part I. Edited with an Introduction by James S. Pula, Translated by Krystyna Jankowska*. Washington, D.C.: The Catholic University of America Press, 1993

Mańczak-Wohlfeld, Elżbieta. *Angielskie elementy leksykalne w Języku Polskim*. Kraków: Universitas, 1994

Markowski, Andrzej. *Leksykon najnowszych wyrazów obcych*. Warsaw: Wydawnictwo Książkowe Twój Styl, 1996

Migala, Joseph. *Polish Radio Broadcasting in the United States*. Boulder: East European Monographs, Distribution: Columbia University Press, 1987

Obidinski, Eugene, and Helen Stankiewicz Zand. *Polish Folkways in America: Community and Family*. New York: University Press of America, 1987

Stanisławski, Jan. *Wielki Słownik Angielsko-Polski i Polsko-Angielski*, Warsaw: Wiedza Powszechna, 1975

thebill@ripco.com and alien@net56.net *Słownik Tubylczy: Jak zostać Amerykaninem nie znając angielskiego*, <http://home.net56.net/alien/Słownik.htm>

Trela, Joe and Harriette. *An Evening at Home with the "Old Timers, "Stary i Staro": Polish Stars of Stage and Radio in Central New York*. A KAMA Production, after 1960

Weinreich, Uriel. *Languages in Contact: Findings and Problems*. The Hague: Mouton, 1968

Zielonka, Dariusz. "Mowa Trawa" in *Nowy Dziennik Polish Language Daily*, New York, August 21, 2002

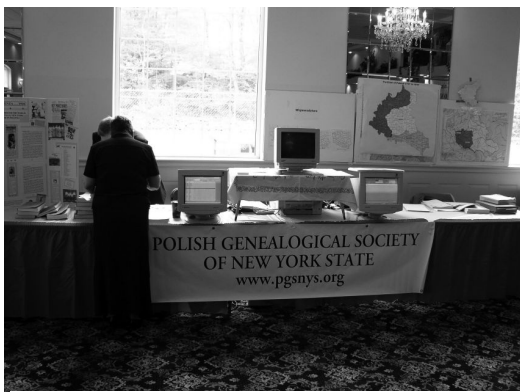
An appendix listing examples of Haf-na-Pól words will be published in the next issue of Searchers.



2nd Annual Polish Heritage Festival May 16, 2004

The second annual Polish Heritage Festival, sponsored by the PCUA, as held on Sunday, May 16th. It was a beautiful day, sunny, but not hot and humid. To help with the overflow parking problem experienced last year, off-site parking at the Apple Tree Business Park was arranged. A shuttle bus made the trips between the parking site and the festival site at the Creekside Banquet facility. The first front room was set up for serving food and beverages (good Polish beer). Also in this part of the facility was the Theme Basket Auction. The second room was the exhibitor and vender area. There were more venders this year providing attendees an opportunity to purchase various items and crafts of interest. The exhibits were varied and interesting. There was also entertainment.

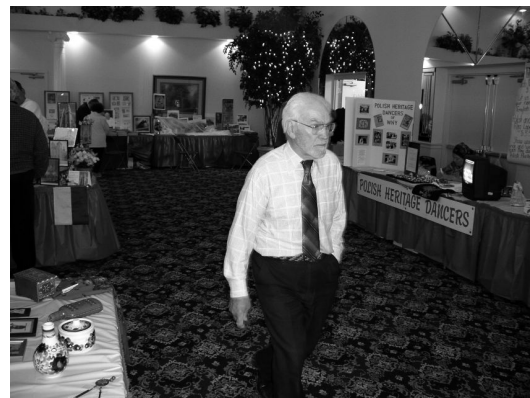
The PGSNYS was again an exhibitor with two tables.



PGSNYS tables



Chuck Pyrak manning the table



Walter Kloc looking at the exhibits



A pair of pretty polka



PGSNYS
12645 Route 78
East Aurora, New York 14052



A horseman loose in the exhibit hall.



Well-known columnist for the Am-Pol Eagle,
Ed Wiater, in his Krakowian finery.

