

PRESERVING
OUR PAST
SINCE 1988

SEARCHERS

NO. 62

SPRING

2013, ISSUE 1

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14th-century **Wawel Cathedral** (*Katedra Wawelska*), located inside Wawel Castle in Kraków. The burial place of nearly all Polish kings and national heroes, it was also the cathedral of Pope John Paul II before he left for the Vatican.

Picture provided by Frances Kaye. See more in
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PGSNYS - FOR YOUR INFORMATION

**PRESERVING
OUR PAST
SINCE 1988**

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

Annual dues are \$20 (\$25 Canada, \$30 other countries), and membership entitles you to three issues of the *Searchers* and participation in the PGSNYS Yahoo Group. As a new member you will receive an information packet to help you get started. The expiration date of your membership is on the mailing label of the *Searchers*.

Please remit your membership dues by check or money order to:

PGSNYS
c/o Chuck Pyrak
12 Grant Road
Snyder, NY 14226

**FOUNDED BY
MICHAEL
DRABIK
(1950-2001)**

Please send any changes to your postal or E-mail address to PGSNYS at the above address or E-mail: cpyrak@roadrunner.com

If you are a member, but not receiving E-mail from the PGSNYS mailing list, please send an E-mail to cpyrak@roadrunner.com

*Exceptions: July - picnic and December - Christmas party

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THE SEARCHERS NEWSLETTER

For submissions to the *Searchers* newsletter, deadlines are as follows:

- 1st issue (Spring) - due February 15th for April mailing
- 2nd issue (Summer) - due June 15th for August mailing
- 3rd issue (Winter) - due October 15th for December mailing

Submissions to the *Searchers* can be sent by postal mail (c/o *Searchers* Editor:
12645 Route 78, East Aurora, NY 14052) or via e-mail to:
editor@pgsnys.org or denise.oliansky@gmail.com

PGSNYS PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Welcome to 2013, already well on its way! Now that we have all lived beyond the Mayan Calendar end-of-the-world, doomsday theory, we can get back to our genealogical research. As this year unfolds, we are working toward digitizing more local records and increasing our research databases, enabling members to find links to their ancestors. We will inform you as soon as these resources become available. We are also making a concerted effort to provide more research assistance to guests and members with questions at our monthly membership meetings. Please do not hesitate to make your research needs known, as there are many experienced members ready to assist you. Let's have a successful year filled with exciting genealogical finds. As always, thank-you for your continued support and patronage of the Polish Genealogical Society of New York.



David Newman

~ Sincerely, David Newman

POTPOURRI

WITAMY! TO NEW PGSNYS MEMBERS

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

- ⇒ The dates for upcoming 2013 PGSNYS monthly membership meetings in the Villa Maria College cafeteria, 7 PM, are Thursday, April 11, May 9, June 13, July - no meeting (PGSNYS picnic), and August 8.
- ⇒ Adopt-A-Roll: To help finance the *Dziennik dla Wszystkich* project, we continue to offer the opportunity to "Adopt-A-Roll" (or partial roll) of microfilm, either in memory of a loved one or simply to help make this endeavor a reality. You can adopt a full roll at \$82.50, or a partial roll at \$41.25; however, any contribution amount is appreciated and will get us closer to our goal. Contact the PGSNYS treasurer, Chuck Pyrak, at chuck@pyrak.com to contribute or for additional information.
- ⇒ We love to hear from you! Please remember that member contributions to the next *Searchers* newsletter (August, 2013) should be in by the end of June. Email your article (MS Word doc) and/or photos (.jpg format) directly to denise.oliansky@gmail.com. Thanks!

Our Trip to Poland - June 2012

by Frances Kaye

My decision to begin a journey into family genealogy began with a snap decision to go to Poland. It all started with my brother's decision to go to Poland with his son. Well, my sister Darlene heard about the trip and said she and her husband would like to join them. When Darlene told me about the trip, I immediately wanted to go. After very little coaxing, my husband agreed we should join the family trip to Poland. This decision was made in February of 2012. March 1st, I walked into the Genealogy Library on Maple Road, Williamsville, NY, behind the Mormon Church and began my family search. After a few sessions at that library, I was directed to the Polish Genealogical Society of New York State, where my excitement for our upcoming trip intensified.

Finally, it was time to start our trip. My family and I booked all of our own transportation and lodging. It turned out very well. We flew LOT Airlines, which is the Polish national airline company. We flew in and out of Toronto. We drove our cars to Toronto and parked at the Park 'n Fly lot near the airport. That turned out to be the most economical and relaxing way to get to the airport and store our car. The flight was wonderful. We flew at night, so we slept most of the way. The airline attendants were very conscientious. The food was delicious. The whole experience made me think that our airlines in the U.S. could learn a thing or two from LOT.

We arrived in Warsaw in the morning and, after a one-hour lay-over, flew to Kraków. The airport in Kraków is much smaller than the one in Warsaw. While waiting for our luggage in the baggage area, I met the famous violinist Nigel Kennedy. He married a Polish girl and now makes his home in Kraków. He went on and on about how wonderful Kraków is and about how much fun we were about to experience. He certainly was right.

The first two days in Kraków we stayed in an apartment, which we rented through Vacation Rentals-by-Owner. It was a quaint apartment in an old building just a few blocks from the Market Square. The kitchen was very modern. There was a



Enjoying a Polish meal

“He went on and on about how wonderful Kraków is and about how much fun we were about to experience. He certainly was right.”

courtyard with a pretty garden and a yard with a small soccer court.

Our first day, we explored old Kraków, spending most of our time in the Market Square. It is the largest Square in Europe. I was surprised to see it is larger than the Piazza di Navone in Rome, which I had visited many years before. The Market Square is surrounded by many old buildings



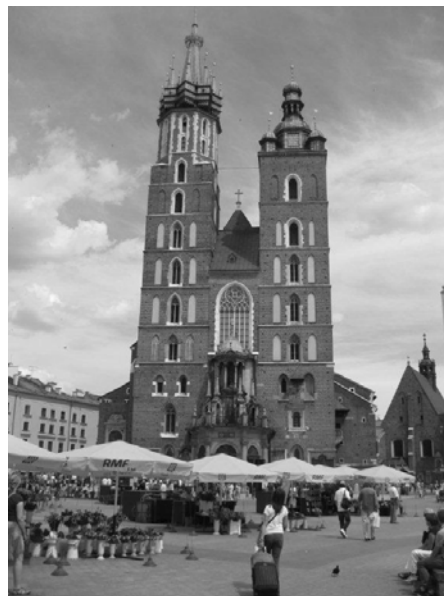
Person levitating in Market Square

which are clean and nicely painted, with many window boxes filled with flowers. Most of these buildings date back to the 13th Century, but have been restored, as was the Market Square itself in 2010. We spent every evening in Kraków in the Market Square, eating delicious Polish food, relaxing, and people-watching. Very entertaining were the street performers, especially the performers of levitation and the stilt walkers. There were always a lot of people in the Market Square. Everyone always looked joyous, smiling and laughing. The natural joyful demeanor of the Polish people really impressed me. Everywhere we went people were smiling and helpful.

Shopping in the Old Cloth Market, which is located in the Square, was really fun. It dates back to medieval times, but is like the modern day shopping mall. The acoustics in the Market are very ‘echoey,’ so voices really carried. Every time we went into the Market it sounded like Holy Saturday at the Broadway Market. It is a very festive place. Originally built of wood, from the 15th Century on it was built also of non-wood materials and has many arches in the ceiling. I found many beautiful pieces of amber jewelry there to give to family members who couldn’t join us on the trip. I also bought a wonderful big carved wood jewelry box in a brilliant purple color for my granddaughter.

Also located in the Square is St. Mary’s Basilica Cathedral. It has a lot of history associated with it. If you visit Kraków, you must read the book *The Trumpeter of Kraków* by Eric P. Kelly before you go. In line with the story, the firemen of Kraków play the trumpet every hour on the hour from each of the four sides of the tower. The church is filled with beautiful artwork, as is the case with all the churches we visited. One must pay a fee to take pictures in the Cathedral.

On the third day in Kraków we had to move, as the apartment was reserved by another group. We were visiting in the midst of the European Soccer Cup Tournament. Finding a permanent reservation for the entire trip was impossible, so we split up our stays. We moved into the Hotel Wielopole, which brought us even closer to Old Town Kraków. We liked the hotel very much. It is small, ‘boutique,’ but very friendly and very clean. In the lobby we noticed a framed article from the *New York Times*, 2007, which recommended the Hotel Wielopole as *the* place to stay in Kraków. The rooms were very small but, as I mentioned, very clean. I especially liked the restaurant, located in the basement level.



St. Mary’s Basilica Cathedral

After settling in, we rented a small bus to travel to Lipnica, the birthplace of both my mater-

“We also learned the name Drapała means “man who scratches a lot.” As many in my family have very sensitive skin, and have dealt with eczema and dermatitis, this was interesting.”

nal grandparents, just 19 miles north of Rzeszów. It looked like an easy ride, just east down Highway 4; however, as we witnessed a couple of times, for construction work the highway just ended with no warning or detour signs. Fortunately, I had bought a road atlas that morning. The best advice I had received for our trip was from Ted Smardz to buy a road atlas when we got to Poland. It proved invaluable throughout our trip. After four hours we finally arrived.

We first stopped in Dziękowiec, which is just south of Lipnica. Dziękowiec is the town where my maternal grandparents were baptized. The church is celebrating their 200th anniversary this year; however, my grandparents’ baptismal records were moved to Our Lady of Consolation in Lipnica. Our Lady of Consolation was built during World War II, long after my grandparents had left Poland. We did stay in Dziękowiec long enough to visit the cemetery there.

Our visit to Lipnica was really touching. We first stopped at the cemetery. We found many monuments with the names Drapała and Byczek, my grandparents’ family names. We took photographs and rubbings of those gravestones. Lipnica is a town of just over 1300 people. We later found out that there are over 60 families with the name Drapała in Lipnica. We also learned the name Drapała means “man who scratches a lot.” As many in my family have very sensitive skin, and have dealt with eczema and dermatitis, this was interesting.



**Fran speaking with Sister
Jadwiga Drapała**



**Making a rubbing of a possible
family tombstone**

As we neared Our Lady of Consolation Church, the 7 PM Mass was just ending. Among the people walking from the church, we saw a tall nun dressed in a beautiful light blue habit. I dashed out of the bus and ran up to the nun. I asked her if she spoke English; she spoke elegant English. Turns out she was visiting her family, but is a missionary nun serving a church in Florida! Also, her last name is Drapała! We really enjoyed each other’s

company for the hour or more that we all spent with her. She insisted on going to the rectory for the purpose of asking the Pastor to find our grandparents' records. She assured us everyone in Poland knocks on the door of the rectory at any time, no appointment necessary!

We waited what seemed like forever for the Pastor to answer the door. Turns out he was in the shower already, getting ready for bed. He came to the door in black pants and a pajama top. He quickly told us to wait while he got dressed again, at which time he would invite us into the rectory. The rectory was exceedingly small, and the room where he received us was very simply furnished. How amazing for us to see the old record books from the 1880s. Tears came to our eyes when he showed us the actual record of our grand-parents' baptisms. He made some corrections to the copies we had. In particular, the house number of our grandfather's family was written wrong on our copy. Whoever made the copy in the 1950s mistook a 3 for a 2. The Pastor could not speak English, and we spoke very little Polish, so Sister Jadwiga Drapała translated for us.

The Pastor was very humble, but had a child-like joy and jolly sense of humor. We could see how much he cares for his congregation. Before we left we gave the Pastor some money, which he quickly took and put in his pocket. We also gave Sister Drapała some money before we said good-bye; however, she was hesitant to take it. We insisted and she said she would put it all toward Masses for others. We had forgotten nuns take the vow of poverty. There is so much we forgot to ask about our family, such as records of possible brothers' or sisters' baptisms and our great grand-parents' wedding dates. We were on a high just to have walked on roads where our Polish ancestors walked and to have seen the original records of our relatives. When we realized how much we didn't find out, my husband Al and I decided we would have to return to Poland in a later trip to do more investigating.

Our trek back to Kraków was picturesque even at night. We took a lot of back roads. There were six of us so I felt safe. We went through a lot of wooded areas. My brother noticed we needed gas. We were very lucky. A little gas station and 'convenience store' appeared out of nowhere! The young man and woman were just locking up when we arrived. We knocked, and they graciously opened the door. We realized then that we were getting hungry, so we stocked up on a lot of junk food. We continued on our journey. About an hour after gassing up we came upon a truck-stop/hotel/restaurant. The food was great, the service cafeteria style, and the other patrons were friendly. One tall blonde man came up to our table and introduced himself. He told us how much he loves Americans. Turns out he is employed by an American company and has worked in their Ohio engineering division. It is his hope that he will be transferred permanently to America. He was really pleasant and smiled a lot. We enjoyed our time with him.

Although my husband, Al, and I wanted to do more genealogy, we were part of a group. The other four wanted to do more touristy things, so we did more sightseeing. The next morning Al, my nephew, Bryan, and niece, Kim, took the train to Oświęcim (Auschwitz). My brother, sister, and I didn't think we could cope with the horror associated with the concentration camp, so we did not go. The train arrived in Oświęcim at noon, which was too late for the guided tour. My



Inside the rectory of Our Lady of Consolation with the Pastor (left) and Sister Drapała

“An interesting thing they were surprised to see was that the buildings (at Auschwitz) were two-story brick buildings, not wood as shown in Hollywood movies.”

relatives toured the camp by themselves for six hours. An interesting thing they were surprised to see was that the buildings were two-story brick buildings, not wood as shown in Hollywood movies. Another surprising fact they learned was that more non-Jewish Poles were executed there than Jews. In 1939, after the Germans took over Poland, they had Poles build the camp and then committed the “elite” Poles -- lawyers, doctors, businessmen, scientists, all the most educated -- to the camp as prisoners and eventually killed them. The mission of the Germans was to wipe Poland off the map. All street signs were changed from Polish to German. It was news to hear there were actually three Auschwitz camps, only one of which my family toured.

Meanwhile, my brother, sister, and I took a tour of the Ancient Cloth Market under the current Cloth Market in the Market Square. Many school children were also visiting the site on a school field trip with their teachers. A lot of history about the earliest times in Poland was displayed. There were grass huts, displays of early tools, metal ores, jewelry, and dishware. We got very tired touring this site and decided to go back up to the Market Square to have some good Polish food. We ‘vegged out’ for at



Zakopane

least two hours. Later in the evening we returned to the Square with Al, Kim, and Bryan and stayed there until the ‘tanks’ came to clean the Square at midnight. The cleaning trucks really look like army tanks! Every night they roll in and clean the streets. The square is really clean.

The next day we decided to go to Vienna, Austria. We went to Balice Airport in Kraków to rent the cars. Al and I were returning early to Kraków, so we rented a car separate from the rest of the group. Bryan wanted to go to Zakopane (a mountainous region of Poland), so the trip took much longer than we thought it would. Even though the temperature was in the high 80s in Kraków, it was cold in Zakopane. The further south we went the colder it



**One of the barracks
at Auschwitz**

got! The mountains were impressive, but obscured by all the touristy 'schlock' that was built between the main walkway and the mountains. It is a ski town and also a town where the mountain people still dress in traditional garb. We saw a man riding a bicycle wearing the traditional clothing. He wore a fedora with a feather in it and a green wool coat with a beautiful contrasting design in the front of the coat. I don't remember what he wore his lower half, but I do remember that it presented as a very 'pulled together' traditional outfit.



**Fran (2nd from right) and family
in Zakopane**

As we continued on to Vienna we had to travel through Slovakia, which appeared very depressed. The one bright spot in Slovakia was the view of the capital, Bratislava, from afar. The capital has very impressive looking buildings on which spotlights shine at night. I was happy to see something beautiful in Slovakia. The trip from Kraków to Vienna took forever, at least six hours. It got very dark as we traveled. On the highway cars sped by us faster than we ever experience in the U.S. It was on this highway we had our one bad experience.

We were traveling on the highway in the far right-hand lane. There was no shoulder on the highway, only a cement wall. My brother was driving the car in front of us. Suddenly, he swerved dramatically. As Al and I wondered aloud why he swerved, a wild boar leapt in front of us and over the cement wall. As it passed we only saw its hindquarter as its right hind hoof hit our right fog light. There was no place to stop. In reality, to stop in the lane would have caused a chain reaction accident. We continued driving until we came to a place where we could pull over. My brother stopped also. It didn't look like much damage, only the fog light appeared broken; however, it was dark and difficult to see. When we finally reached our hotel in Vienna we went to sleep. The next morning we called the rental place. They asked if we were okay-- and if the boar was okay!! They then instructed us to talk with them when we returned the car the next day.

We spent the day touring Vienna. We found the people to be quite unfriendly. They wouldn't speak English, and they wouldn't take credit cards in the restaurants. We were dumbfounded, as we had always heard that Vienna was a delightful place to visit. We also found the city to be quite dirty with a bad smell, probably because the Blue Danube was quite polluted. Al and I couldn't wait to get back to Kraków.

We started our trek back to Kraków the next morning. We didn't want to go through Slovakia again, so we went north through the Czech Republic and on through Katowice and finally to Kraków. Everything was going fine until, suddenly, we came to a chain link fence planted across the highway. Access just stopped! No detour signs to be had. We stopped four times to ask people for directions. No one could speak English, and we couldn't speak Czech. The fourth man I spoke to worked in a small business building surrounded by residential homes. He really wanted to help. He asked if we spoke Russian; I asked if he spoke English. Unfortunately, the answer to both inquiries was in the negative. Finally, through sign language and some written examples of directory signs, he conveyed to us that we could get to Kraków through the back roads by first going south to get north. We took a chance and followed his directions, which proved to be correct. I will never forget

“When we finally got back to Kraków, we felt we were home. It was good to see all the smiling faces and friendly people.”

that man who really was a godsend.

When we finally got back to Kraków, we felt we were home. It was good to see all the smiling faces and friendly people. We spent the day back at the Market Square buying gifts for people back home. In the evening we traveled to our hotel near the airport. It was hard to find because it was behind a trashy-looking, overgrown field, but it is a hotel we would highly recommend to everyone. It is called the Crown Piast. It was very reasonable in price even though it is a 4-star hotel. It has a gorgeous park that is part of the hotel property, right off the dining patio. We relaxed there as we prepared for our trip back home.

When we got to the airport we spoke with the Hertz Rental Agency, from which we rented the car. The agents were very nice and upon examining the car reported it looked like the fog light needed replacement and the front bumper as well, because of a crack. They told me the garage would have to thoroughly look at it and report back to us. They said they would email us by the next week. What a nightmare transpired. The communications were all in Polish. We did not receive a bill for a month, and when we did, the repair cost was as much as our entire trip!! When we rented the car, Hertz would not accept our credit card auto insurance coverage. They demanded (nicely) that we buy insurance if we wanted to rent a car, which we did. When we returned the car, they said the insurance we bought didn't cover accidents involving animals. Turns out we should have bought the SUPER insurance which covers everything. No one offered this insurance to us. Also, if we had not prepaid through AAA for the car rental, we could have denied their insurance and used our credit card insurance. As we later found out, the policies of different countries are all different regarding car rental. It was a good, but hard, lesson to learn that not every country has as many disclosure laws as the U.S.

Our car rental fiasco is still not settled all these months later, but I still consider our trip a wonderful experience. We are looking forward to returning to Poland, perhaps in 2014, and will spend all our time discovering more about our ancestors and enjoying the Polish people and their culture.



Park-like grounds of the Crown Piast Hotel



MEMBER MOMENTS

Why We Care

by Pat Filipiak Rooney

Not everyone will care about your genealogy. In fact, some of them will back away as you begin to share your stories and discoveries. A hand may even raise in front of your face as you hear the words, "I'm really not interested in dead people."

As the words hit your ears, causing the blood to rush upward so fast that your ears ring, you must remind yourself to inhale VERY deeply and exhale SLOWLY, even though you want to blow so hard that they could pass through the wall behind them!

Dealing with rejection is never easy. It deflates us. We feel like a kid being shushed by an adult when we are flushed with excitement.

It has taken some time for me to learn how to graciously deal with these moments. After all, many of these people are avid readers and/or love talking about family members often. So why do they reject hearing the family genealogy?

Of course, there are varied reasons. However, the one that makes most sense to me is that people are afraid they will have to face uncomfortable facts. This is very legitimate.

I fondly remember being at an LDS (Latter Day Saints) library and hearing a volunteer comment to another after a young woman left the building. "She said her family has no secrets. Obviously, she has only begun."

We all chuckled softly as we returned to our microfilms.

The truth is, once a 'secret' is learned, the problem becomes yours too. The next consideration is to decide what to do about it. The answer is often decided when it is determined whether the secret is a pleasant surprise or a possible scandal.

However, even that is open to interpretation. I met the possibility of scandal one day when searching church records. I was allowed to search the Baptismal record book of my father's family. I became worried when I read an entry that had been altered. Twice a person had crossed out a surname and there was an insertion of our surname below the first name. The handwriting was not of the person who made the original entry.

At first, I was upset that such a careless correction would be

"The truth is, once a 'secret' is learned, the problem becomes yours too."

"...it is important for us to know how to read manifests, census forms, certificates, etc., and more importantly, not to jump to conclusions."

made, and, that other entries of family recordings were incorrect as well. But, my biggest shock came when I approached the priest. He refused to make any corrections, saying, "A hundred years from now who is going to care?"

To this I replied, "I care. This is my family and it implies a scandal that never occurred."

His rebuttal was, "What is written, is written."

My blood boiled as the words hit my ears! I knew his implication. Those words were said at Jesus' Crucifixion!

"But, it isn't true!" I objected soundly.

"You know how to validate information, do you not? Then go do it," he replied, walking away.

I wrote a note on a sheet of paper and inserted it into the book, as I had been instructed to do in Canada for other family members whose names were misspelled when entered.

My next plan of action was to get the child's civil birth certificate, which I did the next day. It proved the entry was incorrect! Yet, my heart was still heavy. I feared that if this book was microfilmed prior to the penned corrections of this incorrect entry, and for the two others I found, it would be permanently recorded in its incorrectness.

This made me resolved to set the record straight. I compiled the family history with the error and the proof that it was indeed an error. I also resolved to be meticulous about my own entries AND to validate all my finds.

Why do I care? Because it was about the honor of my grandfather's family name.

Another reason for caring is that the past gives us clues to who we are. Clues about who came before us and how their lives, talents, and beliefs influenced us. They are like DNA markers.

Just as it is important for geneticists to know how to read DNA code, so is it important for us to know how to read manifests, census forms, certificates, etc., and more importantly, not to jump to conclusions. Reading records are like windows into how people were treated. Some very well, and others were made almost invisible. The focus of their lives was different than of modern times, with togetherness a high priority. All of this gives a person a reason to ponder, and sometimes some do not wish to ponder.

Such was the case with my maternal grandmother. Her favorite saying was: "What is past is past. All we have is the present."

Although that is true, it also shows her attitude. For her, the past meant reliving some sadness as well as joy. While she wanted to forget, I wanted to know her sadness and how she overcame it, because she was mostly always a happy person. What was her secret to finding joy?

But, she was constantly on guard not to share much about her past with anyone, not even with her eleven children.

Being a believer in living only in the present, she still convinced me how much she loved the future and appreciated it! Her excitement was genuine. And, I wondered if that was the spirit she carried with her onto the ship when she traveled from Poland to America in 1910.

Her secrets haunted me. I wanted to know her secrets. I cared because she was special to me, and I wanted to know if I was made of the same stuff as she.

One day, I warned her that I would not rest until I found out the truth about her past. Shortly after that my mother stopped her from burning pictures of relatives she still had living in Poland. Although my mother never said it, I think she was kept the pictures from the fire because she knew I would treasure them and some day find out what she yearned to know like me, which I did with the help of members of this Society.

We care because some of us need closure.

Another reason for caring about the people in my past is that it is non-fiction. Well, most of it is anyway. Digging up the family's genealogy is also about stories and bragging rights. Yes, bragging rights. Those stories that grab people's attention. We all love them, and the more details the better. The true ones are the best! They are like ice cream on a hot day or doughnuts for no special reason!

Other people have said that they gained a closeness to their deceased relatives while doing their family tree. For my cousin Mike, it dispelled the idiom "Out of Sight/ Out of Mind" by putting his relatives back into his mind. In fact, it heightened his appreciation of what they endured traveling to America in the hopes of finding a better life. Having a picture made the person more real and easier for him to remember.

For my friend Richard, the discovery of a distant cousin who had become a professional singer made his love of theatrical performing a genetic connection. It is a gift passed on that he treasures and puts to good use.

We care because we want to know who we are, by learning who came before us.



**Pat Rooney's grandfather
Lorenz Filipiak & family**



Michalina Buczkowska 1898-1914

by Edward W. Kornowski

It still seems like yesterday that I first visited St. Adalbert's Old Cemetery searching for the grave of my great-grandfather, Michael, who died in 1891. The caretaker told me that he didn't think there would be a marker, and thought during that time he would have had a wooden cross that would have rotted away long ago.

He said, "We only have one wooden cross left," and that was in the new cemetery, towards the back on the left. I was told an elderly gentleman who rode a bicycle used to come every year to repaint the cross, but they hadn't seen him in years.

I took the opportunity to visit the grave and found the cross with its paint faded and peeling and barely readable. I thought it was an absolute treasure and felt it had to be preserved. So, returning with a scraper, brush, paint, and too much energy, the cross was restored, the memory preserved.

The Polish text translates as :

Here Rests

MICHALINA BUCZKOWSKA

She was born in the Kingdom of Poland

9 September 1898

She had lived 16 years

Died 28 June 1914

She asks for a Hail Mary

As you walk by, think about

how short life is and pray for my soul

in this sad grave,

the same fate could await you.

Michalina's parents were Walter and Jadwiga Buczkowski, who lived at 318 Sobieski Street, Buffalo, NY. Her siblings were Franciszek,

Maryanna, Antoni, Wanda, and Emilian. According to the city directory, Walter was a carpenter, and I assume the cross was a result of his craftsmanship. Unfortunately, weather and time has taken its toll, and the marker, approaching 99 years, is rotting away.

This past summer, while indexing graves at the cemetery, I discovered that her grave was one of 400 graves that were re-located from the Old Cemetery during the Railroad expansion of 1956.

I have received the cemetery's permission to replace this marker and am seeking funding, which I estimate will be in the \$300 to \$500 range. The marker will be reproduced as close to the original as possible, with the addition of a metal plaque with English translation. Hopefully it will last the next 99 years. To help or donate please contact EKornowski@aol.com.

In Memory of Barbara (Bukolt) Polowy

by Dolores Konopa

Barbara (nee Bukolt) Polowy was the only daughter of Raymond and Adeline (nee Przybysz) Bukolt. She was the wife of Richard Polowy and mother to one son and three daughters. She was also one of my few girl cousins, who took me to the Hippodrome on Main Street and taught me how to shoot pool, as well as how to put on make-up so my father did not notice. These were our secrets for so many, many years. She was my sister Lori's maid of honor and later the godmother of my nephew, Albert Bakowski. She had a quick laugh and a raspy voice. She always made anyone who came to visit very welcome in her home. This past summer, she was excited about her granddaughter Amanda's wedding as well as that of my son Paul. At Amanda's bridal shower, she shared the news of her grandson's wedding this coming summer, and also that it would be her and her husband, Richard's, 50th anniversary. At Amanda's wedding, she and Richard (in his wheel chair) did a couple of dances. They were very young at heart.

Shortly after the wedding, I received an e-mail from her sister-in-law that prayers were needed for Barbara, who had been diagnosed with colon cancer. It was a shock, but looking back, Barbara gave her all... she loved camping, Christmas, and most of all, her family. Barbara passed away at Christmas, with her husband, children, and grandchildren near. Every year on her birthday, for the past ten years, I would call to wish her birthday greetings. So, this March, I poured a cup of coffee and raised it up - wishing Barbara a happy birthday and letting her know that she is missed.



Barbara (Bukolt) Polowy

Polish Language Lesson

Contributed by Patricia Neuland

(Provided by Tour Guide
During Pat's Recent Trip to Poland)

Good day	<i>Dzień dobry</i>
Good evening	<i>Dobry wieczór</i>
Goodbye	<i>Do widzenia</i>
Good night	<i>Dobra noc</i>
Yes.....	<i>Tak</i>
No.....	<i>Nie</i>
Please	<i>Proszę</i>
Thank you	<i>Dziękuję</i>
Sorry	<i>Przepraszam</i>
Where is ?.....	<i>Gdzie jest?</i>
How much does it cost ?.....	<i>Ile to kosztuje?</i>
Hi/ bye bye.....	<i>Cześć</i>
I don't understand.....	<i>Nie rozumiem</i>
Cheers.....	<i>Na zdrowie</i>
My name is.....	<i>Nazywam się</i>
I don't speak Polish.....	<i>Nie mówię po Polsku</i>

Polish Alphabet:

A • Ą • B • C • Ć • D • E • Ę • F • G • H • I • J • K • L •
Ł • M • N • Ń • O • Ó • P • R • S • Ś • T • U • W • Y •
Z • Ż • Ź

FROM THE *SEARCHERS* ARCHIVES**This article is from Issue 13, Summer 1995****My Memories****by Frieda Petko**

My mother, Maryanna Michałec felt, at age fourteen, that by remaining in the little village of Aleksandrów, Poland, life would pass her by. Therefore, she constantly pleaded with her father to take her to Germany or America where opportunities for employment were more favorable.

One day, Paweł Michałec (my grandfather and Maryanna's father) was discussing this situation with a Jewish neighbor who thought it was an excellent idea to emigrate and encouraged him to do so. He told him "Paweł, go. Take your daughter and leave Poland. There are many more opportunities in America, and who knows, you may even like it there."

When my grandfather told his neighbor that he had no money for the trip, this generous villager said to him, "Paweł, I'll loan you the money. You can pay me back whenever you are able."

So, with his neighbor's zlotys in his pocket and his wife's blessing (my grandmother was staying in Poland with the younger children), Paweł and daughter Maryanna boarded the steamer for America.

Prior to their leaving, they still had to overcome one more obstacle. The only person they knew in the United States was Paweł's brother. For some reason, at that time, this relationship was not considered close enough for the uncle to be Maryanna's sponsor, so the brothers assumed each other's identities. Paweł had to pretend to the authorities that he was Maryanna's uncle, and the uncle in America, had to pass as her father.

Paweł's first job in America was in an iron smelting foundry, which he left after a brief time. He said he didn't want "to be in Hell while he was still alive." Paweł returned to his wife and younger children in Poland shortly before the start of WWI. He was conscripted into the army, but was fortunate to be given a K.P. assignment as a bread baker.

My mother, Maryanna, during her first summer in Buffalo, obtained employment through an agency to pick fruit in Canada. While there, a letter was forwarded to her from her mother in Poland asking Mary to send a picture of herself, because one of the village women had told her that, "Indians will eat you!" In an effort to reassure her mother, she and a girl-friend crossed the border without proper papers to have their photograph taken. As a result, these two, frightened fifteen year olds, unable to speak English, were detained and ensconced in a make-shift jail until the agent

for the fruit company was able to get their release. A portion of Maryanna's pay was faithfully sent to her benefactor in Poland until the debt was paid.

To Maryana Michałec, for her persistence, courage, and love, our family owes a debt of gratitude, and to the nameless and long-gone Good Samaritan, without whose financial assistance the journey to America would have been impossible, we say Thank You and Shalom Aleichem.

Editor's Note: Ancestry.com, N.Y. Passenger List, 1820-1957 show Pawel Michałec and Marya from Aleksandrów traveling to Buffalo, arriving on March 19, 1913, on the ship Zeeland. Lightly penciled in after Marya's name it indicates 'niece.'

Ye Olde Photo Album



John Gebura & Veronica Garniewska married July 24, 1917 in Buffalo, NY. Photo submitted by Pauline Gebura

Leonard Post & Anna Wojcińska married July 3, 1923 in Buffalo, NY. Photo submitted by Barbara and Don Golibersuch



In Remembrance

Edward L. Nowak

The PGSNYS offers condolences to the family of long-time member, Edward Nowak, who passed away in November, 2012. The following is Ed's obituary from *The Buffalo News*, Friday, November 30, 2012.

Edward Nowak, photographer, radiology technician

1/14/1923—11/27/2012

Edward L. Nowak, former chief photographer at the University at Buffalo and head radiology technician at Roswell Park Cancer Institute, died Tuesday in his North Buffalo home. He was 89.

Born in Buffalo, the fifth of 10 children of Polish immigrants, he attended Hutchinson-Central High School, where he studied photography and auto mechanics. He left school to help support his family and later earned his high school diploma and took college classes.

Mr. Nowak became an X-ray technician at Roswell Park in the 1950s and advanced to become a research photographer and head radiology technician. He joined the staff at UB in the mid-1960s and did the aerial photography to help map the North Campus in Amherst. He was chief photographer at UB throughout the administration of President Robert Ketter in the 1970s and took official photographs at all major university events. He retired in 1988. An award-winning photographer, he was a member of the Buffalo Science Museum Camera Club and a contributing member of the Polish Genealogical Society.

Surviving are his wife of 65 years, the former Angela A. Zeinz; two daughters, Constance and Cheryl, two sons, Ronald and Jeffery; and a brother, Fred.

A Mass of Christian Burial will be offered at 10 a.m. today in St. Joseph-University Catholic Church, 3269 Main St.



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❧ **St. Adalbert's Tombstones** ❧
Contributed by Ed Kornowski



Sophie KOPYDŁOWSKA, born December 30, 1907 in Buffalo, NY, holds the distinction of being the first person buried in St. Adalbert's new cemetery on Dale Road in Cheektowaga, NY. She was buried November 23, 1933, in section A, line 1, grave 1, at the young age of 26. She resided with her parents, Joseph & Stanisława Kopydłowski, at 211 Walden Avenue and was not married.

SEARCHERS NEWSLETTER

POLISH GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK STATE

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EAST AURORA, NY 14052

PLEASE CHECK YOUR MEMBERSHIP EXPIRATION DATE

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