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 July 1st and October 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.

Carole McCarthy is keeping a running list of “Surnames of Polish Ancestors Being Researched in Schenectady County” on the Facebook site.

Brianna Jolie has uploaded several hundred St. Mary’s Cemetery gravesites to findagrave.com.

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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**Polish Genealogical Society of America**  
**Trips to Poland**

The PGSA is pleased to offer several genealogy themed tours to Poland in 2019. Based upon a survey, the top requests are for the Austro-Hungarian Partition of Galicia in the south, and the Prussian Partition in the west. See the PGSA website for itineraries and to sign up at:


**Phyllis’s Note: Lutocin, Poland**

The next two stories are by people with roots in the same Polish village: Lutocin. My husband’s Budka family is also from Lutocin. Today, Lutocin has 1000 residents, according to Wikipedia.
With the help of Ancestry DNA, I became acquainted with 3rd cousins on the Bartkowski side of my family, Bruce Jennings (birth name Bruce Benjamin Bartkowski) and his sister Tammy Raits. Their great grandfather was Adam Bartkowski (Figure 4). Bruce generously traded his findings in his search for his Bartkowski roots. The majority of our findings regarding Adam Bartkowski were similar. As mentioned in my previous submission in 2016, Adam and Amelia (Figure 2) had a son, Benjamin Bartkowski (Figure 3). Their family owned a home at 361 Maxon Road, which was worth $4,500 in 1930. Adam was working as a laborer at a Boiler Shop (Figure 1).

Benjamin married Stella Miklusz (Figure 5) and they raised their family in Schenectady, NY. On the 1940 Census, I found Benjamin age 29 residing with his wife, Stella age 28, along with Benjamin Jr. who was not quite one year old. Additionally, Stephen Miklusz age 18 (Stella’s brother) was residing with them at their apartment located at 710 Windsor Terrace. Here we find that Benjamin was a sewing machine operator at an electric appliance and sewing machine manufacturer. Windsor Terrace would have been a quick walk to St. Mary’s Church located on Eastern Avenue.

Benjamin Alan Bartkowski Jr. married Diana Wilma Eady on July 9, 1959 in Schenectady. Benjamin Alan Bartkowski Jr. (aka B. Alan Bartkowski) is the father of Bruce Jennings and Tammy Raits. Bruce’s father was given some genealogical research that had been done on the Bartkowski and Dobies(z) families about 9 years ago by the husband of Bruce’s 2nd cousin (Pat Wysocki), Joe Cummings. In this collection included a transcript from an interview that he had with Great Aunt Stella (Figure 5) in 1988.

Thanks to this transcript I was able to obtain information about my Great Great Grandfather Jan (John) Bartkowski. If only Stella (Bartkowska) DeMarco Wysocki (1914

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– 1993) (Fig. 6) knew that her time spent talking about her family history would mean so much to me, 20 years later…

![Figure 6 Stella Wysocki](image)

The 1988 transcript I received from Bruce Jennings: [Quality of original is poor in places]

```
1988

Stella: My mother's side. My mother's name was Aniela Dobies. Some also pronounced it Dobies. I mean there are two ways. Some write it "z" and some write it "s". My mother used Dobies.

[Joe] How did you pronounce the last name

[Stella] 'Dough-bee-s'. She had another sister besides herself but no brothers. Her sisters name was Teresa. Her father...I don't know when her mother died. I...remember coming home telling my mother but I don't know when it was...I was a little girl. I was over to my Godmother's that Sunday. Somebody came over telling my Aunt that my mother's mother died. So I hurried home to tell them but I was a teenager about 13 or 14 I don't remember. My grandfather died. Suddenly but he was 90 years old. He was out in the field and came home. Said before I have my supper I think I will lay down for a little while and that was the end. I don't even know if my mothers sister ever got married. She never said she got married so I don't know. Now coming to my fathers side

[Joe] Before we leave your mom's side...your father...what was his first name?

[Stella] Jacon

[Joe] That is a strange name for a Polish name

[Stella] Yea. Ya-cum. I don't know what my grandparents first name was. I don't think any of us knew.

[Joe] Your grandma...your mom...I keep calling her Grandma Bartkowski

[Stella] Yea...my mom

[Joe] She came over from Poland as a little girl

[Stella] She came when she was 18. See my grandfather...

[Joe] She was alone too, right?

[Stella] Yea. See my father was here. Came out here to America...the United States. He got a job in the mines. So he didn't like it and he went back home. He said I've been in hell if I've never gone to hell I have been in there already. He said it was so dark in there he had to walk around with a light.

[Joe] Where were the mines?

[Stella] Pennsylvania. So he went back home and never came back. Well he tried to come here but I think the job discouraged him...I don't blame him cause I would not want to be in mine work...It is dangerous. My mother married...my mother was 26...she got married. My father was 24. There was four years difference. My mother had...a girl. Her first child was a girl but...but it died 3 days after she was born. We were all born with midwives. That is all they had years back. They had doctors but they were all also midwives. She died 3 days after because I think when the midwife...uh...was delivering her, she broke her leg. She came feet first and she broke her leg.
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Ewa (Bartkowska) Gajewski Part II
Brianna (Gajewski) Guckemus

[Joe] You know I ran into a problem on... on with the ab... is Grandma's first name. I have it seen it spelled with an "am" and an "an".
[Stella] Amelia
[Joe] Yes
[Stella] Then Amelia. Amelia. She had a so many different ways, that it was pathetic. She landed up with Nellie. Nellie. Whatever it was she had
[Joe] Ok so it was several different names
[Stella] Yes
[Joe] If the ah... I have noticed on several different documents and stuff it is different and I did not know which was right. I suppose it is one of those that... several were right... it was just different usage at times
[Stella] Yes it was the way they pronounced them and the way they spelled them too you know. It was funny
[Joe] Do I did Grandma Bartkowski... talk much about her... did she have any brothers or sisters
[Stella] Did not have any brothers she had a sister
[Joe] She did have a sister
[Joe] Well... was... her other sister was here in the states
[Stella] No she never came... just my mother came here. Boy, I tell you my grandfather did but he went back. Cause he did not like it here. It was a living hell. He said to his wife I have never been in hell I have been all ready. He said I almost stayed there. He did not come back here... he never came back here
[Joe] Now that was your... ah
[Stella] My mother's father. As far as my fathers side, I did not know anything about any of them I did not know who they were. But I did not know... when my father died he was only 45. He had stomach cancer... so he died young.
[Joe] And he did definately he came... he was born in Poland and immigrated here
[Stella] Yes
[Joe] Did he come... do you know did he come with his father and mother or did his father and mother...
[Stella] No. His mother and father didn't come. He must have followed his sisters.
[Joe] Ok. Do you know how many sisters or brothers he had

[Stella] He had only one. Two sisters. Mary was the oldest and Eva was next. My father was the baby
[Joe] Ok, you may have told me some of this before but I just wanted to make sure I don't forget it
[Stella] Yea baby... baby brother
[Joe] Was both of them. They all. Three of them came over by
[Stella] I imagine they came separate times. They had to have somebody to take them in and vouch for them that they are going... be responsible for them. They came and like I said... on Front Street it was gathering place for all the... foreigners that came but they had to have a place to stay. So somebody had to sponsor them.
[Joe] As far as I know, those three came over... possibly at different times.
[Stella: yea] Parents never did come over
[Stella] No... neither side
[Joe] We don't know too much about them at all
[Stella] Neither side. I don't know anything about that side
[Joe] Then... now on your mom's side, she came over
[Stella: yea]
[Joe] Her sister never did.
[Stella: no]
[Joe] ...and as far as you know, her parents never came over
[Stella: no]
[Joe] Do you know much about the Polish... geography?
[Stella] Not really... what do you want to know?
[Joe] Well no... what I was curious about it. I was talking with Al Budka today. He was taking about his relatives all came from someplace south of Warsaw. I said where is Warsaw? He said well it is about in the center. I guess the problem that we would have... in trying to trace our side... your side of the family back would be... like most of them were from... according to the certificates Russian Poland. But that would be Russian Poland at the time, right?
[Stella] Like my mother told us... Poland at one time was ruled by Russians. Another time it was ruled by Germans. When they went to church... they had to pray. The Russians... they had guards. They had to pay... pray for Russian or they had to pray for German. So very... strict... very strict.
[Joe] I think if I can remember... once, only once did I ever hear Grandma Bartkowski talk... about... about the country. I think did she not say it was mostly farm land? [Stella: yea] Kind of flat?
[Stella] They even had... straw roofs on their houses
[Joe] Oh they did
[Stella] I had a cousin that went out... oh I would say... about... 20 years ago. She and her husband went to Poland... and she came and some of the houses were still built with straw. So a lot of it has not changed... in that area
[Joe] Did your cousin wonder look into any of the family
[Stella] Now! She was not???. She was ???. She was to far to know anything. Her husband came from Poland but he died... he had sugar and he went blind... so. She is all alone. She says I am the only one... from my cousins side that is living. I said all her brothers are dead. The only girl but they are all gone. They outspread all of them.
The Bartkowski family is without a doubt from an area near Warsaw called Lutocin. However, it is not south it is actually to the North West of Warsaw. I have recently found confirmation of Jan Bartkowski’s marriage to Katarzynia Michalska on 10 Feb 1878 in Lutocin (Figure 7). The translated document states:

‘Nr 3 Lutocin It happened in Lutocin on the 29th day of January/10th day of February 1878 at 5 p.m. We make it known that in the presence of the witnesses: Jan Lewandowski, 41 years old and Jan Król, 60 years old, both peasants living in Lutocin there was concluded on this day religious marriage between: Jan Bartkowski, a young man, born in the village Czarnia Mała and living in Dębowka, son of Maciej and Rozalia nee Witkowska, 23 years old and Katarzyna Michalska, a miss, born and living in Lutocin, daughter of Mateusz and Ewa nee Niedziakowska, 21 years old. This marriage was preceded by 3 banns announced in Lutocin parish church on: 15/27 January, 22 January/3 February and 29 January 10 February of the current year. Newlyweds informed they didn’t make premarital agreement. Religious marriage ceremony performed by the priest Antoni Grandyszewski, Lutocin parish Administrator. This act was read aloud to the newlyweds and witnesses, all illiterate and signed only by Us. priest Grandyszewski signature, Lutocin parish administrator, serving as Civil Registrar.’
This document provided me with some new information. The first being that Jan was born in a place called Czarnia Mała, a village in the administrative district of Gmina Skrwilno. The second it confirmed that his parents were Maciej Bartkowski and Rozalia née Witkowska and that Katarzyna Michalska’s parents were Mateusz and Ewa née Niedziałkowska. Third, it mentions that the marriage was preceded by 3 “banns” announced in the Lutocin Parish. At first, I thought this meant that there was something that prohibited them from getting married before. However, I learned that “banns” was not misspelled and that it means marriage intentions (zapowiedź). The couple was required to announce their intention to marry at least two or three times so that other community members could raise any objections to the marriage.

After some more digging on http://geneteka.genealodzy.pl I discovered 13 documents relating to the Bartkowski/Michalska families. I learned that Katarzyna Michalska had two sisters: Antonina (b. 1860), Anna (b.1865 – d.1866). She also had four brothers: Antoni Michalski (b.1864), Mateusz Michalski Jr. (b.1867), Jan Michalski (b.1871), and Jakub Michalski (b.1974). All of her siblings were baptized in Lutocin. I also found Katarzyna’s baptismal record (figure 8.) which confirmed her date of birth 17 Sept 1857. The transcription reads:
‘64 village Lutocin It happened in the village Lutocin on the 6th/18th day of September 1857 at 5 p.m. Appeared Mateusz Michalski, servant, 34 years old, living in the village Lutocin in the presence of Michał Bieniek, 40 years old and Antoni Wilary, 32 years old, both farmers living in the village Lutocin and presented Us a female child born yesterday in the village Lutocin at 3 p.m. with his wife Ewa nee Niedziakowska, 28 years old. At The Holy Baptism held today the child was given the name Katarzyna and the godparents were: mentioned above Michał Bieniek and Petronella Wilary. this act was read aloud to the declarant and witnesses, all illiterate and signed only by Us, priest Feliks Kowalewski, Lutocin parish parson, serving as Civil Registrar.”

Figure 8 Katarzyna Bartkowski (nee Michalska) Baptismal Record
17 Sept 1857

Figure 9 Map of Lutocin
Figure 10 Retrieved from Dylewski, Adam (2012). TRADYCJA MAZOWSZA powiat żuromiński Przewodnik subiektywny. Copyright by Mazowieckie Centrum Kultury i Sztuki and authors.
Maciej Bartkowski was born in 1816 Starcz, Poland and died December 6, 1892, in Szoniec at the age of 76 (Figure 12). Based on Maciej’s Death record, I have reason to believe that he may have married twice, first to Rozalia Witkowska and second to Marianna Kosek. However, I am still searching for further documentation.
Translation: “127 Szoniec It happened in Lutocin on the 25th day of November/7th day of December 1892 at 11 a.m. Appeared: Józef Bartkowski, 32 years old and Franciszek Zelmański, 65 years old, both servants living in Szoniec and they informed that yesterday at 6 p.m. died in Szoniec Maciej Bartkowski, worker, 76 years old, born in Starcz, son Bartkowski’s spouses, living at his daughter’s place in Szoniec. He left his widowed wife Marianna nee Kosek. After eye belief about Maciej Bartkowski death this act was read aloud to the present, all illiterate and signed only by Us. priest Kacper Strusifski, parish administrator, serving as Civil Registrar.”

This is the extent of the research I have on Jan Bartkowski. I still need to find out if he had any siblings. I have just written a letter (in Polish to the best of my ability) to the Parish in Lutocin requesting assistance in finding further information about my family and hope to continue this story in Part III.
PANI KATARZYNA KORNACKA  
Part 15 – The Forties (Her Neighbors)  
Martin Byster

Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah  
James Baskett

Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay  
My, oh, my, what a wonderful day  
Plenty of sunshine headin’ my way  
Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay!  
Mister Bluebird's on my shoulder  
It's the truth, it's "actch'll"  
Everything is "satisfactch'll"  
Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, zip-a-dee-ay  
Wonderful feeling, wonderful day!

Her Neighbors  
(As I Remember Them)

Katarzyna’s (Katie's) neighborhood as I perceive it over her lifetime in Schenectady stretched east from the Western Gateway Bridge to the next railroad bridge east of Freeman’s Bridge where Erie Boulevard Extension crosses the Mohawk River and south along Eastern Avenue past Saint Mary’s Church to McClellan Street where she and her devoted husband Feliks lie interred at Saint Mary’s Cemetery. Her neighborhood included a community of relatives and friends from her native country Poland, the families and businesses that employed her, stores where she shopped, physicians who cared for her, the priests who administered to her faith, and her immediate family which until the mid-forties were all within a reasonable walk of River Street where she, the matriarch, welcomed her growing family of 2nd generation Americans amongst whom, to her disappointment, the Polish language would not carry on.

For sure her neighbors lived on River Street, 210 husbands, wives, children, heads of family and boarders in 1930, 128 in 1940, continuing to decline as immigrants from Poland, Italy, Germany, Russia and Hungary passed on and their descendants moved away.

The American Locomotive Company, to accommodate the manufacturing of military tanks for WWII and the Korean Conflict, encroached on the neighborhood: first to its benefit with jobs and a railroad siding along the Mohawk River, a levee which held flood waters at bay through 1996, followed by an expansion in the late ‘40s which cleared an area for employee parking, eliminating the Italian Gardens on both sides of River Street from #13 and #18, then north to where the levee skirted the southern bank of the river.

WWII created prosperity in the neighborhood which was never to return. One young soldier off to war, decked out in uniform I recall, stopped to say good bye to me standing on the front porch. I waited expecting his return; he never did. After the war, a Marine
visited his family later to say good bye before he moved to another city to follow his job with General Electric.

I had my friends David Fatato, Arnie Colangelo, Peter Terrana, Chucky, Chee-Chee, and Dumbo Sarnowski and my dearest friend Russel Golembieski.

Katie had Alice Olszewski, and Wladislawa Jurewicz amongst the few to whom she could talk frequently in Polish.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Surname &amp; Given Names, Heads of Family</th>
<th>River Street, Schenectady; 1940 Census</th>
<th>#s 1 - 16</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>1 River</td>
<td>Not listed in 1940 Census</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 River Paolillo</td>
<td>Angelina</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 River Ravella</td>
<td>George Sr.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 River Ansalmo</td>
<td>Vincent</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 River Dente</td>
<td>Marian</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 River Buchalski</td>
<td>Frank</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 River Consulvo</td>
<td>Dominic</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 River Prillo</td>
<td>Augustine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 River Puerto</td>
<td>Sabatino</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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</tr>
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<td>Joseph</td>
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<td>11 River Kudzin</td>
<td>John</td>
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<tr>
<td>11 River Sammo</td>
<td>John Sr.</td>
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<td>Josephine</td>
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<td>14 River Matusiewicz</td>
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<td>15 River Vacant Lot w/ Gardens</td>
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<td>Joseph</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 River Jurczewicz [Jurczewicz]</td>
<td>Charles</td>
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Figure 1: River Street, South Side, Uphill of #18
“When I was growing up, this neighborhood was booming,”

“I can remember when they would let out ALCO in the 1950s, you couldn’t get out your front steps there were so many people walking by. They were all blue-collar workers, and it was a good neighborhood.”

“...men...stopped in at Uncle Ben’s or BL’s for a drink. Uncle Ben’s, was Al’s Tavern after Prohibition... until 1936, [next] the Wagon Wheel, [then] for two years...sat vacant until it opened as Uncle Ben’s in 1940. ... name ... taken by Bronislaw (Ben) Kuczynski and his wife, Agnes, back in 1940 when they bought 213 Front.... Ben died in 1954, his son Joe [Kootch] ran the place until the 1980s.”

I remember “Kootchy” as someone with whom my father had me in competition with his freehand drawing caricatures, local individuals or comic strip characters. My Uncle Joe Z (Vicky’s husband) had given me a primer on drawing caricatures. My father was a patron at the bar and occasionally brought home Kootchy’s drawings, challenging me to

---

1 Mary Ann Ruscitto, Front Street Schenectady, NY
2 2012.0902; Buell, Ben; Front Street taverns were neighborhood hub for ALCO, GE workers
3 Ancestry. Com; Nott Terrace High School Yearbook 1947
do better. I even met with Kootchy in a booth at the back of the tavern. Kootchy’s drawings were always better, much better; he was good, hands down, truly artistic.

#3 Dente

Felicia and Celia Dente were always ready to strike up a conversation but could not in Polish. They had political influence in local politics and kept an ear to the ground for the Neighborhood. Their cousin, Clara Dente Duffy⁴ taught English at Washington Irving JHS. I was one of her students.

#5 Schultz

Mrs. Shultz with her daughter Helen moved in the early ‘40s to #24. I recall her daughter being swept away in one of the handsomest automobiles, with opened top, golden yellow body, maroon fenders with large round headlamps, two front seats and a rumble seat never to return. I have no recollection of meeting Mrs. Shultz or her daughter.

Coincidentally, our house at #18 was painted at the earliest of my memory, precisely I’ll claim, as the Duesenberg (Fig. 4), golden yellow with maroon trim as it was when Mr. Charlie Ernst sold it to the Kornackis.

---

⁴ https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/122581412/clara-yvonne-duffy
#6 Bieniek

Benny Bieniek was a good friend of my father Benny Byster, and they may very well have spent their money on a shot and a beer (Doblers) at Uncle Ben’s.

#7 & #9 D’Orazio

Mr. D’Orazio at #7, was to me the keeper of the garden gate6 to the Italian Gardens across from #18. I would occasionally get a peek at what was going on in the gardens and, as I recall, occasionally get a juicy yellow plum as a treat. Mr. D’Orazio may have been the father or grandfather of Ann Golembieski, the mother of one of my dearest friends, Russell, who lived at this address. All summer long Russell and I together crossed the railroad trestle to the north side of the river and explored Collins Creek, the remains of the Round House off Sunnyside Road, Sarnowskis Creek from where it crossed the New York Central siding north, its crossing under the main line of the Delaware and Hudson, and occasionally badger the railroad engineers for a ride on the ALCO/GE switch engine operating in the railyard. My, oh my, what wonderful days. My friend Peter Terrana lived at #9.

#10 Colangelo

Arnie Colangelo lived here. In 1948 or later his parents invited me to see their new TV set and watch, with Arnie and Peter, Bread Time Stories on the Freddie Freihofer show then, after a station break, from NBC, the Howdy Doody on WRGB, channel 4, TV. On one, Milton Berle was next but my parents, ahh no, my mother, said no even after receiving Arnie’s mother approval personally.

---

5 http://automobilemuseum.org/
6 Part 14, Fig. 9: Fence, Gate, Gardens
At Mr. Kudzin’s passing, I believe I saw a Russian Orthodox priest at his home to comfort Mrs. Kudzin with her family and administer the last rites of the church.

Mrs. Scardino tended the Italian Garden in the adjacent lot north of the #18. An apartment building which had stood there was gone in the ‘30s. How Katie, my grandfather Feliks and Mrs. Scardino understood each other I'll never know, but there were many conversations across a fence which separated her yard from ours. Dare I guess; could have it been about gardening?

Mrs. Scardino always referred to me as “Nini”.

One conversation my mother later explained to me, after listening to my grandfather, was that rabbits were suddenly ravaging her garden. I heard both Mrs. Scardino and my grandfather engaging in a polite conversation but could not understand a word of it. As it turned out, a large brown rabbit my grandfather somehow captured and kept in a hutch had a clutch of bunnies all of which were able to escape thru a hole the mother created in the bottom of the hutch to feed in the garden and safely return. It apparently took some convincing but my grandfather had to relent and repaired the hutch.

Alice Olszewski is undoubtedly Katie’s most cherished friend. After her husband had passed on, Katie and Alice, after all the household chores were done, would sit at #13 on the “stoop” and chat for hours while Alice created art in crochet or knit (Fig. 5). Katie in her quiet hours would either read a newspaper printed in Polish or hook rugs. I recall Katie sharing the newspaper with Alice at the stoop but she hooked her rugs (Fig. 5) at home.

Alice’s son, Walter, was a fireman in the City of Schenectady Fire Department. Her son Carl worked in the city at the Mica Insulator Company. The kerosene heater we put up to heat the house in winter had a broken sheet of transparent mica for the window. We were fortunate that Carl could get us a precious replacement.
Nicholas’s daughters Alice and Jane frequently sat on the front stoop of their home. Either my mother and I or by myself would always stop and talk with them; what we talked about is a faded memory.

#14 Jankowski

Joseph Jankowski Jr. US Marine Corps (1941c.)

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Mrs. Wladyslawa, Jurewicz and her daughter Bernice Lencewicz also frequently sat on the front stoop of their home (in the days before TV), always available to talk and exchange holiday greetings with those of us who walked to the corner store or the chicken shop at the head of River Street or downtown on a summer evening to Barney’s, Carl’s, or Wallace’s.

John Laban is Helen Laban’s brother. I saw him off to war