

Polish Genealogical Society of Minnesota NEWSLETTER

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No. 4

Dear PGS Members,

We didn't get an original work submitted by any members this quarter to serve as our featured article. So I'm bringing you a work by author/activist Mary Antin. While Ms. Antin is best-known for her 1912 memoir "The Promised Land," this work "From Platzk to Boston" is Antin's writing debut. It is a record of her real experience, the greatest of her life - her journey from Poland to Boston. A remarkable description for a girl of eleven—for it was at this age she first wrote the work in Yiddish, though she was thirteen when she translated it into English. Please note: the words in parenthesis and "italics" are definitions / explanations / translations I added for easier reading. I hope you enjoy it.

Peggy Larson, editor, PGSMN-Newsletter



From Plotzk to Boston

by Mary Antin

PREFATORY

In the year 1891, a mighty wave of the emigration movement swept over all parts of Russia, carrying with it a vast number of the Jewish population to the distant shores of the New World—from tyranny to democracy, from darkness to light, from bondage and persecution to freedom, justice and equality. But the great mass knew nothing of these things; they were going to the foreign world in hopes only of earning their bread and worshipping their God in peace. The different currents that directed the course of that wave cannot be here enumerated. Suffice it to say that its power was enormous. All over the land homes were broken up, families

In this issue:

From Platzk to Boston.....	p. 1
President's Letter.....	2
The Bulletin Board.....	3
Fun Trivia.....	15
In Memory of.....	18
Silver Star Polish Collection.....	32
In Polish Publications.....	33
Polish Gourmet Treats.....	34
Library Information.....	35
Missing Branches.....	36

separated, lives completely altered, for a common end.

The emigration fever was at its height in Plotzk, my native town, in the central western part of Russia, on the Dvina River. "America" was in everybody's mouth. Business men talked of it over their accounts; the market women made up their quarrels that they might discuss it from stall to stall; people who had relatives in the famous land went around reading their letters for the enlightenment of less fortunate folks; the one letter-carrier informed the public how many letters arrived from America, and who were the recipients; children played at emigrating; old folks shook their sage heads over the evening fire, and prophesied no good for those who braved the terrors of the sea and the foreign goal beyond it;—all talked of it, but scarcely anybody knew one true fact about this magic land. For book-knowledge was not for them; and a few persons— they were a dressmaker's daughter, and a merchant with his two sons—who had returned from America

Plotzk to Boston...continued on page 6

Polish Genealogical Society of Minnesota

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Please use application form on insert page.

Items submitted for publication are welcomed and encouraged. We require feature-length articles be submitted exclusively to PGS-MN. Articles, letters, book reviews, news items, queries, etc. should be mailed to: Peggy Larson, 577 98th Lane NW, Coon Rapids, MN 55433 or e-mailed to <EditorPGSMN@gmail.com>

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President's Letter

It is with much sadness that we mark the passing of our friend and long time Board member John Kowles. He lost his struggle with cancer this fall and, to the end, stayed as active as he could in the affairs of the Society. He was honored last year at the MGS Awards Banquet for his many years of service to the organization. Today, I wish to highlight again his many years of support in publishing the very Newsletter in your hands. We have heard over the years that this publication is a mainstay of our membership benefits. For many years, John either contributed to, or published it. For his untold hours of effort, assisted by his wonderful wife Mary, we are indeed grateful. John, may you rest in Peace.

Please come to our annual meeting this month. The food and friendship is always memorable. We also have a few key positions up for election and would love to have you throw your hat in the ring for consideration. If you would like to be considered for any of the open positions, please contact me before hand- or that morning. Unlike some other organizations, there is no rigid order of succession at work in our offices. That is, you need not start at Secretary to President, and a Director has as much to say in the governance as any other position. We meet three times a year outside the Annual Meeting to plan our calendar and staff our events. We have many active members, so your individual burden is light.

We received a reprieve from early winter snow, but we are still facing the long months with short days. Use them to your advantage: write up that story grampa told you, organize some photos, or get those great family recipes out of your head and on to note cards.

Happy New Year,

Jerome Biedny
President



The Bulletin Board

Correspondence....

I found this newsletter item (see below) from 'my' county genealogy society in Ontario interesting. They're asking for anyone with any info on the Polish-Americans who came to train with the Polish Army, Navy in Owen Sound, ON in 1940. I wanted to pass it along to PGS.

Valerie A. Morrison

Polish Military in Owen Sound, Ontario

By Kathleen Ann LaBudie-Szakall

During World War II, the Polish military trained in Owen Sound, Niagara-on-the-Lake, and Windsor. The troops were comprised on men from Poland and Brooklyn and Buffalo, NY; Detroit and Center Line, MI; Chicago, IL; Toledo and Cleveland, OH; Bridgetown, NJ; Middletown and Bridgeport, CT; and Montreal, QE. The main headquarters was in Windsor. General Władysław Sikorski was Commander in Chief of the military in Canada. Lieutenant Colonel Witold Sujkowski of the Polish Air Force was Coimmander of the Legion in Owen Sound. The Owen Sound camp was known as the Kosciuszko Training Camp.

On 10 May 1941, Polish military units arrived in Owen Sound. These men won the hearts of the citizens with their marching and singing wherever they went, especially on their way to St. Mary of the Assumption Church on Sunday mornings. Whenever anyone remembers the Polies who served here the first thing they mention in the singing and marching. Sgt. Paul Grzenia was here for only ten months but he made many friends. He left for overseas on 15 May 1942 and died on 27 August 1944 in Chamois, France. Notice of his death was published in Owen Sound. In conducting oral interviews of some Owen Sound seniors, Sgt. Grzenia is still remembered with fondness and smiles when they speak of him.

Twenty-eight sailors of the Polish Navy arrived in Owen Sound during September, 1941 with

additional men following. Thirty-nine of these sailors left Owen Sound on 4 October 1942. Not all of these men were raw recruits; some had already served in the Polish Navy overseas. One of these men, Peter Roman Tyliszczak, born in Muszyna, Nowy Sącz, Poland about 1914, returned to Owen Sound after the war as a Polish war hero, married here, and raised his family in nearby Hanover.

It has been difficult to locate some of the returning men because in an effort to become part of the melting pot of Canada, some Canadianized/Americanized their surnames.

The barracks was located on 14th Street West. It was known as the Kosciuszko Camp. Owen Sound residents housed the Polish officers. The Polish Legion used The Grey and Simcoe Foresters Building on the corner of 10th St. West and 2nd Ave. West as their headquarters. The nurse's home on 23rd St. West and 6th Ave. was converted into a hospital for the Polish Army. The Red Cross and City of Owen Sound as well as the General and Marine Hospital paid the cost of the renovations. Various Polish societies from Toronto and the U.S. also assisted in various ways to accommodate the Polish forces in Owen Sound. The troops were trained in Owen Sound from May 1941 until November 1942.

I have been unable to determine exactly how many military personnel were here but it was at least 2,500. I have searched and read the Owen Sound newspapers for the time period but a listing of the names was never printed. I also traveled to the Library and Archives of Canada in Ottawa for information but the information to date was found right here in Owen Sound. John James Photographers took over 250 (4 x 6) pictures of these men, mostly without names.



Please, if anyone has any further information or reminisces of these men, I would love to hear from you. Please email me at labuszki@bmts.com

Polish Election 2011 – Results

In the last newsletter there was an article about the Polish Election scheduled for October. Thus it may be fitting to follow up that article with the results of the election in this newsletter.

Civic Platform (PO) party won the election with 39% of the votes. Prime Minister Donald Tusk is this party's candidate. Deonald Tusk is the first Polish leader to be re-elected in a consecutive term.

The Law and Justice (PIS) party was second with 30% of the vote. Their candidate was former Prime Minister Jaroslaw Kaczynski.

The surprise of the election was Palikot's Movement (RP) party receiving 10% of the vote. Their candidate was Ruch Palikota. (You may note this party wasn't even mentioned in the article last quarter's newsletter; given that the information in the article came from Polski Radio, I guess Mr. Palikota was a real dark horse?)

The Polish People's Party (PSL) candidate Waldemar Pawlak received 8.36% of the vote.

And Democratic Left Alliance (SLD) candidate Grzegorz Napieralski received 8.24% of the vote.

For an interesting read about the election, see online <http://globalvoicesonline.org/2011/10/16/poland-election-results-signal-imminent-generation-shift/>

Peggy Larson, editor

Extra Contributions...

We thank the following for their extra monetary contributions to PGS-MN – to the Library Fund, to Family Ties or to the 2011 Capital Campaign Fund:

- **Joseph Eickhoff**
- **Judy Guzman**
- **Gary Litchy**
- **Marilyn Nelson**

Dziękuję
[Thank you!]

We are a non-profit, educational organization. Contributions beyond basic membership dues may be income tax deductible.

Recently at PGS-MN Meetings

Joint meeting with Pommern group was November 5, 2011.

Jason Franzen presented the History of Silesia. He presented an overview on early Polish history and the early princes and kings with their inter relation between Silesia and Wielkopolska. Then some information on the relationship between the German kings and Poland vis a vis Silesia. As times progresses the period where Silesia gets separated away from Poland over the centuries because of the conflict with the Czechs, Austrians, and Germans. He spoke about Fredrick the Great and the rise of Prussia, and how important this was to Silesia. Finally, he discussed recent history with the partitions of Silesia between the Czech Republic, the German Reich, and a re-born Poland. Poland's history in WWII was the final portion of his presentation.

Bob Prokott was the second speaker/presenter.

Bob Prokott's presentation was about Silesian migration to America. Bob spoke about the first Silesian settlement in America.

A Franciscan monk, Fr. Leopold Moczygamba, from the small village of Pluznica, located to the southeast of the city of Opole, Silesia, was working among German settlers in Texas. He decided to help some of his countrymen to settle in Texas and in 1854 about 100 families from the vicinity of Pluznica, Silesia, including four of Fr. Moczygamba's brothers, went to Bremen, Germany. They sailed to America aboard the sailing vessel, WESER, for nine weeks to Galveston, Texas. From there, these people traveled over land until they reached the site that Fr. Moczygamba had selected for their settlement. This was a hill overlooking the juncture of the San Antonio River and Cibolo Creek. They arrived at that location on Christmas Eve, 1854 and on that night offered their first Midnight Mass. They named the settlement Panna Maria (Virgin Mary) after St. Mary's church (Kosciol Mariacki) in Krakow.

The settlement thrived and additional settlers from Silesia arrived in the years 1855 to 1857. The first church was built in 1856 at Panna Maria, Texas and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and St. Leopold.

This church was destroyed by lightning in 1877 and a new church was built in 1877-78 that stands to this day, was remodeled in 1937. In 1868, the first Polish school in America, St. Joseph school, was built and that building is now then museum of the Panna Maria Historical Association. Descendants of these early settlers from Silesia are now found on Dewitt, Wilson, Bexar, and Bandara counties in settlements named Chestochowa, Pawelkville, Kosciuszko, St. Hedwig, and Bandera, Texas (all southeast of San Antonio, Texas). For further information about Panna Maria and the Polish Settlements of Texas, see T. Lindsay Baker, *The First Polish Americans: Silesian Settlements in Texas* (College Station, Texas, Texas A&M University Press, 1979). A copy of this title is available in the Polish Collection of the MGS Library. Also refer to article written by Bernie Szymczak in the PGSM Newsletter dated Summer 1997.

Additional Silesian migration to America came mainly between 1868 and 1900. These settlers came by ship, mainly from Bremen and Hamburg, Germany, with some coming from Antwerp, Belgium after going from Silesia to Antwerp by train. Some of the migrants went from Bremen and Hamburg to Liverpool, England and then to America. Most of the migrants arrived at ports in New York or Baltimore but some went to New Orleans and a few went to ports in Canada and either settled in Canada or came to the United States after arriving by ship in Montreal or Quebec.

The first arrivals about 1868 settled in and near Independence, Wisconsin after coming by train from New York or Baltimore to Winona, Minnesota. These Silesians came from the area northwest of the city of Opolowith many being from the village of Popielow. This Wisconsin settlement expanded over the years to include Arcadia, Wisconsin and much of Trempeleau and Buffalo counties. Some of the settlers in this area remained for only a few years and later moved to the vicinity of Royalton, Minnesota, however, many of the current residents of these two Wisconsin counties are descendants of the Silesian immigrants.

The largest number of Silesian immigrants settled in central Minnesota, in Morrison, Stearns and Benton counties. They first came in June 1870 to the area of North Prairie. Most of these people came from the

parishes of Falkowice, Stare Siolkowice and Dobrzen Wielki, Poland. At that time Poland did not exist as a nation, and that area was under Prussian rule. These villages were then known as Falkowitz, Alt Schalkowitz and Gros Dobern, Prussia. This Silesian settlement expanded from the North Prairie area and eventually included the villages of Royalton, Bowlus, Sobieski, Opole, Elmdale and Holdingford. All of the immigrants from Silesia were farmers and remained as farmers down to then present time where the majority of farmers in this area are descendants of the Silesian settlers.

More detailed information regarding Silesian settlement in Minnesota can be found in the book, *SILESIA TO MINNESOTA-THE PROKOTT HERITAGE*, available in the Polish Collection of the MGS Library

Upcoming Meetings, Programs, Events.....

PGS-MN Annual Meeting

DATE: Saturday, January 14, 2012

TIME: 11:00 AM - 2:00 PM

PLACE: Gasthof zur Gemutlichkeit
2300 University Ave. NE
Minneapolis, MN
(612)781-3860

COST: \$ 21.00/person for lunch (includes coffee, milk, or soft drink)

{Beer, wine, or mixed drinks cost extra}

RSVP to Richard Theissen in any of the following ways.

1. Via phone 651-739-1490
2. Via e-mail <(rtheissen@comcast.net)>
3. Via mail: Richard Theissen
1147 Mary Place South
Maplewood, MN 55119

See You There!

**The Polish American Cultural Institute of Minnesota Presents
A Polish Formal Ball**



Bal Karnawalowy!

Saturday, February 18, 2012, 6 PM

Historic Saint Paul Hotel

350 Market Street, Saint Paul, Minnesota

Fine Food, Entertainment, Dancing

Sixty Dollars per Person

Come Celebrate With Friends

Reserve a Table for Eight for Four Hundred-Forty Dollars

Tickets and Registration

Register online at <http://www.pacim.org/index.php>

or reserve/pay by check or for information, call PACIM at 612.378.9291.

ATM available onsite

From Plotzk to Boston.....continued from page 1

after a long visit, happened to be endowed with extraordinary imagination, (a faculty closely related to their knowledge of their old country-men's ignorance), and their descriptions of life across the ocean, given daily, for some months, to eager audiences, surpassed anything in the Arabian Nights. One sad fact threw a shadow over the

splendor of the gold-paved, Paradise-like fairyland. The travellers all agreed that Jews lived there in the most shocking impiety.

Driven by a necessity for bettering the family circumstances, and by certain minor forces which cannot now be named, my father began to think seriously of casting his lot with the great stream of

emigrants. Many family councils were held before it was agreed that the plan must be carried out. Then came the parting; for it was impossible for the whole family to go at once. I remember it, though I was only eight. It struck me as rather interesting to stand on the platform before the train, with a crowd of friends weeping in sympathy with us, and father waving his hat for our special benefit, and saying—the last words we heard him speak as the train moved off—

"Good-bye, Plotzk, forever!"

Then followed three long years of hope and doubt for father in America and us in Russia. There were toil and suffering and waiting and anxiety for all. There were—but to tell of all that happened in those years I should have to write a separate history. The happy day came when we received the long-coveted summons. And what stirring times followed! The period of preparation was one of constant delight to us children. We were four—my two sisters, one brother and myself. Our playmates looked up to us in respectful admiration; neighbors, if they made no direct investigations, bribed us with nice things for information as to what was going into every box, package and basket. And the house was dismantled—people came and carried off the furniture; closets, sheds and other nooks were emptied of their contents; the great wood-pile was taken away until only a few logs remained; ancient treasures such as women are so loath to part with, and which mother had carried with her from a dear little house whence poverty had driven us, were brought to light from their hiding places, and sacrificed at the altar whose flames were consuming so much that was fraught with precious association and endeared by family tradition; the number of bundles and boxes increased daily, and our home vanished hourly; the rooms became quite uninhabitable at last, and we children glanced in glee, to the anger of the echoes, when we heard that in the evening we were to start upon our journey.

But we did not go till the next morning, and then as secretly as possible. For, despite the glowing tales concerning America, people flocked to the departure of emigrants much as they did to a funeral; to weep and lament while (in the former case only, I believe) they envied. As everybody in Plotzk knew

us, and as the departure of a whole family was very rousing, we dared not brave the sympathetic presence of the whole township, that we knew we might expect. So we gave out a false alarm.

Even then there was half the population of Plotzk on hand the next morning. We were the heroes of the hour. I remember how the women crowded around mother, charging her to deliver messages to their relatives in America; how they made the air ring with their unintelligible chorus; how they showered down upon us scores of suggestions and admonitions; how they made us frantic with their sympathetic weeping and wringing of hands; how, finally, the ringing of the signal bell set them all talking faster and louder than ever, in desperate efforts to give the last bits of advice, deliver the last messages, and, to their credit let it be said, to give the final, hearty, unfeigned good-bye kisses, hugs and good wishes.

Well, we lived through three years of waiting, and also through a half hour of parting. Some of our relatives came near being carried off, as, heedless of the last bell, they lingered on in the car. But at last they, too, had to go, and we, the wanderers, could scarcely see the rainbow wave of colored handkerchiefs, as, dissolved in tears, we were carried out of Plotzk, away from home, but nearer our longed-for haven of reunion; nearer, indeed, to everything that makes life beautiful and gives one an aim and an end—freedom, progress, knowledge, light and truth, with their glorious host of followers. But we did not know it then.

The following pages contain the description of our journey, as I wrote it four years ago, when it was all fresh in my memory.

M. A.

From Plotzk to Boston

The short journey from Plotzk to Vilna was uneventful. Station after station was passed without our taking any interest in anything, for that never-to-be-forgotten leave taking at the Plotzk railway station left us all in such a state of apathy to all things except our own thoughts as could not easily be thrown off. Indeed, had we not been obliged to change trains at Devinsk and, being the inexperi-

enced travellers we were, do a great deal of bustling and hurrying and questioning of porters and mere idlers, I do not know how long we would have remained in that same thoughtful, silent state.

Towards evening we reached Vilna, and such a welcome as we got! Up to then I had never seen such a mob of porters and *isvostchiky* (*cab drivers*). I do not clearly remember just what occurred, but a most vivid recollection of being very uneasy for a time is still retained in my memory. You see my uncle was to have met us at the station, but urgent business kept him elsewhere.

Now it was universally believed in Plotzk that it was wise not to trust the first *isvostchik* who offered his services when one arrived in Vilna a stranger, and I do not know to this day how mother managed to get away from the mob and how, above all, she dared to trust herself with her precious baggage to one of them. But I have thought better of Vilna *isvostchiky* since, for we were safely landed after a pretty long drive in front of my uncle's store, with never one of our number lost, never a bundle stolen or any mishap whatever.

Our stay in Vilna was marked by nothing of interest. We stayed only long enough for some necessary papers to reach us, and during that time I discovered that Vilna was very much like Plotzk, though larger, cleaner and noisier. There were the same coarse, hoarse-voiced women in the market, the same kind of storekeepers in the low store doors, forever struggling and quarrelling for a customer. The only really interesting things I remember were the horsecars, which I had never even heard of, and in one of which I had a lovely ride for five copeiky (*Russian ruble*), and a large book store on the Nemetzka yah Ulitza (*German street*). The latter object may not seem of any interest to most people, but I had never seen so many books in one place before, and I could not help regarding them with longing and wonder.

At last all was in readiness for our start. This was really the beginning of our long journey, which I shall endeavor to describe.

I will not give any description of the various places we passed, for we stopped at few places and always under circumstances which did not permit of

sightseeing. I shall only speak of such things as made a distinct impression upon my mind, which, it must be remembered, was not mature enough to be impressed by what older minds were, while on the contrary it was in just the state to take in many things which others heeded not.

I do not know the exact date, but I do know that it was at the break of day on a Sunday and very early in April when we left Vilna. We had not slept any the night before. Fannie and I spent the long hours in playing various quiet games and watching the clock. At last the long expected hour arrived; our train would be due in a short time. All but Fannie and myself had by this time fallen into a drowse, half sitting, half lying on some of the many baskets and boxes that stood all about the room all ready to be taken to the station. So we set to work to rouse the rest, and with the aid of an alarm clock's loud ringing, we soon had them at least half awake; and while the others sat rubbing their eyes and trying to look wide awake, Uncle Borris had gone out, and when he returned with several *droskies** to convey us to the station, we were all ready for the start.

We went out into the street, and now I perceived that not we alone were sleepy; everything slept, and nature also slept, deeply, sweetly.

The sky was covered with dark gray clouds (perhaps that was its night-cap), from which a chill, drizzling rain was slowly descending, and the thick morning fog shut out the road from our sight. No sound came from any direction; slumber and quiet reigned everywhere, for every thing and person slept, forgetful for a time of joys, sorrows, hopes, fears,—everything.

Sleepily we said our last good-byes to the family, took our seats in the *droskies*, and soon the *Hospitalnayah Ulitza* was lost to sight. As the vehicles rattled along the deserted streets, the noise of the horses' hoofs and the wheels striking against the paving stones sounded unusually loud in the

* A low, four-wheeled, open carriage, formerly used in Poland and Russia, consisting of a kind of long, narrow bench, on which the passengers ride as on a saddle, with their feet reaching nearly to the ground. Other kinds of vehicles have been so called, esp. a kind of victoria drawn by one or two horses, and used as a public carriage in German cities.

general hush, and caused the echoes to answer again and again from the silent streets and alleys.

In a short time we were at the station. In our impatience we had come too early, and now the waiting was very tiresome. Everybody knows how lively and noisy it is at a railroad station when a train is expected. But now there were but a few persons present, and in everybody's face I could see the reflection of my own dissatisfaction, because, like myself, they had much rather have been in a comfortable, warm bed than up and about in the rain and fog. Everything was so uncomfortable.

Suddenly we heard a long shrill whistle, to which the surrounding dreariness gave a strangely mournful sound, the clattering train rushed into the depot and stood still. Several passengers (they were very few) left the cars and hastened towards where the droskies stood, and after rousing the sleepy *isvostchiky*, were whirled away to their several destinations.

When we had secured our tickets and seen to the baggage we entered a car in the women's division and waited impatiently for the train to start. At last the first signal was given, then the second and third; the locomotive shrieked and puffed, the train moved slowly, then swiftly it left the depot far behind it.

From Vilna to our next stopping place, Verzbolovo, there was a long, tedious ride of about eight hours. As the day continued to be dull and foggy, very little could be seen through the windows. Besides, no one seemed to care or to be interested in anything. Sleepy and tired as we all were, we got little rest, except the younger ones, for we had not yet got used to living in the cars and could not make ourselves very comfortable. For the greater part of the time we remained as unsocial as the weather was unpleasant. The car was very still, there being few passengers, among them a very pleasant kind gentleman travelling with his pretty daughter. Mother found them very pleasant to chat with, and we children found it less tiresome to listen to them.

At half past twelve o'clock the train came to a stop before a large depot, and the conductor announced "Verzbolovo, fifteen minutes!" The sight that now presented itself was very cheering after our long, unpleasant ride. The weather had changed very much. The sun was shining brightly and not a trace

of fog or cloud was to be seen. Crowds of well-dressed people were everywhere—walking up and down the platform, passing through the many gates leading to the street, sitting around the long, well-loaded tables, eating, drinking, talking or reading newspapers, waited upon by the liveliest, busiest waiters I had ever seen—and there was such an activity and bustle about everything that I wished I could join in it, it seemed so hard to sit still. But I had to content myself with looking on with the others, while the friendly gentleman whose acquaintance my mother had made (I do not recollect his name) assisted her in obtaining our tickets for Eidtkunen, and attending to everything else that needed attention, and there were many things.

Soon the fifteen minutes were up, our kind fellow-passenger and his daughter bade us farewell and a pleasant journey (we were just on the brink of the beginning of our troubles), the train puffed out of the depot and we all felt we were nearing a very important stage in our journey. At this time, cholera was raging in Russia, and was spread by emigrants going to America in the countries through which they travelled. To stop this danger, measures were taken to make emigration from Russia more difficult than ever. I believe that at all times the crossing of the boundary between Russia and Germany was a source of trouble to Russians, but with a special passport this was easily overcome.

When, however, the traveller could not afford to supply himself with one, the boundary was crossed by stealth, and many amusing anecdotes are told of persons who crossed in some disguise, often that of a *mujik* (*Russian serf or peasant*) who said he was going to the town on the German side to sell some goods, carried for the purpose of ensuring the success of the ruse. When several such tricks had been played on the guards it became very risky, and often, when caught, a traveller resorted to stratagem, which is very diverting when afterwards described, but not so at a time when much depends on its success. Some times a paltry bribe secured one a safe passage, and often emigrants were aided by men who made it their profession to help them cross, often suffering themselves to be paid such sums for the service that it paid best to be provided with a special passport.

As I said, the difficulties were greater at the time we were travelling, and our friends believed we had better not attempt a stealthy crossing, and we procured the necessary document to facilitate it. We therefore expected little trouble, but some we thought there might be, for we had heard some vague rumors to the effect that a special passport was not as powerful an agent as it used to be.

We now prepared to enjoy a little lunch, and before we had time to clear it away the train stopped, and we saw several men in blue uniforms, gilt buttons and brass helmets, if you may call them so, on their heads. At his side each wore a kind of leather case attached to a wide bronze belt. In these cases they carried something like a revolver, and each had, besides, a little book with black oilcloth covers.

I can give you no idea of the impression these men (they were German gendarmes) made on us, by saying they frightened us. Perhaps because their (to us) impressive appearance gave them a stern look; perhaps because they really looked something more than grave, we were so frightened. I only know that we were. I can see the reason now clearly enough. Like all persons who were used to the tyranny of a Russian policeman, who practically ruled the ward or town under his friendly protection, and never hesitated to assert his rights as holder of unlimited authority over his little domain, in that mild, amiable manner so well known to such of his subjects as he particularly favored with his vigilant regard—like all such persons, I say, we did not, could not, expect to receive any kind treatment at the hands of a number of officers, especially as we were in the very act of attempting to part with our much-beloved mother country, of which act, to judge by the pains it took to make it difficult, the government did not approve. It was a natural fear in us, as you can easily see. Pretty soon mother recovered herself, and remembering that the train stops for a few minutes only, was beginning to put away the scattered articles hastily when a gendarme (*policeman*) entered our car and said we were not to leave it. Mamma asked him why, but he said nothing and left the car, another gendarme entering as he did so. He demanded where we were going, and, hearing the answer, went out. Before we had had time to look about at each other's frightened

faces, another man, a doctor, as we soon knew, came in followed by a third gendarme.

The doctor asked many questions about our health, and of what nationality we were. Then he asked about various things, as where we were going to, if we had tickets, how much money we had, where we came from, to whom we were going, etc., etc., making a note of every answer he received. This done, he shook his head with his shining helmet on it, and said slowly (I imagined he enjoyed frightening us), "With these third class tickets you cannot go to America now, because it is forbidden to admit emigrants into Germany who have not at least second class tickets. You will have to return to Russia unless you pay at the office here to have your tickets changed for second class ones." After a few minutes' calculation and reference to the notes he had made, he added calmly, "I find you will need two hundred rubles to get your tickets exchanged;" and, as the finishing stroke to his pleasing communication, added, "Your passports are of no use at all now because the necessary part has to be torn out, whether you are allowed to pass or not." A plain, short speech he made of it, that cruel man. Yet every word sounded in our ears with an awful sound that stopped the beating of our hearts for a while—sounded like the ringing of funeral bells to us, and yet without the mournfully sweet music those bells make, that they might heal while they hurt.

We were homeless, houseless, and friendless in a strange place. We had hardly money enough to last us through the voyage for which we had hoped and waited for three long years. We had suffered much that the reunion we longed for might come about; we had prepared ourselves to suffer more in order to bring it about, and had parted with those we loved, with places that were dear to us in spite of what we passed through in them, never again to see them, as we were convinced—all for the same dear end. With strong hopes and high spirits that hid the sad parting, we had started on our long journey. And now we were checked so unexpectedly but surely, the blow coming from where we little expected it, being, as we believed, safe in that quarter. And that is why the simple words had such a frightful meaning to us. We had received a wound we knew not how to heal.

When mother had recovered enough to speak she began to argue with the gendarme, telling him our story and begging him to be kind. The children were frightened by what they understood, and all but cried. I was only wondering what would happen, and wishing I could pour out my grief in tears, as the others did; but when I feel deeply I seldom show it in that way, and always wish I could.

Mother's supplications, and perhaps the children's indirect ones, had more effect than I supposed they would. The officer was moved, even if he had just said that tears would not be accepted instead of money, and gave us such kind advice that I began to be sorry I had thought him cruel, for it was easy to see that he was only doing his duty and had no part in our trouble that he could be blamed for, now that I had more kindly thoughts of him.

He said that we would now be taken to Keebart, a few versts' (*a verst is 3,500 feet*) distance from Verzbolovo, where one Herr Schidorsky lived. This man, he said, was well known for miles around, and we were to tell him our story and ask him to help us, which he probably would, being very kind.

A ray of hope shone on each of the frightened faces listening so attentively to this bearer of both evil and happy tidings. I, for one, was very confident that the good man would help us through our difficulties, for I was most unwilling to believe that we really couldn't continue our journey. Which of us was? I'd like to know.

We are in Keebart, at the depot. The least important particular even of that place, I noticed and remembered. How the porter—he was an ugly, grinning man—carried in our things and put them away in the southern corner of the big room, on the floor; how we sat down on a settee near them, a yellow settee; how the glass roof let in so much light that we had to shade our eyes because the car had been dark and we had been crying; how there were only a few people besides ourselves there, and how I began to count them and stopped when I noticed a sign over the head of the fifth person—a little woman with a red nose and a pimple on it, that seemed to be staring at me as much as the grayish-blue eyes above them, it was so large and round—and tried to read the German, with the aid of the Russian translation below. I noticed all this and

remembered it, as if there was nothing else in the world for me to think of—no America, no gendarme to destroy one's passports and speak of two hundred rubles as if he were a millionaire, no possibility of being sent back to one's old home whether one felt at all grateful for the kindness or not—nothing but that most attractive of places, full of interesting sights.

For, though I had been so hopeful a little while ago, I felt quite discouraged when a man, very sour and grumbling—and he was a Jew—a "Son of Mercy" as a certain song said—refused to tell mamma where Schidorsky lived. I then believed that the whole world must have united against us; and decided to show my defiant indifference by leaving the world to be as unkind as it pleased, while I took no interest in such trifles.

So I let my mind lose itself in a queer sort of mist—a something I cannot describe except by saying it must have been made up of lazy inactivity. Through this mist I saw and heard indistinctly much that followed.

When I think of it now, I see how selfish it was to allow myself to sink, body and mind, in such a sea of helpless laziness, when I might have done something besides awaiting the end of that critical time, whatever it might be—something, though what, I do not see even now, I own. But I only studied the many notices till I thought myself very well acquainted with the German tongue; and now and then tried to cheer the other children, who were still inclined to cry, by pointing out to them some of the things that interested me. For this faulty conduct I have no excuse to give, unless youth and the fact that I was stunned with the shock we had just received, will be accepted.

I remember through that mist that mother found Schidorsky's home at last, but was told she could not see him till a little later; that she came back to comfort us, and found there our former fellow passenger who had come with us from Vilna, and that he was very indignant at the way in which we were treated, and scolded, and declared he would have the matter in all the papers, and said we must be helped. I remember how mamma saw Schidorsky at last, spoke to him, and then told us, word for word, what his answer had been; that he

wouldn't wait to be asked to use all his influence, and wouldn't lose a moment about it, and he didn't, for he went out at once on that errand, while his good daughter did her best to comfort mamma with kind words and tea. I remember that there was much going to the good man's house; much hurrying of special messengers to and from Eidtkunen; trembling inquiries, uncertain replies made hopeful only by the pitying, encouraging words and manners of the deliverer—for all, even the servants, were kind as good angels at that place. I remember that another little family—there were three—were discovered by us in the same happy state as ourselves, and like the dogs in the fable, who, receiving care at the hands of a kind man, sent their friends to him for help, we sent them to our helper.

I remember seeing night come out of that mist, and bringing more trains and people and noise than the whole day (we still remained at the depot), till I felt sick and dizzy. I remember wondering what kind of a night it was, but not knowing how to find out, as if I had no senses. I remember that somebody said we were obliged to remain in Keebart that night and that we set out to find lodgings; that the most important things I saw on the way were the two largest dolls I had ever seen, carried by two pretty little girls, and a big, handsome father; and a great deal of gravel in the streets, and boards for the crossings. I remember that we found a little room (we had to go up four steps first) that we could have for seventy-five copecks, with our tea paid for in that sum. I remember, through that mist, how I wondered what I was sleeping on that night, as I wondered about the weather; that we really woke up in the morning (I was so glad to rest I had believed we should never be disturbed again) and washed, and dressed and breakfasted and went to the depot again, to be always on hand. I remember that mamma and the father of the little family went at once to the only good man on earth (I thought so) and that the party of three were soon gone, by the help of some agent that was slower, for good reasons, in helping us.

I remember that mamma came to us soon after and said that Herr Schidorsky had told her to ask the Postmeister—some high official there—for a pass to Eidtkunen; and there she should speak herself to our protector's older brother who could help us by

means of his great power among the officers of high rank; that she returned in a few hours and told us the two brothers were equal in kindness, for the older one, too, said he would not wait to be asked to do his best for us. I remember that another day—so-o-o long—passed behind the mist, and we were still in that dreadful, noisy, tiresome depot, with no change, till we went to spend the night at Herr Schidorsky's, because they wouldn't let us go anywhere else. On the way there, I remember, I saw something marvellous—queer little wooden sticks stuck on the lines where clothes hung for some purpose. (I didn't think it was for drying, because you know I always saw things hung up on fences and gates for such purposes. The queer things turned out to be clothes-pins). And, I remember, I noticed many other things of equal importance to our affairs, till we came to the little house in the garden. Here we were received, I remember with much kindness and hospitality. We had a fire made for us, food and drink brought in, and a servant was always inquiring whether anything more could be done for our comfort.

I remember, still through that misty veil, what a pleasant evening we passed, talking over what had so far happened, and wondering what would come. I must have talked like one lost in a thick fog, groping carefully. But, had I been shut up, mentally, in a tower nothing else could pierce, the sense of gratitude that naturally sprung from the kindness that surrounded us, must have, would have found a passage for itself to the deepest cavities of the heart. Yes, though all my senses were dulled by what had passed over us so lately, I was yet aware of the deepest sense of thankfulness one can ever feel. I was aware of something like the sweet presence of angels in the persons of good Schidorsky and his family. Oh, that some knowledge of that gratitude might reach those for whom we felt it so keenly! We all felt it. But the deepest emotions are so hard to express. I thought of this as I lay awake a little while, and said to myself, thinking of our benefactor, that he was a Jew, a true "Son of Mercy." And I slept with that thought. And this is the last I remember seeing and feeling behind that mist of lazy inactivity.

The next morning, I woke not only from the night's sleep, but from my waking dreaminess. All the

vapors dispersed as I went into the pretty flower garden where the others were already at play, and by the time we had finished a good breakfast, served by a dear servant girl, I felt quite myself again.

Of course, mamma hastened to Herr Schidorsky as soon as she could, and he sent her to the Postmeister again, to ask him to return the part of our passports that had been torn out, and without which we could not go on. He said he would return them as soon as he received word from Eidtkunen. So we could only wait and hope. At last it came and so suddenly that we ran off to the depot with hardly a hat on all our heads, or a coat on our backs, with two men running behind with our things, making it a very ridiculous sight. We have often laughed over it since.

Of course, in such a confusion we could not say even one word of farewell or thanks to our deliverers. But, turning to see that we were all there, I saw them standing in the gate, crying that all was well now, and wishing us many pleasant things, and looking as if they had been receiving all the blessings instead of us.

I have often thought they must have purposely arranged it that we should have to leave in a hurry, because they wouldn't stand any expression of gratefulness.

Well, we just reached our car in time to see our baggage brought from the office and ourselves inside, when the last bell rang. Then, before we could get breath enough to utter more than faint gasps of delight, we were again in Eidtkunen.

The gendarmes came to question us again, but when mother said that we were going to Herr Schidorsky of Eidtkunen, as she had been told to say, we were allowed to leave the train. I really thought we were to be the visitors of the elder Schidorsky, but it turned out to be only an understanding between him and the officers that those claiming to be on their way to him were not to be troubled.

At any rate, we had now really crossed the forbidden boundary—we were in Germany.

There was a terrible confusion in the baggage-room where we were directed to go. Boxes, baskets, bags, valises, and great, shapeless things belonging to no particular class were thrown about by porters

and other men, who sorted them and put tickets on all but those containing provisions, while others were opened and examined in haste. At last our turn came, and our things, along with those of all other American-bound travellers, were taken away to be steamed and smoked and other such processes gone through. We were told to wait till notice should be given us of something else to be done. Our train would not depart till nine in the evening.

As usual, I noticed all the little particulars of the waiting room. What else could I do with so much time and not even a book to read? I could describe it exactly—the large, square room, painted walls, long tables with fruits and drinks of all kinds covering them, the white chairs, carved settees, beautiful china and cut glass showing through the glass doors of the dressers, and the nickel samovar, which attracted my attention because I had never seen any but copper or brass ones. The best and the worst of everything there was a large case full of books. It was the best, because they were "books" and all could use them; the worst, because they were all German, and my studies in the railway depot of Keebart had not taught me so much that I should be able to read books in German. It was very hard to see people get those books and enjoy them while I couldn't. It was impossible to be content with other people's pleasure, and I wasn't.

When I had almost finished counting the books, I noticed that mamma and the others had made friends with a family of travellers like ourselves. Frau Gittleman and her five children made very interesting companions for the rest of the day, and they seemed to think that Frau Antin and the four younger Antins were just as interesting; perhaps excepting, in their minds, one of them who must have appeared rather uninteresting from a habit she had of looking about as if always expecting to make discoveries.

But she was interested, if not interesting, enough when the oldest of the young Gittlemans, who was a young gentleman of seventeen, produced some books which she could read. Then all had a merry time together, reading, talking, telling the various adventures of the journey, and walking, as far as we were allowed, up and down the long platform outside, till we were called to go and see, if we wanted

to see, how our things were being made fit for further travel. It was interesting to see how they managed to have anything left to return to us, after all the processes of airing and smoking and steaming and other assaults on supposed germs of the dreaded cholera had been done with, the pillows, even, being ripped open to be steamed! All this was interesting, but we were rather disagreeably surprised when a bill for these unasked-for services had to be paid.

The Gittlemans, we found, were to keep us company for some time. At the expected hour we all tried to find room in a car indicated by the conductor. We tried, but could only find enough space on the floor for our baggage, on which we made believe sitting comfortably. For now we were obliged to exchange the comparative comforts of a third class passenger train for the certain discomforts of a fourth class one. There were only four narrow benches in the whole car, and about twice as many people were already seated on these as they were probably supposed to accommodate. All other space, to the last inch, was crowded by passengers or their luggage. It was very hot and close and altogether uncomfortable, and still at every new station fresh passengers came crowding in, and actually made room, spare as it was, for themselves. It became so terrible that all glared madly at the conductor as he allowed more people to come into that prison, and trembled at the announcement of every station. I cannot see even now how the officers could allow such a thing; it was really dangerous. The most remarkable thing was the good-nature of the poor passengers. Few showed a sour face even; not a man used any strong language (audibly, at least). They smiled at each other as if they meant to say, "I am having a good time; so are you, aren't you?" Young Gittleman was very gallant, and so cheerful that he attracted everybody's attention. He told stories, laughed, and made us unwilling to be outdone. During one of his narratives he produced a pretty memorandum book that pleased one of us very much, and that pleasing gentleman at once presented it to her. She has kept it since in memory of the giver, and, in the right place, I could tell more about that matter—very interesting.

I have given so much space to the description of that one night's adventures because I remember it so

distinctly, with all its discomforts, and the contrast of our fellow-travellers' kindly dispositions. At length that dreadful night passed, and at dawn about half the passengers left, all at once. There was such a sigh of relief and a stretching of cramped limbs as can only be imagined, as the remaining passengers inhaled the fresh cold air of dewy dawn. It was almost worth the previous suffering to experience the pleasure of relief that followed.

All day long we travelled in the same train, sleeping, resting, eating, and wishing to get out. But the train stopped for a very short time at the many stations, and all the difference that made to us was that pretty girls passed through the cars with little bark baskets filled with fruit and flowers hardly fresher or prettier than their bearers, who generally sold something to our young companion, for he never wearied of entertaining us.

Other interests there were none. The scenery was nothing unusual, only towns, depots, roads, fields, little country houses with barns and cattle and poultry—all such as we were well acquainted with. If something new did appear, it was passed before one could get a good look at it. The most pleasing sights were little barefoot children waving their aprons or hats as we eagerly watched for them, because that reminded us of our doing the same thing when we saw the passenger trains, in the country. We used to wonder whether we should ever do so again.

Towards evening we came into Berlin. I grow dizzy even now when I think of our whirling through that city. It seemed we were going faster and faster all the time, but it was only the whirl of trains passing in opposite directions and close to us that made it seem so. The sight of crowds of people such as we had never seen before, hurrying to and fro, in and out of great depots that danced past us, helped to make it more so. Strange sights, splendid buildings, shops, people and animals, all mingled in one great, confused mass of a disposition to continually move in a great hurry, wildly, with no other aim but to make one's head go round and round, in following its dreadful motions. Round and round went my head. It was nothing but trains, depots, crowds—crowds, depots, trains, again and again, with no beginning, no end, only a mad dance!

Faster and faster we go, faster still, and the noise increases with the speed. Bells, whistles, hammers, locomotives shrieking madly, men's voices, peddlers' cries, horses' hoofs, dogs' barking—all united in doing their best to drown every other sound but their own, and made such a deafening uproar in the attempt that nothing could keep it out. Whirl, noise, dance, uproar—will it last forever? I'm so—o diz-z-zy! How my head aches!

And oh! those people will be run over! Stop the train, they'll—thank goodness, nobody is hurt. But who ever heard of a train passing right through the middle of a city, up in the air, it seems. Oh, dear! it's no use thinking, my head spins so. Right through the business streets! Why, who ever—!

I must have lived through a century of this terrible motion and din and unheard of roads for trains, and confused thinking. But at length everything began to take a more familiar appearance again, the noise grew less, the roads more secluded, and by degrees we recognized the dear, peaceful country. Now we could think of Berlin, or rather, what we had seen of it, more calmly, and wonder why it made such an impression. I see now. We had never seen so large a city before, and were not prepared to see such sights, bursting upon us so suddenly as that. It was like allowing a blind man to see the full glare of the sun all at once. Our little Plotzk, and even the larger cities we had passed through, compared to Berlin about the same as total darkness does to great brilliancy of light.

In a great lonely field opposite a solitary wooden house within a large yard, our train pulled up at last, and a conductor commanded the passengers to make haste and get out. He need not have told us to hurry; we were glad enough to be free again after such a long imprisonment in the uncomfortable car. All rushed to the door. We breathed more freely in the open field, but the conductor did not wait for us to enjoy our freedom. He hurried us into the one large room which made up the house, and then into the yard. Here a great many men and women, dressed in white, received us, the women attending to the women and girls of the passengers, and the men to the others.

This was another scene of bewildering confusion, parents losing their children, and little ones crying; baggage being thrown together in one corner of the yard, heedless of contents, which suffered in consequence; those white-clad Germans shouting commands always accompanied with "Quick! Quick!"; the confused passengers obeying all orders like meek children, only questioning now and then what was going to be done with them.

And no wonder if in some minds stories arose of people being captured by robbers, murderers, and the like. Here we had been taken to a lonely place where only that house was to be seen; our things were taken away, our friends separated from us; a man came to inspect us, as if to ascertain our full value; strange looking people driving us about like dumb animals, helpless and unresisting; children we could not see, crying in a way that suggested terrible things; ourselves driven into a little room where a great kettle was boiling on a little stove; our clothes taken off, our bodies rubbed with a slippery substance that might be any bad thing; a shower of warm water let down on us without warning; again driven to another little room where we sit, wrapped in woollen blankets till large, coarse bags are brought in, their contents turned out and we see only a cloud of steam, and hear the women's orders to dress ourselves, quick, quick, or else we'll miss—something we cannot hear. We are forced to pick out our clothes from among all the others, with the steam blinding us; we choke, cough, entreat the women to give us time; they persist, "Quick, quick, or you'll miss the train!" Oh, so we really won't be murdered! They are only making us ready for the



Fun Trivia!

- a. This city in the mountains Tatra is called Poland's winter capital _____
- b. This important seaport is the cradle of the "Solidarity" movement _____
- c. This city is the 2nd largest city in Poland. Its name in English translates as a "boat" _____
- d. This city, on the river Odra in southwestern Poland, is often called the Venice of Poland _____

(Answers on page 34)

continuing of our journey, cleaning us of all suspicions of dangerous germs. Thank God!

Assured by the word "train" we manage to dress ourselves after a fashion, and the man comes again to inspect us. All is right, and we are allowed to go into the yard to find our friends and our luggage. Both are difficult tasks, the second even harder. Imagine all the things of some hundreds of people making a journey like ours, being mostly unpacked and mixed together in one sad heap. It was disheartening, but done at last was the task of collecting our belongings, and we were marched into the big room again. Here, on the bare floor, in a ring, sat some Polish men and women singing some hymn in their own tongue, and making more noise than music. We were obliged to stand and await further orders, the few seats being occupied, and the great door barred and locked. We were in a prison, and again felt some doubts. Then a man came in and called the passengers' names, and when they answered they were made to pay two marcs each for the pleasant bath we had just been forced to take.

Another half hour, and our train arrived. The door was opened, and we rushed out into the field, glad to get back even to the fourth class car.

We had lost sight of the Gittlemans, who were going a different way now, and to our regret hadn't even said good-bye, or thanked them for their kindness.

After the preceding night of wakefulness and discomfort, the weary day in the train, the dizzy whirl through Berlin, the fright we had from the rough proceedings of the Germans, and all the strange experiences of the place we just escaped—after all this we needed rest. But to get it was impossible for all but the youngest children. If we had borne great discomforts on the night before, we were suffering now. I had thought anything worse impossible. Worse it was now. The car was even more crowded, and people gasped for breath. People sat in strangers' laps, only glad of that. The floor was so thickly lined that the conductor could not pass, and the tickets were passed to him from hand to hand. To-night all were more worn out, and that did not mend their dispositions. They could not help falling asleep and colliding with someone's nodding head, which called out angry mutterings

and growls. Some fell off their seats and caused a great commotion by rolling over on the sleepers on the floor, and, in spite of my own sleepiness and weariness, I had many quiet laughs by myself as I watched the funny actions of the poor travellers.

Not until very late did I fall asleep. I, with the rest, missed the pleasant company of our friends, the Gittlemans, and thought about them as I sat perched on a box, with an old man's knees for the back of my seat, another man's head continually striking my right shoulder, a dozen or so arms being tossed restlessly right in front of my face, and as many legs holding me a fast prisoner, so that I could only try to keep my seat against all the assaults of the sleepers who tried in vain to make their positions more comfortable. It was all so comical, in spite of all the inconveniences, that I tried hard not to laugh out loud, till I too fell asleep. I was awakened very early in the morning by something chilling and uncomfortable on my face, like raindrops coming down irregularly. I found it was a neighbor of mine eating cheese, who was dropping bits on my face. So I began the day with a laugh at the man's funny apologies, but could not find much more fun in the world on account of the cold and the pain of every limb. It was very miserable, till some breakfast cheered me up a little.

About eight o'clock we reached Hamburg. Again there was a gendarme to ask questions, look over the tickets and give directions. But all the time he kept a distance from those passengers who came from Russia, all for fear of the cholera. We had noticed before how people were afraid to come near us, but since that memorable bath in Berlin, and all the steaming and smoking of our things, it seemed unnecessary.

We were marched up to the strangest sort of vehicle one could think of. It was a something I don't know any name for, though a little like an express wagon. At that time I had never seen such a high, narrow, long thing, so high that the women and girls couldn't climb up without the men's help, and great difficulty; so narrow that two persons could not sit comfortably side by side, and so long that it took me some time to move my eyes from the rear end, where the baggage was, to the front, where the driver sat.

When all had settled down at last (there were a number besides ourselves) the two horses started off very fast, in spite of their heavy load. Through noisy, strange looking streets they took us, where many people walked or ran or rode. Many splendid houses, stone and brick, and showy shops, they passed. Much that was very strange to us we saw, and little we knew anything about. There a little cart loaded with bottles or tin cans, drawn by a goat or a dog, sometimes two, attracted our attention. Sometimes it was only a nurse carrying a child in her arms that seemed interesting, from the strange dress. Often it was some article displayed in a shop window or door, or the usually smiling owner standing in the doorway, that called for our notice. Not that there was anything really unusual in many of these things, but a certain air of foreignness, which sometimes was very vague, surrounded everything that passed before our interested gaze as the horses hastened on.

The strangest sight of all we saw as we came into the still noisier streets. Something like a horse-car such as we had seen in Vilna for the first time, except that it was open on both sides (in most cases) but without any horses, came flying—really flying—past us. For we stared and looked it all over, and above, and under, and rubbed our eyes, and asked of one another what we saw, and nobody could find what it was that made the thing go. And go it did, one after another, faster than we, with nothing to move it. "Why, what *is* that?" we kept exclaiming. "Really, do you see anything that makes it go? I'm sure I don't." Then I ventured the highly probable suggestion, "Perhaps it's the fat man in the gray coat and hat with silver buttons. I guess he pushes it. I've noticed one in front on every one of them, holding on to that shining thing." And I'm sure this was as wise a solution of the mystery as anyone could give, except the driver, who laughed to himself and his horses over our surprise and wonder at nothing he could see to cause it.

But we couldn't understand his explanation, though we always got along very easily with the Germans, and not until much later did we know that those wonderful things, with only a fat man to move them, were electric cars.

The sightseeing was not all on our side. I noticed many people stopping to look at us as if amused, though most passed by as though used to such sights. We did make a queer appearance all in a long row, up above people's heads. In fact, we looked like a flock of giant fowls roosting, only wide awake.

Suddenly, when everything interesting seemed at an end, we all recollected how long it was since we had started on our funny ride. Hours, we thought, and still the horses ran. Now we rode through quieter streets where there were fewer shops and more wooden houses. Still the horses seemed to have but just started. I looked over our perch again. Something made me think of a description I had read of criminals being carried on long journeys in uncomfortable things—like this? Well, it was strange—this long, long drive, the conveyance, no word of explanation, and all, though going different ways, being packed off together. We were strangers; the driver knew it. He might take us anywhere—how could we tell? I was frightened again as in Berlin. The faces around me confessed the same.

The streets became quieter still; no shops, only little houses; hardly any people passing. Now we cross many railway tracks and I can hear the sea not very distant. There are many trees now by the roadside, and the wind whistles through their branches. The wheels and hoofs make a great noise on the stones, the roar of the sea and the wind among the branches have an unfriendly sound.

The horses never weary. Still they run. There are no houses now in view, save now and then a solitary one, far away. I can see the ocean. Oh, it is stormy. The dark waves roll inward, the white foam flies high in the air; deep sounds come from it. The wheels and hoofs make a great noise; the wind is stronger, and says, "Do you hear the sea?" And the ocean's roar threatens. The sea threatens, and the wind bids me hear it, and the hoofs and the wheels repeat the command, and so do the trees, by gestures.

Yes, we are frightened. We are very still. Some Polish women over there have fallen asleep, and the rest of us look such a picture of woe, and yet so funny, it is a sight to see and remember.



In Memory of

John W. Kowles

4 June 1938 -
19 October 2011

At PGS-MN, we mourn the death of our friend and colleague, John Kowles.

John was born in Winona, in southeastern Minnesota, and grew up in Ivanhoe, in southwestern Minnesota, two centers of early Polish settlement in Minnesota. John was the son of Vincent Kowalewski and Cecilia Shaikoski.

John was a member of PGS-MN since 1996. He was elected Vice-President in 2002 and served in that position until 2008. One of the traditional duties of the Vice-President is to serve as a co-chair, along with the President, of the Program and Publicity Committee. In this capacity, John arranged most PGS-MN's meetings during that time period. He also presented at many of them.

John contributed many articles to the *PGS-MN Newsletter*. He became its editor in 2007 and served until 2010. The articles that he authored (listed on right) for the newsletter demonstrate his broad and varied knowledge of Polish genealogy.

PGS-MN presented John with its Outstanding Achievement Award in 2010.

John is survived by his wife, Mary, who greatly contributed to his work at PGS-MN--especially her help with typing, editing, indexing, and mailing of the newsletter. He is also survived by four children--two sons and two daughters, eight grandchildren, one great grandchild and one brother.

We remember John as a gentle man, quiet and intense, but with a keen sense of humor. The eulogy at his funeral given by his son, Adam (see next page), shows the essence of the man.

Newsletter Articles by John Kowles

A sampling of articles that John contributed to this newsletter (listed in order of publication). Some are outlines of presentations that he made at PGS-MN meetings. Back issues of the newsletter are available for purchase (See advertising insert for order info).

- "Getting Beyond That Brick Wall." Vol. 9, No. 4 (Winter 2001-02) pp. 4-5.
- "Polish Emigration 1831 - 1914; Historical Factors." Vol. 10, Nos. 3&4 (Autumn, Winter 2002-03) pp. 10-11.
- "Brick Wall Outline." Vol. 11, No. 1 (Spring 2003) pp. 10-11, 27.
- "Researching Civil Archives in Poland: In my experience -- not so easy." Vol. 11, No. 1 (Spring 2003) pp. 18-19.
- "Family Histories - A Few Thoughts." Vol. 11, No. 4 (Winter 2003-04) p. 14.
- "Highlights - Poland's Changing Borders." Vol. 11, No. 4 (Winter 2003-04) p. 15.
- "Where to Look for Records." Vol. 11, No. 4 (Winter 2003-04) p. 16.
- "Polish Emigration....Minnesota Polish Immigration." Vol. 12, No. 2 (Summer 2004) pp. 1, 24-26.
- "Organization and Preservation of Genealogical Materials." Vol. 12, No. 3 (Autumn 2004) pp. 22-23
- "Researching Archives in Poland." Vol. 13, No. 1 (Spring 2005) p. 26.
- "Independent Travel to Poland." Vol. 14, Nos. 1&2 (Spring/Summer 2006) pp. 6-7.
- "A Search for my Grandmother's Actual Birthplace." Vol. 15, No. 1, (Spring 2007) pp. 11-12.
- "Polish Gazetteers; Valuable Research Resources." Vol. 16, No. 1 (Spring 2008) pp.12-13.
- "My Great-grandmother's Surname; Marianna Matkowska--Malkowska--Ma[]kowska; Why Records Need Careful Scrutiny to Ensure You Have the Right Surname. Vol. 17, No. 2
- "A Polish Community Goes to War; A Review of the Turbulent Events of 1939-1946." Vol. 17, No 3 (Spring 2009) pp. 7-9, 22-25.
- "Origins of the Kowalewski Family." Vol. 17, No. 3 (Fall 2009) p. 18.
- "Basic Polish Genealogy Research Resources." Vol. 17, No. 4 (Winter 2009-10) pp. 13-14.
- "Geographic Places in Minnesota with Polish Names" Vol. 18, No. 2 (Summer 2010) p. 29.

John Kowles – Eulogy

Good morning. Thank you for being here. Dad would not have wanted all of this for him, but when you have lived such a wonderful life as he did, we need to celebrate it.

Growing up, Dad had a very humble upbringing. He always told us that they were the poorest family in the poorest county in the state. When we asked him if this was really true, he said that there was a family with a dirt floor so maybe they were number two. As you may have seen from the pictures of Dad, he won a goose in a raffle when he was young. He said that his win was probably fixed so that a family that really needed it won. Or maybe he bent the corners of the ticket like he always did when he entered other raffles later on, but it never worked because he never won anything else.

Even though his mother did the best that she could in raising him, the uncertainty of Dad's childhood led him to make sure that he was reliable, dependable, and that his life had routine. One of these routines was on Saturday afternoons, doing yard work or putting up storm windows while listening to the Twins or Gophers on the radio, taking a break for sandwiches and eating pickles, and maybe having a seven ounce beer. He had other routines as well. On the last day of work before Christmas, while everyone was wearing holiday sweaters and colors, he would wear all black; black pants, black shirt, black tie. That was his tradition. He also told the same stories, like every Thanksgiving when he would tell us about the time when the only thing that he ate one Thanksgiving were two fried egg sandwiches.

Any time Mom and Dad were out of town they would leave us \$20 in the Together in Christ book for an emergency. I am not sure what kind of emergency would only cost \$20, but the emergency would usually be taken care of with a Domino's pizza. Dad also had his standard jokes. I always acted like they weren't very funny growing up, but now I find myself telling the exact same jokes and they are hilarious. When the Twins won the World Series, Dad would say, "I guess I need to get out my gorilla suit and go downtown Minneapolis." He also had his standard words of wisdom, such as, "Keep your options open," "Keep at it," and "Buckle down."

Dad had a great memory, and because of it, he could sometimes hold a grudge. He told the story about when he was young and the Fuller brush man asked him to hand out pamphlets in town and he would come back to pay him, but he never did. He also had a problem with certain cars. He would only buy American, and he for some reason, which I don't know, had a problem with General Motors, and so he wouldn't buy any of them. Then, the engine went out on the Ford Probe. I told him that if something happens to that Chrysler you're in big trouble because there are not many options left.

From humble beginnings he went on to great success as an electrical engineer in the field of aerospace, and even has a patent for a design of an ice detector. Once at a meeting, when they were working on something that someone didn't think was too difficult, someone said that it isn't rocket science. Dad replied, "Well, actually it is." He worked very hard and had a difficult time retiring. The first time he retired we went out to dinner to celebrate. Then he went back to work. The second time he retired, I think we just had cake for him. Then he went back as a consultant. When he retired the third time, we said that there will be no party, since he retires more than Michael Jordan.

Dad was very thorough and had great detail in everything that he did. One time in high school I asked him what the quadratic formula was. He came back a few minutes later with not only the formula, but three pages on where the formula came from. Anyone who has ever asked Dad for directions knows that the map will have as much detail as possible, although maybe not exactly to scale, but he would highlight many things on the map. He may even draw on the map to tell you to go straight until you see the two haystacks and then take a right.

Dad had a passion for genealogy, and he even wrote a 350-page family history. Part of this was because he loved history, but I think an even bigger reason was because genealogy is about people, and Dad had compassion for others, especially those less fortunate. If there are two words that best describe Dad it would be humble and giving. We never went on huge family vacations, we didn't have cable TV, and Dad would always clip coupons for groceries

every week. His message and the way that he lived, was to LIVE SIMPLY. I think he thought that the more that he saved and the less he spent on himself, the more he could give away to others, which is what he did.

Dad died the same way he lived, thinking more about others than himself. Near the end, I know he worried much more about Mom and the rest of us than he did himself. A few weeks ago, Matt asked him if there is anything that we can do for him to make him more comfortable. He said, "No, I just need to tough it out." He never wanted to be a burden for anyone else, even though he spent his whole life carrying burdens for others, which is what made him great.

Presented by Adam Kowles **PGS-MN**



Missing branches . . . continued from page 36

UPDATES--*The following members have sent us updated information:*

Wayne Hacholski <mathac@earthlink.net> is researching the following: CHOCHOLEK from Glinik Niemiecki, parish in Debowiec; CZAJKA from Zarzecze, parish in Debowiec; TRZNADEL; MICHNAL; MAREK; DABROWSKA; MYSLIEWIEC; MASTEY; BAJOR from Olchowa, parish in Kolbuszowa; GUTOWNA; BASARA from Krzywa; KOZA; JAKUBEK; MAJKA; BIELAWA, NIEDBALEC from Roza. All villages are in Galicia, Podkarpackie today.

George Koleas, W156 N10640 Cobbler Lane, Germantown WI 53022 <GeorgeJK676@wi.rr.com> is researching KIEDROWICZ, KREYSKIE, KUKLINSKI in Lubnia, Chojnice, Brusy, Poland; BARDON, MANCZEWITZ, MANKIEWICZ, MANSAVAGE in Lubnia, Chojnice, Brusy and in Sharon, Polonia, Plover, Portage Co. WI.; BEMOWSKI in West Prussia and in Stevens Point, Portage Co. WI; BRUFSKI in Koscierzyna, Poland and in Sharon, Portage Co. WI; GORENTKIEWICZ, KURENKIEWICZ, SZUKALSKI, SZYPERZYNSKI in Milwaukee WI; MASCHKE in

Lipusz in Poland; KEDROSKE. KIEDROWSKI in Lipusz and in MN and then in Marathon Co. WI and also in Stevens Point, Portage Co. WI; ZDANOWICZ in Augustovia in Poland and in Milwaukee WI; CYBULSKA in MN; ZAHONOWICZ in Poland.

QUERIES ... Pytania

Send queries to: Paul Kulas, Associate Editor, PGS-MN Newsletter, 12008 West River Road, Champlin MN 55316-2145 or to e-mail: <kkulas@ties2.net>

Sütterlin script

Just when you think you are beginning to understand things, you find out someone has thrown you a curve ball. I assume you all are familiar with the Palmer style of penmanship as we grew up with it, being taught it in grade school etc. Now come to find out that the old country used the Suetterlin method of penmanship way back when. What is the style? I don't know, but it would explain why some words were so hard to make out. The Suetterlin method originated in Germany & was used in many European countries.

Now if anyone is familiar with Suetterlin or know any of its letters style, or knows where to find out any information or samples of it, I would certainly appreciate your input. And maybe at last, some of those mysterious words can be laid to rest.

Dennis <dkulasd@yahoo.com>

Dennis,

Unless you are looking at 20th century documents, you are probably not looking at Suetterlin script. Suetterlin was introduced into Prussia only in 1915 and gradually replaced the older form of German handwriting called Deutsche Kurrentschrift (German Kurrent handwriting) or Alte Deutsche Schrift (Old German handwriting) developed in the 16th century. However, the word Suetterlin is often used to refer to all the varieties of Old German handwriting'

There are many websites with information, samples and offers of help in deciphering both Suetterlin and Kurrent handwriting. Google "Suetterlinschrift" or "Kurrentschrift" (See examples below).

Suetterlinschrift Alphabet

u	b	r	d	n	f	g	f	i	j	k	l	m
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m
n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
u	b	r	d	n	f	g	f	i	j	k	l	m
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z

Kuttent Alphabet

U	a	L	b	L	b	D	d	E	e
A	a	B	b	C	c	D	d	E	e
F	f	G	g	H	h	I	i	J	j
F	f	G	g	H	h	I	i	J	j
K	k	L	l	M	m	N	n	O	o
K	k	L	l	M	m	N	n	O	o
P	p	Q	q	R	r	S	s	S	s
P	p	Q	q	R	r	S	s	S	s
B	T	t	U	u	V	v	W	w	
B	T	t	U	u	V	v	W	w	
X	x	Y	y	Z	z				
X	x	Y	y	Z	z				

Yes, documents written in the Old German script are difficult to transcribe. Luckily, most Polish church records (at least in my experience) are written in Latin and with Latin style letters that are very similar to our style of penmanship and are therefore much easier to read. Civil records in the Prussian partition were started in the 1870s and were, of course, written in German.

Good luck with your transcribing efforts.

--PTK

Kulas/Kulis

I noticed in the last *PGS-MN Newsletter* that you are related to the name KULIS. What can you tell me of it? Is it another variation of Kulas? If so, where did it split off or originate?

When I was to Anchorage, Alaska, I ran into the Kulis National Guard Air Base (see photo below). From what I could find out it was named after a junior officer who lost his life in Alaska. And no, I don't know the first name.



Dennis <dkulasd@yahoo.com>

Dennis, I am no relation (that I know of) to the Kulis of the Kulis Air National Guard Air Base.

My uncle, John Kulas, legally changed the spelling of his last name to Kulis when he moved to Detroit (to work at Ford) and started receiving dunning letters for bills owed by another John Kulas-- anyway that's how he told the story to me.

Readers: I forwarded the above query to my cousin, PGS-MN member Larry Kulis. This is his reply:

You are right, Lee (*ed. note: Larry's brother*) and I have no Kulis relatives (only Kulas relatives) and you are pretty much right with the name change by our father. When in 1950 the family moved to Bay Village, Ohio, there was a wealthy E.J. Kulis family in the Cleveland area, who owned several large steel companies and lake shipping vessels, whose charitable trust was constantly in the news with its large bequests. Also there was a Kulis family living in Bay Village. He was a detective in the Cleveland Police Dept. So they're all around though not quite like the Jones or Smiths. Thank Dennis for his interest!

Larry <lkulis@tampabay.rr.com> PGS-MN

Plotzk to Boston . . . continued from page 17

At last, at last! Those unwearied horses have stopped. Where? In front of a brick building, the only one on a large, broad street, where only the trees, and, in the distance, the passing trains can be seen. Nothing else. The ocean, too, is shut out.

All were helped off, the baggage put on the sidewalk, and then taken up again and carried into the building, where the passengers were ordered to go. On the left side of the little corridor was a small office where a man sat before a desk covered with papers. These he pushed aside when we entered, and called us in one by one, except, of course children. As usual, many questions were asked, the new ones being about our tickets. Then each person, children included, had to pay three marcs—one for the wagon that brought us over and two for food and lodgings, till our various ships should take us away.

Mamma, having five to pay for, owed fifteen marcs. The little sum we started with was to last us to the end of the journey, and would have done so if there hadn't been those unexpected bills to pay at Keebart, Eidtkunen, Berlin, and now at the office. Seeing how often services were forced upon us unasked and payment afterwards demanded, mother had begun to fear that we should need more money, and had sold some things to a woman for less than a third of their value. In spite of that, so heavy was the drain on the spare purse where it had not been expected, she found to her dismay that she had only twelve marcs left to meet the new bill.

The man in the office wouldn't believe it, and we were given over in charge of a woman in a dark gray dress and long white apron, with a red cross on her right arm. She led us away and thoroughly searched us all, as well as our baggage. That was nice treatment, like what we had been receiving since our first uninterrupted entrance into Germany. Always a call for money, always suspicion of our presence and always rough orders and scowls of disapproval, even at the quickest obedience. And now this outrageous indignity! We had to bear it all because we were going to America from a land cursed by the dreadful epidemic. Others besides ourselves shared these trials, the last one included, if that were any comfort, which it was not.

When the woman reported the result of the search as being fruitless, the man was satisfied, and we were ordered with the rest through many more examinations and ceremonies before we should be established under the quarantine, for that it was.

While waiting for our turn to be examined by the doctor I looked about, thinking it worth while to get acquainted with a place where we might be obliged to stay for I knew not how long. The room where we were sitting was large, with windows so high up that we couldn't see anything through them. In the middle stood several long wooden tables, and around these were settees of the same kind. On the right, opposite the doctor's office, was a little room where various things could be bought of a young man—if you hadn't paid all your money for other things.

When the doctor was through with us he told us to go to Number Five. Now wasn't that like in a prison? We walked up and down a long yard looking, among a row of low, numbered doors, for ours, when we heard an exclamation of, "Oh, Esther! how do you happen to be here?" and, on seeing the speaker, found it to be an old friend of ours from Plotzk. She had gone long before us, but her ship hadn't arrived yet. She was surprised to see us because we had had no intention of going when she went.

What a comfort it was to find a friend among all the strangers! She showed us at once to our new quarters, and while she talked to mamma I had time to see what they were like.

It looked something like a hospital, only less clean and comfortable; more like the soldiers' barracks I had seen. I saw a very large room, around whose walls were ranged rows of high iron double bedsteads, with coarse sacks stuffed with something like matting, and not over-clean blankets for the only bedding, except where people used their own. There were three windows almost touching the roof, with nails covering all the framework. From the ceiling hung two round gas lamps, and almost under them stood a little wooden table and a settee. The floor was of stone.

Here was a pleasant prospect. We had no idea how long this unattractive place might be our home.

Our friend explained that Number Five was only for Jewish women and girls, and the beds were sleeping rooms, dining rooms, parlors, and everything else, kitchens excepted. It seemed so, for some were lounging on the beds, some sitting up, some otherwise engaged, and all were talking and laughing and making a great noise. Poor things! there was nothing else to do in that prison.

Before mother had told our friend of our adventures, a girl, also a passenger, who had been walking in the yard, ran in and announced, "It's time to go to dinner! He has come already." "He" we soon learned, was the overseer of the Jewish special kitchen, without whom the meals were never taken.

All the inmates of Number Five rushed out in less than a minute, and I wondered why they hurried so. When we reached the place that served as dining room, there was hardly any room for us. Now, while the dinner is being served, I will tell you what I can see.

In the middle of the yard stood a number of long tables covered with white oilcloth. On either side of each table stood benches on which all the Jewish passengers were now seated, looking impatiently at the door with the sign "Jewish Kitchen" over it. Pretty soon a man appeared in the doorway, tall, spare, with a thin, pointed beard, and an air of importance on his face. It was "he", the overseer, who carried a large tin pail filled with black bread cut into pieces of half a pound each. He gave a piece to every person, the youngest child and the biggest man alike, and then went into the kitchen and filled his pail with soup and meat, giving everybody a great bowl full of soup and a small piece of meat. All attacked their rations as soon as they received them and greatly relished the coarse bread and dark, hot water they called soup. We couldn't eat those things and only wondered how any one could have such an appetite for such a dinner. We stopped wondering when our own little store of provisions gave out.

After dinner, the people went apart, some going back to their beds and others to walk in the yard or sit on the settees there. There was no other place to go to. The doors of the prison were never unlocked except when new passengers arrived or others left for their ships. The fences—they really were solid

walls—had wires and nails on top, so that one couldn't even climb to get a look at the sea.

We went back to our quarters to talk over matters and rest from our journey. At six o'clock the doctor came with a clerk, and, standing before the door, bade all those in the yard belonging to Number Five assemble there; and then the roll was called and everybody received a little ticket as she answered to her name. With this all went to the kitchen and received two little rolls and a large cup of partly sweetened tea. This was supper; and breakfast, served too in this way was the same. Any wonder that people hurried to dinner and enjoyed it? And it was always the same thing, no change.

Little by little we became used to the new life, though it was hard to go hungry day after day, and bear the discomforts of the common room, shared by so many; the hard beds (we had little bedding of our own), and the confinement to the narrow limits of the yard, and the tiresome sameness of the life. Meal hours, of course, played the most important part, while the others had to be filled up as best we could. The weather was fine most of the time and that helped much. Everything was an event, the arrival of fresh passengers a great one which happened every day; the day when the women were allowed to wash clothes by the well was a holiday, and the few favorite girls who were allowed to help in the kitchen were envied. On dull, rainy days, the man coming to light the lamps at night was an object of pleasure, and every one made the best of everybody else. So when a young man arrived who had been to America once before, he was looked up to by every person there as a superior, his stories of our future home listened to with delight, and his manners imitated by all, as a sort of fit preparation. He was wanted everywhere, and he made the best of his greatness by taking liberties and putting on great airs and, I afterwards found, imposing on our ignorance very much. But anything "The American" did passed for good, except his going away a few days too soon.

Then a girl came who was rather wanting a little brightness. So all joined in imposing upon her by telling her a certain young man was a great professor whom all owed respect and homage to, and she would do anything in the world to express

hers, while he used her to his best advantage, like the willing slave she was. Nobody seemed to think this unkind at all, and it really was excusable that the poor prisoners, hungry for some entertainment, should try to make a little fun when the chance came. Besides, the girl had opened the temptation by asking, "Who was the handsome man in the glasses? A professor surely;" showing that she took glasses for a sure sign of a professor, and professor for the highest possible title of honor. Doesn't this excuse us?

The greatest event was the arrival of some ship to take some of the waiting passengers. When the gates were opened and the lucky ones said good bye, those left behind felt hopeless of ever seeing the gates open for them. It was both pleasant and painful, for the strangers grew to be fast friends in a day and really rejoiced in each other's fortune, but the regretful envy could not be helped either.

Amid such events as these a day was like a month at least. Eight of these we had spent in quarantine when a great commotion was noticed among the people of Number Five and those of the corresponding number in the men's division. There was a good reason for it. You remember that it was April and Passover was coming on; in fact, it began that night. The great question was, Would we be able to keep it exactly according to the host of rules to be obeyed? You who know all about the great holiday can understand what the answer to that question meant to us. Think of all the work and care and money it takes to supply a family with all the things proper and necessary, and you will see that to supply a few hundred was no small matter. Now, were they going to take care that all was perfectly right, and could we trust them if they promised, or should we be forced to break any of the laws that ruled the holiday?

All day long there was talking and questioning and debating and threatening that "we would rather starve than touch anything we were not sure of." And we meant it. So some men and women went to the overseer to let him know what he had to look out for. He assured them that he would rather starve along with us than allow anything to be in the least wrong. Still, there was more discussing and shaking of heads, for they were not sure yet.

There was not a crumb anywhere to be found, because what bread we received was too precious for any of it to be wasted; but the women made a great show of cleaning up Number Five, while they sighed and looked sad and told one another of the good hard times they had at home getting ready for Passover. Really, hard as it is, when one is used to it from childhood, it seems part of the holiday, and can't be left out. To sit down and wait for supper as on other nights seemed like breaking one of the laws. So they tried hard to be busy.

At night we were called by the overseer (who tried to look more important than ever in his holiday clothes—not his best, though) to the feast spread in one of the unoccupied rooms. We were ready for it, and anxious enough. We had had neither bread nor matzo for dinner, and were more hungry than ever, if that is possible. We now found everything really prepared; there were the pillows covered with a snow-white spread, new oilcloth on the newly scrubbed tables, some little candles stuck in a basin of sand on the window-sill for the women, and—a sure sign of a holiday—both gas lamps burning. Only one was used on other nights.

Happy to see these things, and smell the supper, we took our places and waited. Soon the cook came in and filled some glasses with wine from two bottles, —one yellow, one red. Then she gave to each person—exactly one and a half matzos; also some cold meat, burned almost to a coal for the occasion.

The young man—bless him—who had the honor to perform the ceremonies, was, fortunately for us all, one of the passengers. He felt for and with us, and it happened—just a coincidence—that the greater part of the ceremony escaped from his book as he turned the leaves. Though strictly religious, nobody felt in the least guilty about it, especially on account of the wine; for, when we came to the place where you have to drink the wine, we found it tasted like good vinegar, which made us all choke and gasp, and one little girl screamed "Poison!" so that all laughed, and the leader, who tried to go on, broke down too at the sight of the wry faces he saw; while the overseer looked shocked, the cook nearly set her gown on fire by overthrowing the candles with her apron (used to hide her face) and all wished our Master Overseer had to drink that "wine" all his days.

Think of the same ceremony as it is at home, then of this one just described. Do they even resemble each other?

Well, the leader got through amid much giggling and sly looks among the girls who understood the trick, and frowns of the older people (who secretly blessed him for it). Then, half hungry, all went to bed and dreamed of food in plenty.

No other dreams? Rather! For the day that brought the Passover brought us—our own family—the most glorious news. We had been ordered to bring our baggage to the office!

"Ordered to bring our baggage to the office!" That meant nothing less than that we were "going the next day!"

It was just after supper that we received the welcome order. Oh, who cared if there wasn't enough to eat? Who cared for anything in the whole world? We didn't. It was all joy and gladness and happy anticipation for us. We laughed, and cried, and hugged one another, and shouted, and acted altogether like wild things. Yes, we were wild with joy, and long after the rest were asleep, we were whispering together and wondering how we could keep quiet the whole night. We couldn't sleep by any means, we were so afraid of oversleeping the great hour; and every little while, after we tried to sleep, one of us would suddenly think she saw day at the window, and wake the rest, who also had only been pretending to sleep while watching in the dark for daylight.

When it came, it found no watchful eye, after all. The excitement gave way to fatigue, and drowsiness first, then deep sleep, completed its victory. It was eight o'clock when we awoke. The morning was cloudy and chilly, the sun being too lazy to attend to business; now and then it rained a little, too. And yet it was the most beautiful day that had ever dawned on Hamburg.

We enjoyed everything offered for breakfast, two matzos and two cups of tea apiece—why it was a banquet. After it came the good-byes, as we were going soon. As I told you before, the strangers became fast friends in a short time under the circumstances, so there was real sorrow at the

partings, though the joy of the fortunate ones was, in a measure, shared by all.

About one o'clock (we didn't go to dinner—we couldn't eat for excitement) we were called. There were three other families, an old woman, and a young man, among the Jewish passengers, who were going with us, besides some Polish people. We were all hurried through the door we had watched with longing for so long, and were a little way from it when the old woman stopped short and called on the rest to wait.

"We haven't any matzo!" she cried in alarm. "Where's the overseer?"

Sure enough we had forgotten it, when we might as well have left one of us behind. We refused to go, calling for the overseer, who had promised to supply us, and the man who had us in charge grew angry and said he wouldn't wait. It was a terrible situation for us.

"Oh," said the man, "you can go and get your matzo, but the boat won't wait for you." And he walked off, followed by the Polish people only.

We had to decide at once. We looked at the old woman. She said she wasn't going to start on a dangerous journey with such a sin on her soul. Then the children decided. They understood the matter. They cried and begged to follow the party. And we did.

Just when we reached the shore, the cook came up panting hard. She brought us matzo. How relieved we were then!

We got on a little steamer (the name is too big for it) that was managed by our conductor alone. Before we had recovered from the shock of the shrill whistle so near us, we were landing in front of a large stone building.

Once more we were under the command of the gendarme. We were ordered to go into a big room crowded with people, and wait till the name of our ship was called. Somebody in a little room called a great many queer names, and many passengers answered the call. At last we heard,

"Polynesia!"

We passed in and a great many things were done to our tickets before we were directed to go outside, then to a larger steamer than the one we came in. At every step our tickets were either stamped or punched, or a piece torn off of them, till we stepped upon the steamer's deck. Then we were ordered below. It was dark there, and we didn't like it. In a little while we were called up again, and then we saw before us the great ship that was to carry us to America.

I only remember, from that moment, that I had only one care till all became quiet; not to lose hold of my sister's hand. Everything else can be told in one word—noise. But when I look back, I can see what made it. There were sailors dragging and hauling bundles and boxes from the small boat into the great ship, shouting and thundering at their work. There were officers giving out orders in loud voices, like trumpets, though they seemed to make no effort. There were children crying, and mothers hushing them, and fathers questioning the officers as to where they should go. There were little boats and steamers passing all around, shrieking and whistling terribly. And there seemed to be everything under heaven that had any noise in it, come to help swell the confusion of sounds. I know that, but how we ever got in that quiet place that had the sign "For Families" over it, I don't know. I think we went around and around, long and far, before we got there.

But there we were, sitting quietly on a bench by the white berths.

When the sailors brought our things, we got everything in order for the journey as soon as possible, that we might go on deck to see the starting. But first we had to obey a sailor, who told us to come and get dishes. Each person received a plate, a spoon and a cup. I wondered how we could get along if we had had no things of our own.

For an hour or two more there were still many noises on deck, and many preparations made. Then we went up, as most of the passengers did.

What a change in the scene! Where there had been noise and confusion before, peace and quiet were now. All the little boats and steamers had disappeared, and the wharf was deserted. On deck the "Polynesia" everything was in good order, and

the officers walked about smoking their cigars as if their work was done. Only a few sailors were at work at the big ropes, but they didn't shout as before. The weather had changed, too, for the twilight was unlike what the day had promised. The sky was soft gray, with faint streaks of yellow on the horizon. The air was still and pleasant, much warmer than it had been all the day; and the water was as motionless and clear as a deep, cool well, and everything was mirrored in it clearly.

This entire change in the scene, the peace that encircled everything around us, seemed to give all the same feeling that I know I had. I fancied that nature created it especially for us, so that we would be allowed, in this pause, to think of our situation. All seemed to do so; all spoke in low voices, and seemed to be looking for something as they gazed quietly into the smooth depths below, or the twilight skies above. Were they seeking an assurance? Perhaps; for there was something strange in the absence of a crowd of friends on the shore, to cheer and salute, and fill the air with white clouds and last farewells.

I found the assurance. The very stillness was a voice—nature's voice; and it spoke to the ocean and said,

"I entrust to you this vessel. Take care of it, for it bears my children with it, from one strange shore to another more distant, where loving friends are waiting to embrace them after long partings. Be gentle with your charge."

And the ocean, though seeming so still, replied, "I will obey my mistress."

I heard it all, and a feeling of safety and protection came to me. And when at last the wheels overhead began to turn and clatter, and the ripples on the water told us that the "Polynesia" had started on her journey, which was not noticeable from any other sign, I felt only a sense of happiness. I mistrusted nothing.

But the old woman who remembered the matzo did, more than anybody else. She made great preparations for being seasick, and poisoned the air with garlic and onions.

When the lantern fixed in the ceiling had been lighted, the captain and the steward paid us a visit. They took up our tickets and noticed all the passengers, then left. Then a sailor brought supper—bread and coffee. Only a few ate it. Then all went to bed, though it was very early.

Nobody expected seasickness as soon as it seized us. All slept quietly the whole night, not knowing any difference between being on land or at sea. About five o'clock I woke up, and then I felt and heard the sea. A very disagreeable smell came from it, and I knew it was disturbed by the rocking of the ship. Oh, how wretched it made us! From side to side it went rocking, rocking. Ugh! Many of the passengers are very sick indeed, they suffer terribly. We are all awake now, and wonder if we, too, will be so sick. Some children are crying, at intervals. There is nobody to comfort them—all are so miserable. Oh, I am so sick! I'm dizzy; everything is going round and round before my eyes—Oh-h-h!

I can't even begin to tell of the suffering of the next few hours. Then I thought I would feel better if I could go on deck. Somehow, I got down (we had upper berths) and, supporting myself against the walls, I came on deck. But it was worse. The green water, tossing up the white foam, rocking all around, as far as I dared to look, was frightful to me then. So I crawled back as well as I could, and nobody else tried to go out.

By and by the doctor and the steward came. The doctor asked each passenger if they were well, but only smiled when all begged for some medicine to take away the dreadful suffering. To those who suffered from anything besides seasickness he sent medicine and special food later on. His companion appointed one of the men passengers for every twelve or fifteen to carry the meals from the kitchen, giving them cards to get it with. For our group a young German was appointed, who was making the journey for the second time, with his mother and sister. We were great friends with them during the journey.

The doctor went away soon, leaving the sufferers in the same sad condition. At twelve, a sailor announced that dinner was ready, and the man brought it—large tin pails and basins of soup, meat, cabbage, potatoes, and pudding (the last was

allowed only once a week); and almost all of it was thrown away, as only a few men ate. The rest couldn't bear even the smell of food. It was the same with the supper at six o'clock. At three milk had been brought for the babies, and brown bread (a treat) with coffee for the rest. But after supper the daily allowance of fresh water was brought, and this soon disappeared and more called for, which was refused, although we lived on water alone for a week.

At last the day was gone, and much we had borne in it. Night came, but brought little relief. Some did fall asleep, and forgot suffering for a few hours. I was awake late. The ship was quieter, and everything sadder than by daylight. I thought of all we had gone through till we had got on board the "Polynesia"; of the parting from all friends and things we loved, forever, as far as we knew; of the strange experience at various strange places; of the kind friends who helped us, and the rough officers who commanded us; of the quarantine, the hunger, then the happy news, and the coming on board. Of all this I thought, and remembered that we were far away from friends, and longed for them, that I might be made well by speaking to them. And every minute was making the distance between us greater, a meeting more impossible. Then I remembered why we were crossing the ocean, and knew that it was worth the price. At last the noise of the wheels overhead, and the dull roar of the sea, rocked me to sleep.

For a short time only. The ship was tossed about more than the day before, and the great waves sounded like distant thunder as they beat against it, and rolled across the deck and entered the cabin. We found, however, that we were better, though very weak. We managed to go on deck in the afternoon, when it was calm enough. A little band was playing, and a few young sailors and German girls tried even to dance; but it was impossible.

As I sat in a corner where no waves could reach me, holding on to a rope, I tried to take in the grand scene. There was the mighty ocean I had heard of only, spreading out its rough breadth far, far around, its waves giving out deep, angry tones, and throwing up walls of spray into the air. There was the sky, like the sea, full of ridges of darkest clouds,

bending to meet the waves, and following their motions and frowning and threatening. And there was the "Polynesia" in the midst of this world of gloom, and anger, and distance. I saw these, but indistinctly, not half comprehending the wonderful picture. For the suffering had left me dull and tired out. I only knew that I was sad, and everybody else was the same.

Another day gone, and we congratulate one another that seasickness lasted only one day with us. So we go to sleep.

Oh, the sad mistake! For six days longer we remain in our berths, miserable and unable to eat. It is a long fast, hardly interrupted, during which we know that the weather is unchanged, the sky dark, the sea stormy.

On the eighth day out we are again able to be about. I went around everywhere, exploring every corner, and learning much from the sailors; but I never remembered the names of the various things I asked about, they were so many, and some German names hard to learn. We all made friends with the captain and other officers, and many of the passengers. The little band played regularly on certain days, and the sailors and girls had a good many dances, though often they were swept by a wave across the deck, quite out of time. The children were allowed to play on deck, but carefully watched.

Still the weather continued the same, or changing slightly. But I was able now to see all the grandeur of my surroundings, notwithstanding the weather.

Oh, what solemn thoughts I had! How deeply I felt the greatness, the power of the scene! The immeasurable distance from horizon to horizon; the huge billows forever changing their shapes—now only a wavy and rolling plain, now a chain of great mountains, coming and going farther away; then a town in the distance, perhaps, with spires and towers and buildings of gigantic dimensions; and mostly a vast mass of uncertain shapes, knocking against each other in fury, and seething and foaming in their anger; the grey sky, with its mountains of gloomy clouds, flying, moving with the waves, as it seemed, very near them; the absence of any object besides the one ship; and the deep, solemn groans of the sea, sounding as if all the voices of the world

had been turned into sighs and then gathered into that one mournful sound—so deeply did I feel the presence of these things, that the feeling became one of awe, both painful and sweet, and stirring and warming, and deep and calm and grand.

I thought of tempests and shipwreck, of lives lost, treasures destroyed, and all the tales I had heard of the misfortunes at sea, and knew I had never before had such a clear idea of them. I tried to realize that I saw only a part of an immense whole, and then my feelings were terrible in their force. I was afraid of thinking then, but could not stop it. My mind would go on working, till I was overcome by the strength and power that was greater than myself. What I did at such times I do not know. I must have been dazed.

After a while I could sit quietly and gaze far away. Then I would imagine myself all alone on the ocean, and Robinson Crusoe was very real to me. I was alone sometimes. I was aware of no human presence; I was conscious only of sea and sky and something I did not understand. And as I listened to its solemn voice, I felt as if I had found a friend, and knew that I loved the ocean. It seemed as if it were within as well as without, a part of myself; and I wondered how I had lived without it, and if I could ever part with it.

The ocean spoke to me in other besides mournful or angry tones. I loved even the angry voice, but when it became soothing, I could hear a sweet, gentle accent that reached my soul rather than my ear. Perhaps I imagined it. I do not know. What was real and what imaginary blended in one. But I heard and felt it, and at such moments I wished I could live on the sea forever, and thought that the sight of land would be very unwelcome to me. I did not want to be near any person. Alone with the ocean forever—that was my wish.

Leading a quiet life, the same every day, and thinking such thoughts, feeling such emotions, the days were very long. I do not know how the others passed the time, because I was so lost in my meditations. But when the sky would smile for awhile—when a little sunlight broke a path for itself through the heavy clouds, which disappeared as though frightened; and when the sea looked more friendly, and changed its color to match the

heavens, which were higher up—then we would sit on deck together, and laugh for mere happiness as we talked of the nearing meeting, which the unusual fairness of the weather seemed to bring nearer. Sometimes, at such minutes of sunshine and gladness, a few birds would be seen making their swift journey to some point we did not know of; sometimes among the light clouds, then almost touching the surface of the waves. How shall I tell you what we felt at the sight? The birds were like old friends to us, and brought back many memories, which seemed very old, though really fresh. All felt sadder when the distance became too great for us to see the dear little friends, though it was not for a long time after their first appearance. We used to watch for them, and often mistook the clouds for birds, and were thus disappointed. When they did come, how envious we were of their wings! It was a new thought to me that the birds had more power than man.

In this way the days went by. I thought my thoughts each day, as I watched the scene, hoping to see a beautiful sunset some day. I never did, to my disappointment. And each night, as I lay in my berth, waiting for sleep, I wished I might be able even to hope for the happiness of a sea-voyage after this had been ended.

Yet, when, on the twelfth day after leaving Hamburg, the captain announced that we should see land before long, I rejoiced as much as anybody else. We were so excited with expectation that nothing else was heard but the talk of the happy arrival, now so near. Some were even willing to stay up at night, to be the first ones to see the shores of America. It was therefore a great disappointment when the captain said, in the evening, that we would not reach Boston as soon as he expected, on account of the weather.

A dense fog set in at night, and grew heavier and heavier, until the "Polynesia" was closely walled in by it, and we could just see from one end of the deck to the other. The signal lanterns were put up, the passengers were driven to their berths by the cold and damp, the cabin doors closed, and discomfort reigned everywhere.

But the excitement of the day had tired us out, and we were glad to forget disappointment in sleep. In

the morning it was still foggy, but we could see a little way around. It was very strange to have the boundless distance made so narrow, and I felt the strangeness of the scene. All day long we shivered with cold, and hardly left the cabin. At last it was night once more, and we in our berths. But nobody slept.

The sea had been growing rougher during the day, and at night the ship began to pitch as it did at the beginning of the journey. Then it grew worse. Everything in our cabin was rolling on the floor, clattering and dinning. Dishes were broken into little bits that flew about from one end to the other. Bedding from upper berths nearly stifled the people in the lower ones. Some fell out of their berths, but it was not at all funny. As the ship turned to one side, the passengers were violently thrown against that side of the berths, and some boards gave way and clattered down to the floor. When it tossed on the other side, we could see the little windows almost touch the water, and closed the shutters to keep out the sight. The children cried, everybody groaned, and sailors kept coming in to pick up the things on the floor and carry them away. This made the confusion less, but not the alarm.

Above all sounds rose the fog horn. It never stopped the long night through. And oh, how sad it sounded! It pierced every heart, and made us afraid. Now and then some ship, far away, would answer, like a weak echo. Sometimes we noticed that the wheels were still, and we knew that the ship had stopped. This frightened us more than ever, for we imagined the worst reasons for it.

It was day again, and a little calmer. We slept now, till the afternoon. Then we saw that the fog had become much thinner, and later on we even saw a ship, but indistinctly.

Another night passed, and the day that followed was pretty fair, and towards evening the sky was almost cloudless. The captain said we should have no more rough weather, for now we were really near Boston. Oh, how hard it was to wait for the happy day! Somebody brought the news that we should land to-morrow in the afternoon. We didn't believe it, so he said that the steward had ordered a great pudding full of raisins for supper that day as a sure

sign that it was the last on board. We remembered the pudding, but didn't believe in its meaning.

I don't think we slept that night. After all the suffering of our journey, after seeing and hearing nothing but the sky and the sea and its roaring, it was impossible to sleep when we thought that soon we would see trees, fields, fresh people, animals—a world, and that world America. Then, above everything, was the meeting with friends we had not seen for years; for almost everybody had some friends awaiting them.

Morning found all the passengers up and expectant. Someone questioned the captain, and he said we would land to-morrow. There was another long day, and another sleepless night, but when these ended at last, how busy we were! First we packed up all the things we did not need, then put on fresh clothing, and then went on deck to watch for land. It was almost three o'clock, the hour the captain hoped to reach Boston, but there was nothing new to be seen. The weather was fair, so we would have seen anything within a number of miles. Anxiously we watched, and as we talked of the strange delay, our courage began to give out with our hope. When it could be borne no longer, a gentleman went to speak to the captain. He was on the upper deck, examining the horizon. He put off the arrival for the next day!

You can imagine our feelings at this. When it was worse the captain came down and talked so assuringly that, in spite of all the disappointments we had had, we believed that this was the last, and were quite cheerful when we went to bed.

The morning was glorious. It was the eighth of May, the seventeenth day after we left Hamburg. The sky was clear and blue, the sun shone brightly, as if to congratulate us that we had safely crossed the stormy sea; and to apologize for having kept away from us so long. The sea had lost its fury; it was almost as quiet as it had been at Hamburg before we started, and its color was a beautiful greenish blue. Birds were all the time in the air, and it was worth while to live merely to hear their songs. And soon, oh joyful sight! we saw the tops of two trees!

What a shout there rose! Everyone pointed out the welcome sight to everybody else, as if they did not see it. All eyes were fixed on it as if they saw a miracle. And this was only the beginning of the joys of the day!

What confusion there was! Some were flying up the stairs to the upper deck, some were tearing down to the lower one, others were running in and out of the cabins, some were in all parts of the ship in one minute, and all were talking and laughing and getting in somebody's way. Such excitement, such joy! We had seen two trees!

Then steamers and boats of all kinds passed by, in all directions. We shouted, and the men stood up in the boats and returned the greeting, waving their hats. We were as glad to see them as if they were old friends of ours.

Oh, what a beautiful scene! No corner of the earth is half so fair as the lovely picture before us. It came to view suddenly,—a green field, a real field with grass on it, and large houses, and the dearest hens and little chickens in all the world, and trees, and birds, and people at work. The young green things put new life into us, and are so dear to our eyes that we dare not speak a word now, lest the magic should vanish away and we should be left to the stormy scenes we know.

But nothing disturbed the fairy sight. Instead, new scenes appeared, beautiful as the first. The sky becomes bluer all the time, the sun warmer; the sea is too quiet for its name, and the most beautiful blue imaginable.

What are the feelings these sights awaken! They can not be described. To know how great was our happiness, how complete, how free from even the shadow of a sadness, you must make a journey of sixteen days on a stormy ocean. Is it possible that we will ever again be so happy?

It was about three hours since we saw the first landmarks, when a number of men came on board, from a little steamer, and examined the passengers to see if they were properly vaccinated (we had been vaccinated on the "Polynesia"), and pronounced everyone all right. Then they went

away, except one man who remained. An hour later we saw the wharves.

Before the ship had fully stopped, the climax of our joy was reached. One of us espied the figure and face we had longed to see for three long years. In a moment five passengers on the "Polynesia" were crying, "Papa," and gesticulating, and laughing, and hugging one another, and going wild altogether. All the rest were roused by our excitement, and came to see our father. He recognized us as soon as we him, and stood apart on the wharf not knowing what to do, I thought.

What followed was slow torture. Like mad things we ran about where there was room, unable to stand still as long as we were on the ship and he on shore. To have crossed the ocean only to come within a few yards of him, unable to get nearer till all the fuss was over, was dreadful enough. But to hear other passengers called who had no reason for hurry, while we were left among the last, was unendurable.

Oh, dear! Why can't we get off the hateful ship? Why can't papa come to us? Why so many ceremonies at the landing?

We said good-bye to our friends as their turn came, wishing we were in their luck. To give us something else to think of, papa succeeded in passing us some fruit; and we wondered to find it anything but a great wonder, for we expected to find everything marvellous in the strange country.

Still the ceremonies went on. Each person was asked a hundred or so stupid questions, and all their answers were written down by a very slow man. The baggage had to be examined, the tickets, and a hundred other things done before anyone was allowed to step ashore, all to keep us back as long as possible.

Now imagine yourself parting with all you love, believing it to be a parting for life; breaking up your home, selling the things that years have made dear to you; starting on a journey without the least experience in travelling, in the face of many inconveniences on account of the want of sufficient money; being met with disappointment where it was not to be expected; with rough treatment

everywhere, till you are forced to go and make friends for yourself among strangers; being obliged to sell some of your most necessary things to pay bills you did not willingly incur; being mistrusted and searched, then half starved, and lodged in common with a multitude of strangers; suffering the miseries of seasickness, the disturbances and alarms of a stormy sea for sixteen days; and then stand within, a few yards of him for whom you did all this, unable to even speak to him easily. How do you feel?

Oh, it's our turn at last! We are questioned, examined, and dismissed! A rush over the planks on one side, over the ground on the other, six wild beings cling to each other, bound by a common bond of tender joy, and the long parting is at an END. **PGS-MN**

Save the Date!

PGS-MN Annual Meeting

DATE: Saturday, January 14, 2012

TIME: 11:00 AM - 2:00 PM

PLACE: Gasthof zur Gemutlichkeit
2300 University Ave. NE
Minneapolis, MN
(612)781-3860

COST: \$ 21.00/person for lunch (includes coffee, milk, or soft drink)

{Beer, wine, or mixed drinks cost extra}

RSVP to Richard Theissen in any of the following ways.

1. Via phone 651-739-1490
2. Via e-mail <(rtheissen@comcast.net)>
3. Via mail: Richard Theissen
1147 Mary Place South
Maplewood, MN 55119

November 2011

By: J. M. Bias

Silver Star POLISH COLLECTION

These resources at the MGS library are a good primer for those just starting their research or for the more experienced. They are prominently marked with silver stars in the library.

CD's

Slownik Geograficzny (Polish Name)
Geographical Dictionary of the Kingdom of Poland and other Slavonic Lands

Content: *Slownik Geograficzny* provides a description and history of Polish villages and cities in the late 20th century. It can be useful in identifying nearby places, churches, history, etc.

Procedure: 1. The CD is loaded only on the libraries XP computers. It is also available on microfiche but is awkward and slow to use. 2. Go to "MGS Homepage." 3. Click on "MGS LRC Data." 4. Click on "*Slownik Geograficzny*." 5. On left-hand side go to "Volume" which contains the name of the village or city you want. 6. Page down to the place.

Notes: 1. At the top right-hand side there is a page search which allows you to advance to one of 960 pages. 2. There might be a number of villages with the same name so ensure you have the correct *powiat*. 3. The village description is in Polish but translation guides are available in the library (see *Rodziny* May, 2000 or *PGS-MN Newsletter* Summer, 1997 and *Slownik Geograficzny* Guide Notebook on shelf near PCs.)

<i>Slownik Nazwisk Wspolczesnie w Polsce Uzywanych</i> (Polish name)	
Dictionary of Surnames In Current Use in Poland at the Beginning of the 21 st Century - Several PDF (Acrobat) documents	Kazimierz Rymut

The CD edition is loaded on all computer hard drives. Go to "Surnames" then "Dictionary Polish Surnames." It is also in the book collection (Call No. P105) *Dictionary of Common Names* (A-Z).

BOOKS

Going Home: A Guide to Polish American Family History Research	Jonathan D Shea	P199
Essentials in Polish Genealogical Research	Daniel Schlyter	P051
In Their Words - A Genealogist's Translation Guide to Polish, German, Latin, and Russian Documents Volume 1 and 2	Jonathan D Shea/ William Hoffman	P139
Atlas Drogowy Road Atlas Polska Polish Road and Route Atlas (English)		P104
Polish Surnames: Origins and Meanings Second Edition	William Hoffman	P055.2

MAPS (located in the Map Drawers labeled Poland)

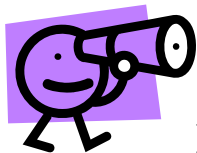
Maps of the German Empire 1:100,000 19th Century
 Topographic Maps of Poland 1:200,000 1990's
 Austrian Map Series of Middle Europe 1:200,000 19th century land surveys
Mapa Topograficzna Polski 1:100,000 (Detailed topographic sectional maps of Poland) – 151 maps

On the Internet

Where surnames exist today in Poland by *powiat* (county): <<http://www.moikrewni.plmapa>>
 Data base of German/Polish locations: <<http://www.kartenmeister.com>>
 Poznan Marriage Data Base (1835-1884) <<http://binweed.man.poznan.pllposen/project.php>>

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Russian Partition	



Polish Publications

From <http://ampoleagle.com/>

Visa Waiver for Poland discussed in Congress

Congressman Mike Quigley, sponsor of legislation to include Poland in the Visa Waiver Program, testified Dec. 7 before the House Subcommittee on Immigration Policy and Enforcement. Congressman Quigley's office asked Kosciuszko Foundation President Alex Storozynski to present a letter during the hearing to Chairman Lamar Smith.

In the letter Storozynski stated, "For too long, the United States has treated our friends and families in Poland as second class citizens requiring them to pay hefty fees to apply for visas to visit this country, while Europeans from other countries travel here without visas.

"American Consulates in Poland deny the same visa applicants over and over, thus driving up the visa refusal rate to an artificially high level. I personally know many educated and professional people in Poland, who could easily get visas, but are boycotting the United States and instead spend their tourist and shopping dollars in countries where they are welcome. Poland is part of the 'Schengen Area' of 25 European nations that allows passport-free travel across borders."

Storozynski indicated that Poland is a "productive member" of the European Union and NATA and that Poles do not need to come to the U.S. to find jobs.

"In fact, during the current economic crisis in Europe," Storozynski stated, "Poland has been a shining example of how to keep its economy moving because it does not have the debt problems of the Eurozone. There is no real empirical evidence showing that Poles overstay their welcome in the United States at levels higher than countries such as Greece, Slovenia, Slovakia, Estonia, Latvia and other nations that have been included in the VWP."

Storozynski concluded his strongly worded letter to Chairman Smith by stating: "Poland's exclusion from the VWP is an embarrassment for Congress.

Poland is one of America's greatest allies and has fought for freedom in Iraq, Afghanistan and always supports the United States. Poles pose no terrorist threat to America, and allowing Poles to visit the United States as tourists would encourage international trade and pump tourism dollars into our economy. By refusing visa free travel for Poles, the U.S. is pushing away one of its closest allies. Allowing Poles to travel without visas will add to our security and enhance law enforcement and crime-fighting efforts through data-sharing agreements between our respective countries. It is high time to include Poland in the Visa Waiver Program."

Staples of Polish genealogy: the *Slownik geograficzny gazetteer* by Keith Kaszubik

The full title of this indispensable Polish-language resource is the *Slownik geograficzny Królestwa Polskiego i innych krajów slawiańskich* [Geographical Dictionary of the Kingdom of Poland and other Slavic Countries]. The gazetteer was published in Warsaw in 14 volumes, with a 15th volume (comprised of two volumes of addenda), between the years 1880-1902. It numbers a staggering 14,785 pages. It was edited by Filip Sulimierski, Bronislaw Chlebowski and Wladyslaw Walewski and includes entries from a host of renowned Polish writers and scholars of the period.

The gazetteer covers all the traditional Polish ethnic lands from a time when Poland wasn't even on the map. It was a partitioned nation between Prussia (later part of the German Empire), Russia and Austria. The gazetteer is ideal for local genealogists since the time in which it was compiled coincides with the dramatic increase in Polish immigration to Buffalo beginning after 1880.

The place names (also including rivers, lakes, mountains, etc.) are listed alphabetically and cross-referenced under foreign spellings (e.g., German, Russian, etc.). In searching for place names ending in -owo or -ów, they are often used interchangeably, so check under both. Identical place names from the same region are grouped together in larger paragraphs, which makes it a little easier when dealing with numerous named places like D**l**browa (from d**l**browa, "oak grove").

Once a place name is found for your ancestor, the information provided is priceless. The gazetteer

includes: parish affiliation (for all denominations), administrative district (e.g., Polish powiat, German Kreis, etc.), names of property owners, historical summaries, statistics, etc.

Only a rudimentary knowledge of Polish is required for deciphering the relevant text pertinent to genealogical research. William F. Hoffman, publications editor for the Polish Genealogical Society of America (PGSA), has done numerous translations from the gazetteer for the society's publications. These have been placed on their website at www.pgsa.org.

Szymon Konarski, one of Poland's greatest genealogical scholars, compiled an index of surnames for the S³ownik geograficzny. He began working on it in the 1930s and it was finished by S³awomir Górzyski in 1995, when it was

published by Wydawnictwo Dig in Warsaw. About six years ago I purchased a copy of the 406 page index (in book form) for about \$100.

The gazetteer (without the surname index) is conveniently available for purchase on one CD-Rom (with extras) for \$35 from the Polish Genealogical Society of America. They offer a discount for society members. For further information please visit their aforementioned website.

The gazetteer is also available for viewing (and copying selected pages) on microfiche at local Family History Centers in Orchard Park and Williamsville, which are owned and operated by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormons) and open to the public for free. For further information contact the facility in Orchard Park at 662-3117 or Williamsville 688-2071. **PGS-MN**

Polish Gourmet Treats

STEAK ROLL-UPS (zrazy wo³owe zawijane): Trim 2 1/4 lbs round steak, top sirloin or other boneless cut and slice into 1/2" by 3" pieces. Pound until thin (under plastic wrap to avoid splattering) or have your butcher run the slices through his tenderizer. Spread each piece with brown mustard, top with a strip of onion, a dill-pickle stick and a slice of thick-sliced bacon the size of the beef, roll up tightly and fasten each with toothpick or tie with strong thread. Dredge roll-ups in flour, shake off excess and brown on all sides in hot fat. Transfer to baking pan, add 2 chopped onions and drench with about 2 1/2 to 3 c beef stock. Simmer on low in heavy covered skillet or in oven 45-60 min, or until tender. Thicken pan drippings with flour and (optional) sour cream to get a thick gravy. Serve with braised beets.

BRAISED BEETS (buraczki): Dice or grate coarsely 1-1/2 lbs cooked (boiled or oven-baked and peeled) beets. Lightly brown 1 heaping T diced fatback, add 2-3 T flour and brown slightly, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in several T water and cook, stirring until bubbly. Pour over beets, add 2 peeled, coarsely grated cooking apples, mix well and simmer several min. Season to taste with salt, pepper, sugar and lemon juice or dill-pickle brine. Simmer briefly and let stand a bit for flavors to blend. A typical accompaniment to beef, game and ground-meat dishes. Note: Drained canned beets can also be used in this recipe. The leftover liquid makes a good barszcz. **PGS-MN**

Fun Trivia Answers: (from page 15)

- Zakopane. Lies at the foot of the Tatra mountains, around 100 km to the south of Krakow, close to the border with Slovakia. It is a famous tourist resort with various skiing sites.
- Gdansk. It is in the shipyard of Gdansk where the "Solidarity" (Solidarnosc) movement was born in 1980. Under the leadership of Lech Walesa, it brought about the end of the communist rule in the entire Soviet Bloc.



- Lodz.. It is a major industrial and cultural centre. It lies only 130 km away from Warsaw and can be easily reached by train. It is also a seat of many tertiary education institutions, among them the famous Lodz Film and Drama School.
- Wroclaw. Is the capital of Lower Silesia region. Under the German occupation, it was known as Breslau. The city lies on 12 islands and has 112 bridges, hence its "Venice" nickname.

(Source: Encyclopdiea Fun Trivia. <http://www.funtrivia.com/en/>)



Polish Genealogical Society of Minnesota

A Branch of the Minnesota Genealogical Society
 1185 No. Concord St.
 So. St. Paul MN 55075-1150



Library building - Looking south on Concord St. – Library is located in Suite 218 on second floor.

PGS-MN member meetings are held in the 4th floor Board Room or in the 1st floor Auditorium. Signs are posted on day of meeting. The library has elevators.

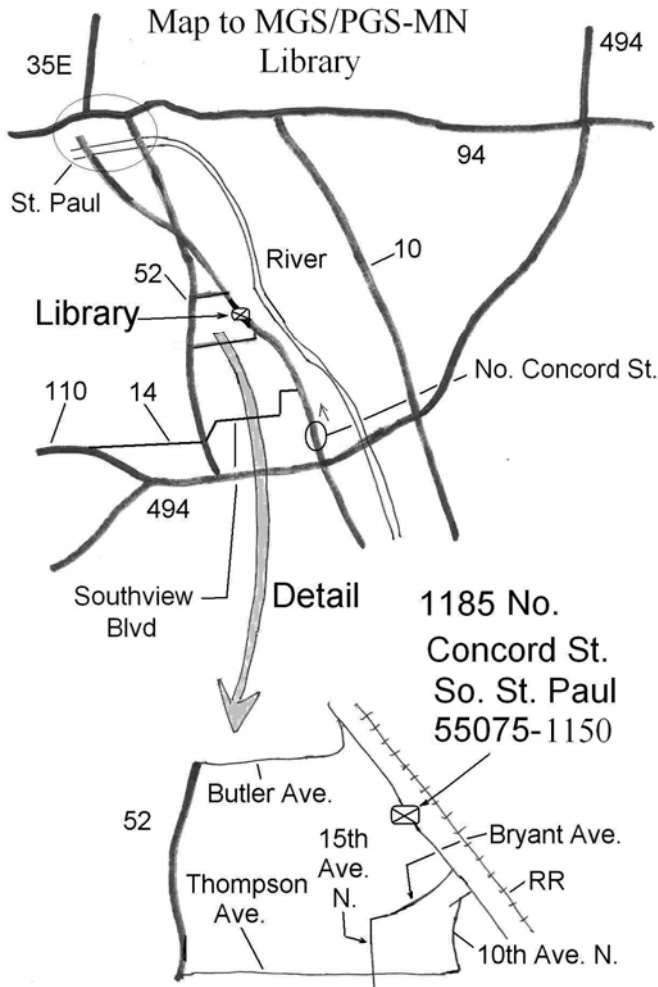
LIBRARY HOURS

Tuesday: 6:00 – 9:00 p.m.
 Wednesday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.
 Thursday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m. and 6:00 – 9:00 p.m.
 Saturday: 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.

Ph: 651-455-9057 Website: <http://www.mnpgs.org>

LIBRARY FEES

MGS, Branch, Affiliate Members: FREE
 Non-Members: \$10
 Internet and WiFi are available in the library.



DRIVING DIRECTIONS

From west or east on 94, go south on 52 over Lafayette Bridge to Concord, then south to the address.

From west or east on 494, go north on Concord through South St. Paul to the address.

ALERT! Members have reported the library’s address does not show up on their GPS unit resulting in difficulty locating library. Use map.

Parking is directly across the street or in adjacent lot on weekends. Street parking is also permitted.

POLISH NIGHT AT THE LIBRARY

“Polish Night at the Library” is the **second Thursday of the month** from 6:00 to 9:00 p.m. One of our experienced genealogists is available to assist you with your Polish research problems.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

One of our members is available at the library on the **first Saturday of the month** from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. to help you with your Polish research.

Minnesota Genealogical Society
Polish Genealogical Society
of Minnesota Branch
 1185 No. Concord St.
 So. St. Paul MN 55075-1150

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Change Service Requested

Due to the restrictions for our PGS-MN mailing permit the post office **does not** forward our newsletter and we are charged for all non deliveries.

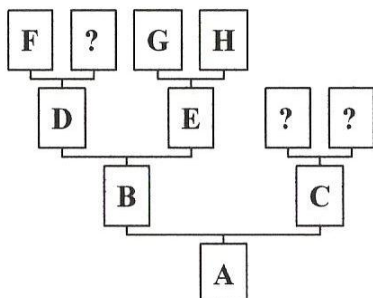
Did you know that our database allows for winter and summer change of addresses?

If you can furnish dates we can enter them into our database and it will automatically change your address so that you do not lose out on any of the newsletters and PGS-MN will not be charged for non delivery.

You can contact me by email doripgs@comcast.net or phone 763-535-2296

Thank You,
 Dori Marszalek
 Membership Director

Missing Branches



Send queries and branch updates to: **Paul Kulas**,
Associate Editor, PGS-MN Newsletter, 12008
West River Road, Champlin MN 55316-2145 (e-
 mail: <kkulas@ties2.net>) or with new or
 renewal membership forms.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Carole Dixon, 6001 70th Ave. No., Brooklyn
 Park MN 55429 <cdixon24@comcast.net> is
 researching Franciszek BELDOWSKI in
 Lemberg Austria, Cecilia PELTOWICZ
 BELDOWSKI and PELTOWICZ in Warsaw
 Poland and all in New Jersey.

Joseph Eickhoff, 11445 50th Ave. N.,
 Plymouth MN 55442-2256
 <EichhoffALLTHETIME@gmail.com> is
 researching SWIEDCZEK, CZYSCON and
 NIZNIK in Minneapolis MN. Location in
 Poland is unknown--would like to find out.

Judith Foley, 1927 Emerson St., Palo Alto CA
 94301 <judyfoley@gmail.com> is researching
 Pauline Apolonia WORWA in Galacia and in
 Mpls., John DUDEK in Poland and in Mpls.

Teresa J. Martin, 218 Primrose Court, Vadnais
 Htgs. MN 55127 is researching HAJDUGA in
 Krakow in Poland and on the East Coast.

Carol Spurbeck, 2834 2nd St. N., Fargo ND
 58102-1606 <cspurb@msn.com> is researching
 ZIEBA/ZIEMBA in Trzesowka, Galicia, Poland
 and in NH and MI and MYACK in Prezeclaw in
 Poland and in MI.

Charles Walczak, 2314 W. 6th Street, Duluth
 MN 55806, <flinger_9@yahoo.com> is
 researching WALCZAK in Posen in Poland and
 in Duluth MN.

Josephine Zak, 403 - 8th St. S.W., Little Falls
 MN 56345 is a new member.

Missing Branches . . . continued on page 20