

PROJECT TO DISCOVER
SCHENECTADY **COUNTY'S** EASTERN EUROPEAN ROOTS
NEWSLETTER

October 2019 Vol. 6 No. 4
Our Sixth Year!

Our objective continues to be to discover, document and digitally preserve genealogy, stories and pictures of Schenectady County's Eastern European immigrants.

Please share your family history, help pass on the (electronic) word. The next deadlines are January 1st and April 1st. To submit your family story, pictures, etc., e-mail Phyllis Zych Budka: abudka@nycap.rr.com. Without your stories, there can be no newsletter. To be added to the newsletter e-mail list, contact Phyllis.

The Schenectady Digital History Archive To find our newsletters on-line:
<http://www.schenectadyhistory.org/resources/eer/>

Facebook: Schenectady and Capital District Polish Heritage Facebook Group

Thanks to Brianna Jolie (Guckemus) for starting this Facebook group. It's described as a "closed group" which only means that you can request membership and an "administrator" will give you permission.

Polish Genealogical Society of America (PGSA)

Thanks to William F. Hoffman, PGSA newsletter editor, for printing our Table of Contents and contact information in "Rodziny" the PGSA newsletter. PGSA Home Page is found at <http://pgsa.org/>

Polish Origins –

<https://polishorigins.com/>

Website allows one to enter surnames and places of interest; a good website.

Thanks to Bernice Izzo, Carole McCarthy and Martin Byster for help in editing this newsletter!

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Poland: When Freedom Was New in 2003

Jeff Brozyna

In September 2003 I had the privilege of being able to spend four days and three nights in Poland while on business. It was a trip that took me to Czestochowa, the Krakow area and Warsaw. Not only did I see a portion of the old region of Galicia where my grandfather's parents were born in the 1870s, I was able to see how the Polish people were dealing with the challenges and opportunities of freedom a decade after the end of Soviet occupation.

During my working career, I was the senior in-house lawyer and part of the executive team for the North American subsidiary of a German multi-national company. When the Berlin Wall came down and the Soviet occupation ended in Eastern Europe around 1990, countries like East Germany, Poland, Bulgaria, Romania and the Balkans invited in foreign investment. Many companies in Western Europe, including ours, did so. This led to a great opening of trade, commerce, and mobility in Europe. Suddenly, our company was composed of people from dozens of countries. This brought challenges of language, culture, values, traditions and personalities. There were also new markets and technical, engineering, regulatory and legal requirements. Therefore, senior management in Germany encouraged well focused international meetings and cross-cultural discussions.

Mindful of my Polish ancestry, I looked forward to attending a management conference scheduled in Warsaw in mid-September 2001. Then came the terrorist attacks of September 11th, and it was decided we needed to leave some senior management behind in the US in case additional attacks on the air transportation system prevented everybody from returning to the US for a significant time. I was one of three asked to stay behind. It was the proper thing to do during that emergency. However, I thought I missed my chance to see Poland.

I was overjoyed to get a second chance to visit Poland in 2003. A conference of the in-house lawyers within the company from all the business units was scheduled for Krakow and I was invited to speak. These meetings were encouraged, although (I have to laugh), I suspect it was because the business people thought that if all the lawyers were off together talking to each other they wouldn't be bothering everyone else!

I arrived at the Warsaw Airport and was impressed by its size and modern appearance. I noticed that a large crowd of young Poles gathered around every display of cell phones or modern technology that appeared in the stores and shops. Clearly, there was huge interest in these modern devices. I waited for my driver and translator at the "meeting place". They were late but not too concerned about it. I told them I wasn't concerned either because I wasn't trying to go anywhere on my own! I would be sure to get lost. They smiled. We hit it off right away.

I bombarded the two men with questions as we drove from Warsaw towards Krakow in our van by way of Czestochowa. What did Polish people think of the Communist architecture-the large, plain concrete buildings? Were they happy to see the Russians gone? Did they hold resentment towards the Germans because of WWII? Were they optimistic about the future? As they grew to trust me, it was clear that they differentiated between the German people and their governments, that the Russian government and military were very unpopular, that any building, whatever its design, is a good building if

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the roof doesn't leak and people complained a lot in general but most thought things were getting better.

There were few highways of the quality that Americans would call interstate highways. A good road would be a wide, straight two-lane road with wide shoulders like an old US highway or state highway. As we drove along, I noticed that oncoming cars would suddenly pull into the middle of the road to pass and straddle the center line! They were headed right at us! However, our driver would simply pull the right two tires onto the shoulder to let them go by us without showing concern. This would informally convert the road to a temporary three lane highway! After this happened several times, I waited for a calm stretch of road to ask about this. The driver said this was commonplace and one simply gets a feel for when it will happen and reacts accordingly. "No big deal! We redesign the road!"

As the countryside became more rural, I saw women and children picking mushrooms in the thick, dark forests and selling them in large wooden boxes along the roadside. In more open areas, cows were tethered to stakes so they could graze. The small country houses would have piles of extra concrete blocks stacked up in the yard, ready for resale or a small job. It was common to see small to mid-sized gardens being tended. Everywhere, one could see the entrepreneurial spirit of the people at work.



Fig. 1 Jeff took this photo while entering the gate to the Czestochowa compound.

Figs. 2 - 4 Show scenes from the Southern Poland countryside.

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Fig. 2 A rustic country home in southern Poland - hewn logs with masonry addition.



Fig. 3 Wooden church nestled against limestone outcrop.

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Fig. 4 Limestone castle

We entered Czestochowa, a modern, industrial city, but of course my reason for being there was to see the great icon of Christianity, the Black Madonna. The painting of Mary and Baby Jesus has uncertain origins. It is said by some to go back to Mary and St. Luke himself. Catholic tradition gives the painting on wood great power. Determined enemies were unable to take it from its sanctuary in the Jasna Gora Monastery on several occasions and when finally taken by vandals, the icon's assailant was struck down dead. Today it is protected in the church within the fortified monastery and available for pilgrims and tourists to see during certain hours. Unfortunately, we missed the display of the icon but I was able to get some photos of the buildings and grounds. I will never forget the feeling of power in the place and the devotion of the believers in prayer.

The land between Czestochowa and Krakow becomes hilly with limestone outcroppings, the woods are deep and dark and the roads become narrow. Here and there are tiny villages, parks and forest preserves where people enjoy hiking on weekends. The houses sometimes remind one of a ski chalet or one may encounter a Victorian cottage or log cabin. Roofing materials could be clay or wooden shingles, thatch, metal, or the sheets of asbestos so common in the Communist Era and now such an environmental hazard. On occasion, one encounters a limestone castle or fortress built to resist some ancient invader like the Moors. We stopped briefly at such a castle where I bought two resin figurines (Fig. 5): a Polish soldier of Napoleon's Grand Army and a Tadeusz Kosciuszko freedom fighter of 1794. When my translator explained where I was taking the figurines, the vendor said to them, "Good news friends. He returns to America like Kosciuszko, to America you will go!"

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Fig. 5 Polish soldier of Napoleon's Grand Army and a Tadeusz Kosciuszko freedom fighter of 1794

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Fig. 6 Jeff joined a group of tourists at a gate in the old walls of Krakow.

I was dropped off at the Grand Hotel near the central square in Krakow. It had been a good hotel frequented by Communist officials but parts of it were a little run down prior to their departure. The new owners were making renovations. My room was a little worn but had all the modern conveniences. I was able to locate our company's group quickly enough. At dinner I met my colleagues from other parts of the company and from around the world. Some I had known for years. Some were replacements for the lawyers who had served during the Communist years when the job of the lawyers in the Eastern States was to spy on the business people and report disloyalty. I had met some of them at a prior lawyers' conference in Belgium in 1996 and knew they wouldn't last long. They were replaced by energetic men and women educated at top notch universities who were creative, enthusiastic and optimistic about the future. It was a pleasure interacting with them.

My report was well received during the conference. In the early 2000s, Americans were well regarded at international conferences and always treated with respect. If my European colleagues didn't like what the US government was doing, they would tell me, "we don't like your government but we like you just fine."

The walking tour of Old Krakow was fascinating. The Grand Hotel was only a block and a half north of the Market Square known as Rynek Glowny. St Mary's Basilica and the

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Cloth Hall Building dominate the square. Krakow was spared from destruction during WWII. Some say the German general was paid off, some say it was the influence of a Polish mistress or he just was afraid of a war crimes trial. In any event, the city was not destroyed when the Nazis pulled out and the old architecture and city walls are there to behold. The vendors around the square offer Polish food and general Northern European cuisine. As I walked the older streets, I was mindful that my ancestors could have walked these very streets in the mid to early 1800s before coming to America.

After another work session our group took a bus trip to the famous salt mines at Wieliczka east of Krakow. (We passed near the location of the Plaszow Concentration camp but did not stop. Our German colleagues acknowledged deep remorse over the behavior of the Nazi government.) We continued on to the salt mines, which had operated for centuries. It is now a major tourist destination. We were taken deep down into the mines by elevator and beheld the sight of carved religious figures, statues of Polish patriots, and entire chapels that the miners had carved from the dark gray salt during off hours. The craftsmanship and patience of these artists was beyond imagination. We then were bussed through the countryside several more miles East through rolling foothills and farmlands for dinner at a well-known rustic venue known as Folwark Zalesie.

Folwark Zalesie is a former farming estate of several large buildings set on a scenic hill, renovated for weddings, dinners, celebrations, meetings and overnight accommodations. It had rustic furniture, dance floors, large timber beams, simple plaster work and impressive fireplaces. After the meal of local Polish foods we were entertained by musicians and folk dancers dressed in the costumes (black vests) of the Krakow region. Although I am well known for my lack of interest in dancing, I found myself caught in the spirit of the place and danced for an hour with the folk dancers and my colleagues! (Perhaps the Polish beer had some influence?) It was a wonderful corporate "bonding experience" and great exposure to the Polish rural traditions.

After the conference was concluded, I was driven to Warsaw. The trip took several hours. The lasting impression I got was the past and the present seemed to crowd in on each other around every turn in the road. Here there would be a rural village with small homes, views of the mountains, fields of crops, a horse pulling a cart. Over there would be a factory, a dirty stream, a supermarket, a convenience store, a line of trucks waiting to make deliveries. Could the old and new co-exist or would the new crowd out the old? By early afternoon, the stark outlines of the box shaped apartment high rises built in the Communist Era around Warsaw came into view and I was checking into my hotel just south of the Old City.

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Fig. 7 Author shopping in Warsaw.

Later in the day I was joined by my friend, Semko, who had come in by train to join me. We walked to the Old Town to see the sights within its walls. Sigismundus' Column, a monument to a Polish King from the early 1600s, dominates the Castle Square in front of the building formerly known as the Royal Castle. It is the oldest monument in Poland and a great symbol of Warsaw. Close by is the statue of Jan Kilinski, a famous patriot from the days of Kosciuszko's Rebellion against the Russians in the 1790s. The statue became a symbol of Polish resistance to Nazi occupation during WWII. The emotional power of the monuments to the 1943 Jewish Uprising on Zamenhofa Street and the 1944 Warsaw Uprising in Krasinscy Square made lasting impressions on me. In particular, the image of the freedom fighters emerging from the sewers to man the barricades has never left my mind (Fig. 8). After crushing these attempts to resist tyranny, the Nazis punished the Polish people by destroying Warsaw and razing it to the ground. The Old Town we see today has been rebuilt to its former appearance using old plans, drawings, paintings, photographs and maps.

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Fig. 8 The images of the statues of the Polish freedom fighters of 1944 still appear in the author's dreams.

Semko and I then ventured to the Old Town Market Place where we visited various shops and galleries catering to the tourist trade. Many of the items were inexpensive. However, it was fun to see the generally good craftsmanship and bright and optimistic colors decorating the inventory. Also, I never saw so much amber jewelry! We then ate dinner at an outdoor café and talked about Poland and its prospects well into the evening. We both agreed that any nation that had always exhibited such courage, no matter what the odds, could never be permanently defeated! And now the future seemed bright!

As I waited at the Warsaw Airport for my flight home the next day, I could not help but chuckle. When various flights were announced, people wouldn't wait for their row to be called, they all stormed the gate to board at once. Here was a nation on the move in 2003, a nation of people tired of waiting. They appeared tired of waiting for an equal chance at the future, in no mood to be told to take a back seat to anyone. Now free of foreign domination, they were ready to move ahead in ways that had been impossible in their tragic and bloody past. Poland had joined NATO in 1999. In their immediate future lay membership in the European Union in 2004 and inclusion in the mainstream of the European economy. As the years went by and I received news of these events, I chuckled some more. The big shots running these organizations had no idea what they were getting into by adding an independent Poland as a member! These organizations will never be the same!

Now just over 16 years have passed since my trip. Economic challenges, greater threats from the East, uncertainties in the NATO Alliance and concerns over immigration have arisen as issues since 2003. However, two things are certain: Poland will have a strong, independent voice within the organizations to which it belongs and the Polish Nation will endure!

Sources:

Tamara Lozinska, "The Golden Book of Warsaw", published by Casa Editrice Bonechi, Italy, 2003, pages 22, 23, 33, 90, 91.

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My Life as a Displaced Person

Lidia Laba Pasamanick

Looking back, a lot of my friends have no idea who I am, what I've experienced, and that I have had two parallel lives. My parents, brother Roman and I were Ukrainian Displaced Persons (DPS), part of the thousands of people who fled their homes during World War II and ended up in refugee camps at the war's end. Fig. 1 shows Roman age ~5, in our Bavarian DP camp, barracks in the background. Many of the people in the camps were well educated, including teachers and artists. They organized Ukrainian language schools and cultural events, especially for the children.



Fig. 1 Roman Laba rides his bike in DP camp in Bavaria.

The US Displaced Persons Act of 1948 “insisted that all applicants must present guarantees by sponsors that housing was waiting for them and they would not displace American workers.” Our American sponsor was my Father’s class mate and friend from the Gymnazium in Przemysyl, Poland. A sponsor had to find a place for the DPs to live, pay rent and find a job.

When I was 3 years old, we sailed for the USA from Bremen, Germany, in March 1949, arriving in New York City 11 days later. Fig. 2 shows my family in a typical departure picture shared by many other DPs: leaving Bremen. Fig. 3a is the USS Ernie Pyle, our ship, a US troop ship put into service for DP transport. My Mother’s Embarkation Card is shown in Fig. 3b. Our final destination was the long established Ukrainian community in Amsterdam, NY (Figs. 4, 5 and 6).

**My Life as a Displaced Person
Lidia Laba Pasamanick**

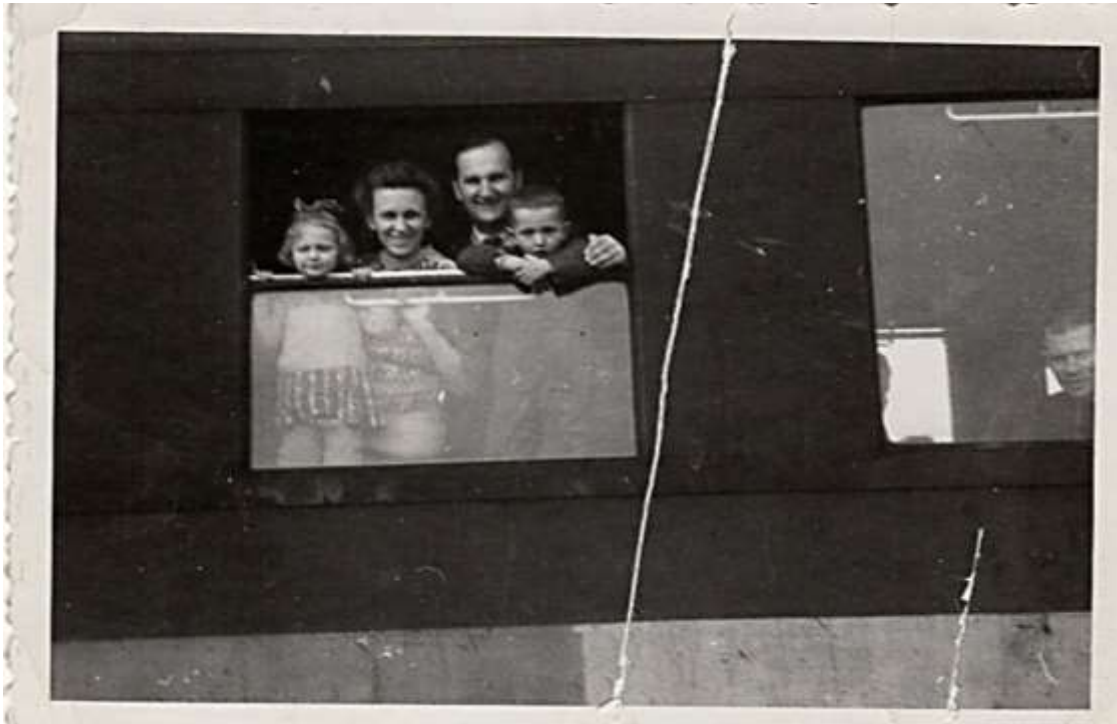


Fig. 2 The Laba family left to right: Lidia, Olha, Tymotej, Roman, – Off to Bremen by train – Lidia states: “Everybody has one of these pictures.” 1949



Fig. 3a USS Ernie Pyle – a former troop ship – transportation to the US

My Life as a Displaced Person Lidia Laba Pasamanick



Fig. 3b Ohla Laba's Embarkation Card



Fig. 4 Roman and Lidia in the yard of their new home in Amsterdam, NY – spring 1949.

**My Life as a Displaced Person
Lidia Laba Pasamanick**



Fig. 5 Musical concert welcoming spring. Lidia is 4th from left in front row – 1954.



Fig. 6 Ukrainian summer school run by Basilian Sisters from Philadelphia – Lidia is 6th from right in back row.

My Life as a Displaced Person

Lidia Laba Pasamanick

Ultimately, my parents sponsored a total of 150 people. They had to find a place for them to live, pay rent, find a job. My parents were constantly on the search for living quarters and jobs for DPs still waiting in Germany for sponsors. The wider Ukrainian community did a lot of organizing sponsorships across the US.

When we arrived in Amsterdam, my mother got a job as a chambermaid at a local hotel and my father worked at Mohawk Carpet Mills. Therefore, I spent my day with a caretaker who also was minding 2 other American children. That was my introduction to English. I was a very quiet, observant child. My brother was 5 and went to kindergarten at East Main St. School. Our life centered around St. Nicholas Ukrainian Catholic Church and the Ukrainian community. The other gathering place was Coessens Park on Sundays after Church.

Yes, we were welcomed by the Ukrainian and Polish community, but there was the anonymous taunting of the poor refugees. We looked different; we wore old clothing. There was an anti-immigrant aura. Old timers sitting on their porches would taunt us as small groups of foreign-speaking kids walked up the hill going to St Nicholas's Church. This memory still lingers in the minds of those of us who experienced it.

I attended St Mary's Institute, all 12 years, where I don't remember ever revealing my other life to the nuns and classmates. During the school years, in addition to Sunday Mass at St. Nicholas's Church, I went there twice a week for Ukrainian language lessons, religion lessons and Ukrainian Scout group. My parallel Ukrainian life included summer camps in US where we spoke only Ukrainian (Fig. 6). Because of these summer camps, I met people from Philadelphia, New York City and Syracuse who are still my friends.

I received a degree in history from City College of New York, then worked in publishing in New York City. In 1982, I married Ben Pasamanick, whose family was from Minsk, Belarus. I worked at the Schenectady County Public Library for 10 years and have lived in Schenectady for 28 years.

Researching the Tys Family Farm

By Carole McCarthy

I have always been proud of my Polish heritage and thought that someday I would like to research my Polish roots. However, back in 2004, I didn't think I could find information on my grandparents since all but one of my four grandparents was born in Poland. So instead, I decided to research the history of my Grandparents' 50 acre farm where I spent my summers helping them from the age of 5-15. As an aside, I did end up researching my Tys, Giniecki, Niewiadomska and Groncki (Grądzki) grandparents in 2006 and continue to do so today. My Tys Grandparents came from Witkowice, Tarnobrzeg, Podkarpackie, in south east Poland. I have found documents in Poland that go back to my 3rd great grandparents Walenty Tys and Magdalena Staszek.

My grandparents, Joseph and Mary Giniecki-Tys, had a 50 acre farm on the corner of Consaul Rd and St. David's Lane, where the Eddy Retirement Development is today. Tracing the 50 acre farm at 3761 Consaul Road, Niskayuna from the Tys purchase in 1925 for \$8,000 back to the Glen-Bradt Dutch Reform Church Patent, which the Church received from King George II in 1738, required going to the Schenectady City Clerk's Office and following the deeds back from grantee to grantor back to the early 1800s. It was a little more complicated since when I got back to the late 1700s I had to do my research at the Dutch Reformed Church.

In the process, I was able to find out that the land that was to become my Grandparents' farm from 1925 to 1996 was once owned by a Niskayuna supervisor, John I. Vrooman Jr, who was supervisor from 1865-1868 and then again in 1871. As you can see from my report below, during those years, he lived on the land. Other interesting names of owners of these 50 acres were Christopher Schopmeier, John H. Vedder, Nathaniel Griffiths, Abraham Wendell, Stephen Gates, and John Duncan. The Duncans owned the 800 acre 'Hermitage' at the corner of Balltown Rd and State Street c1802 where the Pine Point Inn was located until the 1960s and the Ingersoll Home was until recently. Today that area is the Mansion Mall. One of the first owners of the 50 acres was Hendrick Van Dyck, who acquired the land from the Dutch Reformed Church in 1764.

I have attached a report I put together back in 2004 that not only includes my research with source citations but also excavation results of the "100 year old house" that my grandparents bought in 1925, that my grandfather demolished in place after building a new home for his family in 1932.

HISTORY of the 50-acre family farm in Niskayuna, NY, located at 3761 Consaul Road

- March 2, **1925** Mary and Joseph Tys, my maternal grandparents, bought the 50-acre farm (described in the same way in all deeds back to 1838 *), with all the buildings, from Christopher Schopmeier for \$8,000.¹ On the farm was a relatively new barn, said to be built in 1910 (but using older 40 foot hand hewn beams) and an old house that people said was a hundred years old. In 1932, my grandfather built a new house in front of the old one and then knocked down the old house using the debris as fill where the old house had once stood.
- April 1, **1911** Christopher Shopmeier and wife Angie bought the farm from his brother John for \$1.²
- March 28, **1908** John Schopmeier bought the farm from Carrie Whillans for \$1.³

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- January 1, **1907** George H. Smith as referee to Carrie Whillans formerly Carrie V. Worden, Heir-at-law of Clark W. Worden “being the lands described in the deed from John J. Vrooman Jr. to Simeon Fairlee dated December 4, 1871”⁴
- December 12, **1871** Simeon Fairlee and wife Sarah bought the farm from John I. Vrooman Jr. for \$7,250.⁵
- April 1, **1861** John I. Vrooman Jr. and wife Catherine bought the farm from John H. Vedder for \$3,025. ⁶ The 1866 Beers map⁷ shows John I. Vrooman Jr. living on the farmland. John I. Vrooman Jr. was the Niskayuna Town supervisor from 1865-1868 and also in 1871.⁸
- May 18, **1857** John H. Vedder and wife Abiah Griffes bought the farm from heirs of Nathaniel Griffes for \$2,000.⁹ John H. Vedder’s name appears on the Fagan Map of 1856 as living at the exact same location.¹⁰
- October 1, **1838** Nathaniel Griffes bought the farm from Abraham and Margaret “Winnie” Wendell for \$2,800.¹¹
- September 12, **1838** Abraham Wendell bought the farm from his nephew, Philip W. Groot, for \$1.¹²
- August 1, **1838** Philip W. Groot bought the farm from Abraham Wendell for \$5,000.¹³ Philip was the son of Abraham’s sister, Susannah Wendell Groot. Her 1st husband, Nicholas Groot died in 1813. In 1817 she married Lawrence Vrooman who died in 1833. I originally thought that Abraham acquired the 50 acre farm through Susannah who may have inherited it when her husband Lawrence died in 1833. Lawrence had inherited hundreds of acres in Niskayuna from his father Isaac Vrooman when he died in 1808.¹⁴
- In 1827 Abraham Wendell bought a 20 ½ acres farm (eastern half of Tys farm) from Stephen Gates Jr. and wife Hannah Lewis for \$600.¹⁵ In the deed it included this description of the land, “being a piece of ground devised by the last Will & Testament of Isaac Vrooman deceased, to his daughter Catharine wife of John N. Marselis, & also all the land adjoining the above, which is in possession of the said party of the first part”.¹⁶ Adjoining the above land to the west was the 20 acres, 3 rods that William Gates acquired through Richard Duncan in 1804.¹⁷ In 1817 Stephen Gates Jr. started paying the consistory of the Protestant Dutch Reform Church of Schenectady the quit rent for this land.¹⁸ It has to be assumed that Stephen Gates Jr. somehow acquired the land in 1817. At this point in time I do not know the relationship between Stephen and William.
- William Gates was deeded the 20 acres, 3 rods from Richard Duncan.¹⁹ The Ledger volume 3 of Quit Rents found at the Dutch Reformed Church of Schenectady’s archives shows that this land was commuted by John I. Vrooman Jr. in 1861.²⁰ Since John I. Vrooman Jr. owned the 50-acre Tys farm from 1861-1871 this is verification that this land was the adjoining piece of land sold to Abraham Wendell along with the 20 ½ acres. The discrepancy between the total acreage and the 50 acres that Abraham sold to Griffes in 1838 is most probably

Researching the Tys Family Farm By Carole McCarthy

due to Consaul Road and St David's Lane boundary changes. This land is part of a 153 acre parcel that John Bostiyonce sold to John Duncan in 1788.²¹

- The 20 ½ acres that Stephen Gates Jr. sold to Abraham is described in Isaac Vrooman's Will²² as originally being conveyed to Hendrick Van Dyck from the Dutch Reformed Church in 1764. In 1766 John Duncan, who owned the Hermitage, bought this land from Van Dyck. By 1797 Isaac Vrooman (father of the above mentioned Lawrence Vrooman who was married to Susannah Wendell Groot in 1817²³) was the owner. His Will was probated in 1808 and he gave this same 20 ½ acres to his daughter Catrena and husband John Marselus.

In a deed from 1834, in which Nathaniel Griffes sold land to Jeremiah B. Ketchum, it mentions the 50 acre farm to the east owned by Abraham Wendell.²⁴

The **1805** Randall map of the Albany–Schenectady Turnpike gives the name of William Gates as living in the exact location as the Tys family farm²⁵.

1738 Protestant Dutch Reformed Church of Schenectady was granted a tract of land from King George II, having Arent Bradt and Jacob Glenn as Trustees of the land for the Church. The borders of this patent are shown in the Schenectady County map in the 1912 Everts Publishing Company Atlas called New Century Atlas of the Counties of New York. It distinctly shows that the eastern border of the Tys family farm was part of the eastern border of the Glenn-Bradt Patent, today known as the Niskayuna Patent. I have duplicated part of this map below.

EXCAVATION OF THE ORIGINAL "HUNDRED YEAR OLD HOUSE" c1825

Artifacts found:

Easterly stone foundation and part of the south stone foundation

1831 Large Liberty One Cent Penny

Mortar - some with a skim of "plaster" with pigment and some molded mortar

Brick, some charred

Nails – square and round

Pottery fragments: white ware transfer print, which would date it around 1890-1910; Pearl ware (bluish ting on the non-pattern side), mid 1800s around 1840s; Pearl ware but of a worm or mocha pattern which would give it a 1790-1815 date; Pearl ware feather pattern would date it around the late 18th century; Cream ware Mid 1700's

Clam shells (never eaten by my family when they lived there from 1925 to 1932!)

Limonite (bog iron)

* 1925 "Northerly by the lands now or formerly owned by Joseph Consaul; Easterly by the highway called the Consaul Road; Southerly by the highway called the Shaker Road, and Westerly by the lands formerly owned by Jeremiah B. Ketchum, Containing about (50) acres of land, be the same more or less."¹

* 1838 "North by land now or late of Joseph Consaul. On the East by the road or public highway & also by the Consaul road. On the South by the Consaul road & on the West by the lands of Jeremiah Ketcham being the homestead farm owned by me in the said town

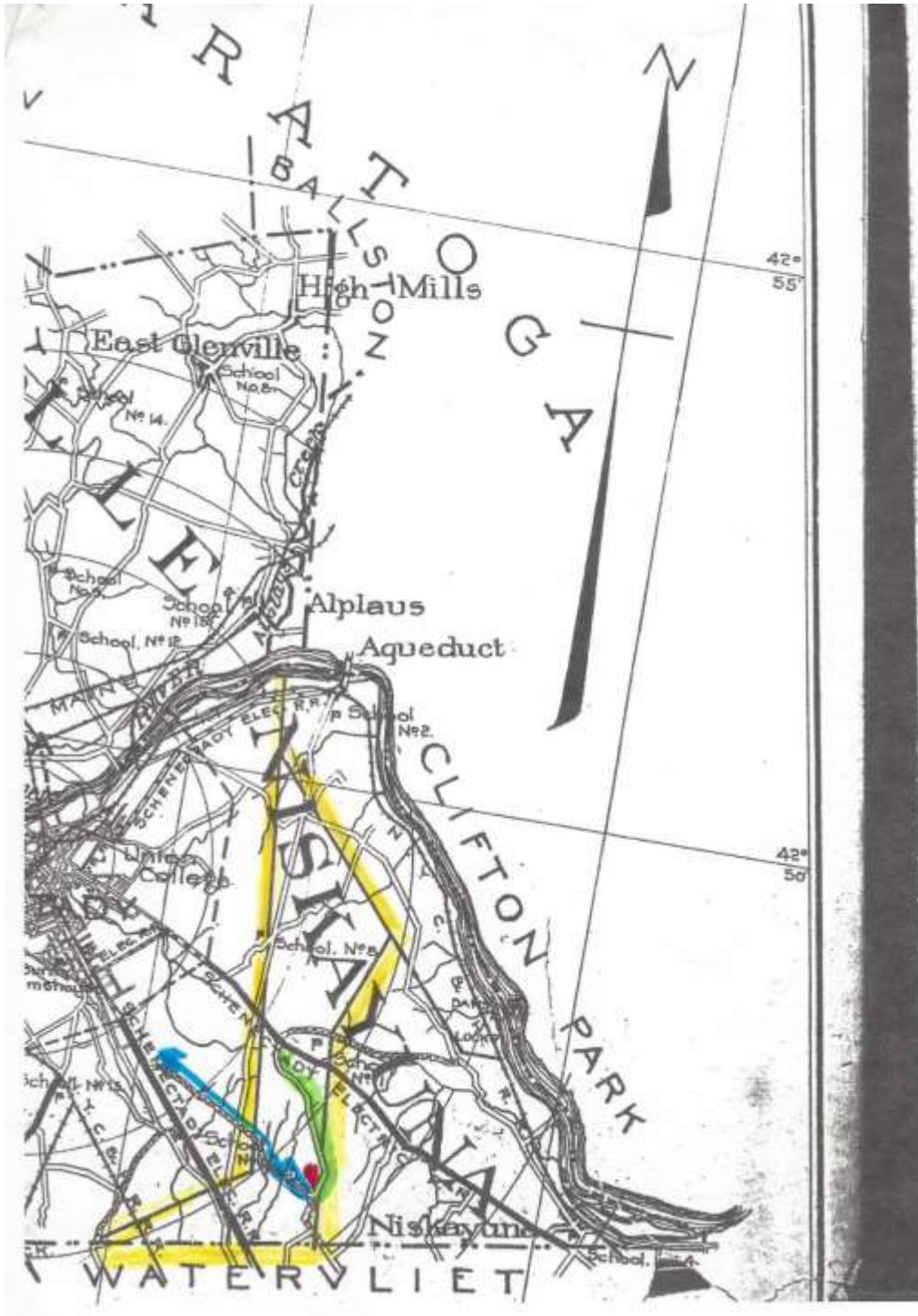
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1. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds No. 324 Page 456 (1925)
2. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds No. 205 Page 86 (1911)
3. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds No.178 Page 341 (1908)
4. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds No.174 Page 46 (1907)
5. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds No. 57 Page 71 (1871)
6. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds No. 38 Page 264 (1861)
7. Schenectady County Historical Society's Beer's Map of Schenectady County 1866
8. A History of Niskayuna, New York by Lloyd M. Brinkman and Niskayuna Historical Society, c. 1976 p.57
9. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds No. 34 Page 495 (1857)
10. Schenectady County Historical Society's Fagen's Map of Schenectady County 1856
11. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds Q671 (1838)
12. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds Q577 (1838)
13. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds Q545 (1838)
14. Don Keefer's Winne Genealogy, Schenectady County Historical Society's Winne Family Folder
15. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds F162 (1827)
16. Albany County Surrogate Court
17. Schenectady County Historical Society's deed D1942 (1804)
18. Dutch Reformed Church archives Ledger Book #3 (vol.14), page 132
19. Schenectady County Historical Society's deed D1942 (1804)
20. Dutch Reformed Church archives Ledger Book #3 (vol.14), page 132
21. Schenectady County Historical Society's deed D1942 (1804)
22. Albany County Surrogate Court
23. Don Keefer's Winne Genealogy, Schenectady County Historical Society's Winne Family Folder
24. Schenectady County Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds L471 (1834)
25. Albany-Schenectady Turnpike Map surveyed by Randall in 1805, Albany County Clerk's Office

The following map is a portion of the Schenectady County map in the 1912 "New Century Atlas of Counties of the State of New York", Everts Publishing Co, from which I copied the portion showing the Glen-Bradt Patent that King George II 'gave' to the Dutch Reformed Church with Jacob Glen and Arent Bradt as Trustees in 1738. I have highlighted the patent borders in yellow, Consaul Rd. in blue and St. David's Lane is in green. The Tys farm is marked in red and is bordered by Consaul Road, to the south and St. David's Lane to the east.

Researching the Tys Family Farm
By Carole McCarthy



A Genealogy Tour of Galicia, Southern Poland

Phyllis Zych Budka



Zakopane, Poland*

The opportunity to tour southern Poland (Galicia) with other genealogy seekers offered by the Polish Genealogical Society of American (PGSA) and Polish Origins was irresistible! I've just returned from that 12 day tour and an additional 4 days visiting relatives with a Korycinski family reunion in Lithuania – and I'm still a bit jet lagged.

As my first cousin Anne Korycinski Catron and I planned our trip – her first to both countries – we decided to fly into Warsaw, where Anne's Mother was born. We would spend 3 days there, see a few friends and take a Hop on Hop off bus tour of the city. Next, on to Krakow by train to meet our tour. We are still laughing at our confusion as we looked for "Wagon 2" and our numbered train seats. Good news! The very crowded train had several cars with large "2s" on their exteriors. No problem – except we later learned that meant "Second Class" – when we struggled unsuccessfully to find our assigned seats as the train headed to Krakow.

However, once in Krakow we met our tour group of 11 other Americans and 2 Canadians and were under the very capable care of tour guide Pawel and driver Adrian for the next 12 days. This was my 8th trip to Poland and I have a long list of ancestors from Nowy Targ, so identifying more was not the goal of my trip but deepening my understanding of their lives and history of the area was.

Our introduction to Galician genealogy research included lectures by professionals and visits to local archives. The group was particularly intrigued by cadastral maps showing boundaries and ownership within a particular area. At the Sanok Open Air Museum we saw examples of the folk architecture of Poland. Zakopane, the Tatra Mountains, Wieliczka Salt Mine, Krakow – and much more!

A few pictures cannot do justice to the natural beauty we saw and the warmth exuded by the people we met. I can only urge you to consider a trip to this ancient yet very modern place, Poland!

*Google Translate: **Budka**

noun

Frequency

shed budka, szopa, przesmyk, wiata, buda, remiza

booth stragan, budka, buda, kram, kabina telefoniczna

stall stoisko, stragan, kram, stalla, budka, komora

A Genealogy Tour of Galicia, Southern Poland

Phyllis Zych Budka

box	pudełko, skrzynka, skrzynia, boks, pudło, budka
cabin	kabina, chata, kajuta, budka, chałupa
deck house	budka
cab	taksówka, dorożka, szoferka, fiakier, bryk, budka
newsstand	kiosk, kiosk z prasą, budka
watch-house	budka
sentry-box	budka
watch-box	budka

Pani Katarzyna Kornacka
Part 17- The Fifties
Martin Byster

I've Been Working on the Railroad
Anonymous

I've been working on the railroad
All the live long day,
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn,
Can't you hear the captain shouting,
Dinah, blow your horn.

Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow your horn.
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someone's in the kitchen I know;
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strummin' on the old banjo.

Just Singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
Strummin' on the old banjo.

No, neither Katarzyna Borek Kornacki (Katie) nor her husband Feliks Kornacki worked on the railroad here in the United States; neither did their children.

I learned these words to this old American Folk song from their daughters, my aunts. We sang them just about every time we all gathered together to celebrate and enjoy a family gathering.

At 18 River Street aunt Gertrude put the melody to the piano. At picnics at Uncle Joe's and Ciocia (maternal aunt) Vicky's "farm" (really a small garden on just less than an acre) my mom, Pauline added harmony to our choral group. Why it was so popular among my aunts is long lost. So many among us sang along; it was easy with Katie's daughters in the lead. Katie was always with us but she never sang; neither did Feliks nor did my uncles; only my aunts including aunt Grace Kornacki, Joe's wife would sing with us. It had an unexplainable significance. Today, to hear it, brings to mind idyllic memories of happy days with Katie in the 50's.

Whether Katie and Feliks would acknowledge it or not, their lives crossed with the railroad in many ways. Felix worked on the German railroads in Poland. He was once seriously injured coupling cars but survived to learn enough German to ride the rails across the border into Germany where he took passage to America. Just before his departure, in service with the Russian Army as a guard for a rail line near Warsaw, the train stopped and Czar Nicholas II stepped out and traded Feliks a gold coin for the paper and tobacco

Pani Katarzyna Kornacka
Part 17- The Fifties
Martin Byster

to roll a cigarette. Katie's father purchased her tickets for a train to the Netherlands, a ship to New York, and a train to her sister and cousins in Schenectady.

Katie took up residence with her cousins in the 3rd Ward an area along the Mohawk River surrounded by the main lines of the New York Central and Hudson River Rail Road to the west, the Delaware and Hudson Railroad to the south and east, and to the north by the Boston and Maine Railroad spur (Fitchburgh Division) to Rotterdam Junction.

Sounds from the railroad filled the air: the drumming of the Central trains as they crossed a nearby the threstle over the Mohawk River, the clickety clacks over the rail joints of the freight trains in 4/4 which occasionally shook the house, the mail trains in 2/4 (cut time);



the horn of Central's locomotive as it departed the passenger station at Schenectady, and the horns of the B&M and the D&H from far in the distance as a locomotive approached a road crossing in the rythm (DAH-DAH-DIT-DAH), easily recognized as the first notes in "Here Comes the Bride" or the "Bridal Chorus" in Lohengrin an opera by Richard Wagner.

Fig. 1, dated 1908, looks east along the Mohawk River as a Central locomotive pulls mail and passenger cars over the threstle, as Katie and Feliks may have seen rowing home an afternoon from their garden on Hog Island.



Add the whistle at the locomotive shops heard at the beginning and end of the work day or the finish of breakfast and the beginning of supper in the Katie's kitchen, but short of "someone strummin on the old banjo" almost all the words in the song are accounted for.

When Katie left River Street to visit her sister Maryanna, her cousins Anthony and Frank, her married children in their own homes, or her garden on the river, she inevitably crossed under or over a railroad.

Fig. 2 1953c.: Katie, sits with her sister Maryanna at her left at her sister's home on Alexander Street.
 (the children perhaps Chester's and Maryanna's son)

**Pani Katarzyna Kornacka
Part 17- The Fifties
Martin Byster**



Fig. 3 is perhaps one of the last, if not the last (once the D&H) railroad crossing at grade in the City of Schenectady, looking east along the Maxon Road Extension. Katie would cross two (a second today is a bike trail) and walk east to her sister's home to the right on Alexander Street. The bike trail when completed will pass, nearly door to door, what were once the homes of Katie and Maryanna.

Fig. 3

The 50s were climactic for Katie. Her last two daughters, the youngest, Gertrude and Janet were married. All her children were married and except for Pauline had settled beyond the railroad tracks which enclosed River Street. Janet's family moved furthest to Maryland. Katie made one (as I recall only one) trip to Maryland on the railroad. My mother and I accompanied her. We boarded the New York Central at the station where Katie first stepped off in Schenectady, rode to New York City, and crossed the Hudson River by ferry to New Jersey where we continued to Maryland on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

An entire first generation of Polish Americans from her family were on their own and at the end of the decade a second generation was nearly complete. Her descendants continued to increase in number; on the other hand, her family peers to whom she came and joined in Schenectady began to depart.



Fig. 4 1950: Robert and Gertrude Barry

**Pani Katarzyna Kornacka
Part 17- The Fifties
Martin Byster**



Fig. 5 1951: Donald and Genevieve Reed

**Descendants of Pani Katarzyna Kornacka
at the
Close of the Nineteen Fifties**

Joseph and Grace Kornacki		
SURNAME	FIRST NAME	DOB
Kornacki	Joseph	1916
	Grace	unkn
	Paul	1942
	Donald	1950

Genevieve and Donald Reed		
SURNAME	FIRST NAME	DOB
Reed	Genevieve	1922
	Donald	1925
	Donald E.	1952
	Martha A.	1953
	Stephanie B.	1957
	Elizabeth V.	1968
	Richard T.	1960
	David F.	1962

Josephine and Bernard Symanski		
SURNAME	FIRST NAME	DOB
Symanski	Josephine	1919
	Bernard	unkn
	Gregory	1949
	Judith (Jude)	1952

Joseph and Victoria Zakriski		
SURNAME	FIRST NAME	DOB
Zakriski	Joseph	1915
	Victoria	1921
	Cynthia	1944
	Timothy	1951
	Susan	1953
	Christine	1957

TO BE CONTINUED