

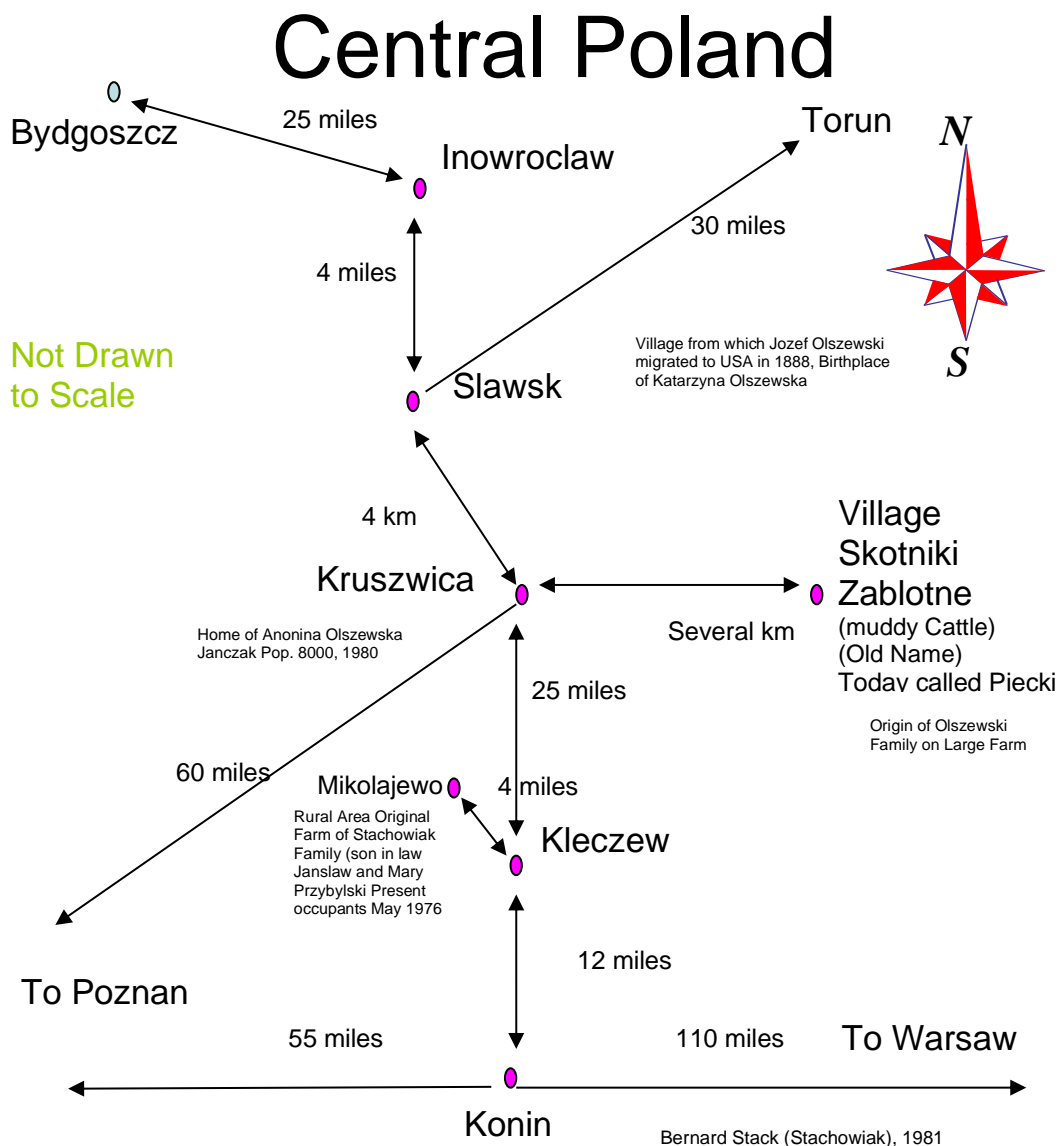
STACHOWIAK FAMILY

Summary of the Olszewski and Stachowiak Families

As told by Peggy (Pelagia)Stachowiak Bak and Gene (Genevieve} Stachowiak Barone
To Viola Bak Lynch, April 1989
and from *Bernard A. Stack, Sr (Stachowiak)* April 18, 2001, 1 Hall Street, Warren, RI 02885
Born November 28, 1911

Heritage

My Grandfather, Joseph Olszewski, 1850-1925 came from a village named Zablotne Skotniki (muddied cattle) later named Piecin (or Piecki), which is located several kilometers east of Kruszwica, which is north of Konin (pop 20,000). The town that he emigrated from, Stawsk, is very small, located 4 km (2.4 miles) north of Kruszwica (Konin is located west of Warsaw, on route E-8) From Konin, you travel north on route 165 toward Inowroclaw. Stawsk is about 4 miles south of Inowroclaw. Kruszwica (8,000 pop.) is 6 miles SE of Slawsk.



The area of Poland is 126,000 square miles, equal in area to all New England, plus NY and NJ. 502 miles from NW corner diagonally to SE corner.

Grandpa Olszewski

Grandpa, (Jozef Olszewski) born in Stawsk (also called Stosk) in 1850 and came to America with his wife Agnes who was also born in Stawsk in 1852. They came with my mother, Catherine, Olszewski. Mother was born in Prussia in 1879 and came to America when she was 8 years old (1887). She recalled needing her papers because of her birthplace being Prussia.

She came with her sisters Pelagia and Sadie.

Her sisters were Pelagia, (Peg)Born in 1881, Poland
Sadie born in 1886, Poland
Mamie, born in 1890, Quidnick
Stacia, born in 1892, Quidnick

Grandpa had been a sheriff before coming to America.

Jozeph Olszewski, age 38, in 1888, decided to migrate to the USA after Germany invaded Poland, and ruled that no Polish people could own land. He and his family became serfs to a new German landowner. His farm was gone!

Jozeph's family consisted of his wife Agnieszka Lewandowska Olszewska, age 38, and three daughters – Katarzyna (Katherine), b. 1879, Pelagia, b. 1881, Salomea b. 1886, two step-sons from Agnes, who had been married to a man named Mila. The step sons were Mickat (d. 1908), and Jozef Mila, who later worked in Chicago as a baker. The seven of them left Poland, probably by train and traveled to Hamburg where they boarded a steam ship and traveled about 11 days in steerage to N.Y. City (past the Statue of Liberty) around December 1888, disembarking at Castle Garden, near Battery Park. (Ellis Island, as a receiving station, was not opened until 1892.) Grandpa Olszewski had a sister Maryanna (1858-1943) who had emigrated to the US at an earlier date and had a disastrous experience at Castle Garden. Her infant daughter was kidnapped while they were was on the dock and the child was never found.

Poppa came to America , sponsored by a cousin of grandma's, and lived in Fall River, Mass. He was told there were 5 pretty girls living in Quidnick, R.I. which was a good 50 miles away. He traveled to see them and wanted to marry the second daughter but grandpa and grandma felt strongly that the first born should be the first to be married and so it was. This is how my mother and father married. Momma said she didn't love him at first but shortly after they were married, loved him for his gentle ways and being a good provider and we had respect and love for him.

The Olszewski group traveled by train to Quidnick, RI and were received by grandpa's sister, Maryanna Rybarczyuk at their home. The Olszewskis settled in a mill tenement, which was a duplex house, 1 ½ stories, side by side units. I remember the house, since demolished, was on an elevated lot, 3 feet above the sidewalk and had a stone retaining wall in front. It was on Quidnick street on the east side, second house from Washington Street and across from the mill.

The side-by-side tenements remind me of a story my mother told me about living in a similar house in Warren. Her niece lived in the adjacent section of the house and the pantry wall was common to both. To facilitated contact and communications, they punched a small hole in the

wall, (also handy for one cook to ask the other cook if she thought a sample spoonful of soup was seasoned sufficiently).

Family Life

In 1904 Grandfather Olszewski bought two adjacent Cape Cod type cottages at #527 Washington Street, Quidnick, R.I. for \$2,000, and they lived in one and rented the other. The houses are there today. In their earlier days they were well maintained. Grandpa's house was fenced in and was 1 ½ stories high, had a broad front porch and was on a large (1 acre) lot; across the street there was a trolley track, a fence, and then there was the west branch of the Pawtuxet River with a big steel railroad span bridge crossing the river. The bridge was about 35 feet above the river and boys in the river swimming would jump off. We often fished there but I cannot remember catching very much.

The house had no running water or electricity. In the kitchen was a black sink with a cast iron water pump at one end. Downstairs was a living room, dining room, and kitchen. Upstairs were 3 or 4 bedrooms (small). In the back yard was the outhouse; on the wall hung a calendar from my father's grocery store and I thought it was sacrilegious to have a Stachowiach calendar in such an uncouth place. Also in the back yard was a large tool shed and another building for storage of firewood, pigeon loft, etc.

I remember the cellar was dark and cold with a dirt floor and had massive stone steps coming down the cellar bulkhead. I always remembered a large coil of garden hose on the porch floor and as a kid I wanted to squirt water but I don't remember any water pipes or running water. The cellar was cool in summer and fresh food was stored there temporarily to prevent spoiling.

I remember Aunt Stasia's wedding. We boys went down cellar and swiped a container of ice cream and went to the river bank to give the ice cream the attention it deserved and not having spoons or dishes, we had to eat it with our bare hands before it melted.

Amusement in Quidnick was lacking Fishing, swimming (sometimes at Salt Water – Nausauket Beach), blueberry picking, etc. There were no street lights and on a dark night grandpa would take a lantern and his accordion and take a group to go visiting and sing and dance. Grandpa was a robust tall man with a well poised carriage. He had white hair and a gay-nineties moustache, light smooth skin and on cold days his cheeks were red. He was a religious man, a trustee in the founding of Our Lady of Czenstochowa church. In his retirement he attended mass daily in his nearby church. On days when there was much snow and the altar boys did not show up, he served as altar boy himself.

The Olszewski family had a cemetery lot on top of a hill on Gough Street. In 1908 his granddaughter Rosalice Szykowski was killed when she went to Dyer's Store nearby for ice cream, and when she ran out of the store, a street car struck her as she stepped out of the doorway. She was buried in the Olszewski lot. A few days after the burial, grandpa's step son, Michael Mila, died suddenly in Boston where he was working at a ladies clothing tailor shop. The shop owner had no information of his kin and one of Mila's co-workers remembered that Mila had told him that a young niece had been killed recently in Rhode Island by a street car. This gave a clue of his kin and his remains were brought to Quidnick for burial. He had some money saved and his heirs used it to erect the family cemetery monument.

I vividly remember my mother getting her five children ready to go from Warren to Quidnick for a holiday such as Easter or Christmas. She got us all cleaned up and dressed up for travel and we had to sit still until the last one was prepared. Then we walked to the Warren Depot and took the electric train to Providence. In winter we took the steam train, Providence to Quidnick, but in the summer time we road the open-air trolley cares which had long benches cross-wise and we all got car-sick and had to go to the back platform where we could relieve ourselves unobserved. My father didn't come until later as he had work to do at the store before the holiday.

The cemetery lot appears to be about 16' x 10' and contains the remains of 11 adults and one child.

Memories of Personality

Grandpa Olszewski had an imposing bearing – tall, straight, and dignified. When Grandpa went to visit his sister he always put on his black suit, got out his gold stickpin for his necktie, then he would ask my mother for some perfume which he rubbed into his palms, brushed his palms through the hair on his temples and finally rubbed his hands on his back side and then he was ready to go.

In America, grandpa, a very handsome man, lived in a small house in Quidnick on a large lot which ran up in back on a hill. Grandma was a small woman who had been married before and had 2 sons by that marriage. All I can remember about her was that she had no teeth. I would roll out peanuts to a powder and fill a water glass and bring it to her. To bad peanut butter wasn't around.

For wedding gifts to his daughters, he gave each a karat gold ladies' lapel watch with a gold snap cover. I still have my mother's.

Grandpa had another sister who married a man name Michalski. He was at the Columbian Exposition in 1892 and a land agent sold him some land in Three Lakes, Wisconsin. The couple traveled to the area in North East Wisconsin. He built a cabin and cleared land for farming and soon a new railroad was built on land he sold to the railroad. He prospered. The wife had previously run a ladies' clothing tailoring shop in Chicago.

Grandpa often used an expression that I could not fathom. If you related to him a story of local news or history, when you finished he would say in Polish, "ah niech zyue za?z!", which translates to "Oh, to be without life, immediately!" I could never fathom what it was to convey. Probably a group of meaningless words as we say today: "Oh, you don't say."

Warren at the Turn of the Century

My parents moved to Warren, R.I. in 1895 and lived on Davis St., Kelly St. and 143 Water St., and 69 Union St. which he had built for his family and cost \$3225.00. It was a 2 family house with tenants on the first floor and we had 5 room on the second floor and five bedrooms on the third floor. It had running water, electricity and was to have had a steam central heating system but the contractor made a mistake and did not put it in when the house was built. He allowed \$500 off the price. Rumor was that we had electricity.

My mother went to school for one day in Poland. That evening her father asked her what she had learned, and replied “Ein-zwei drei-vier” and that was the beginning and ending of her formal education.

My father didn't like factory work, so in 1902 he opened a grocery and butcher shop. He never went to school. When he was 9 years old, he had a job in a brick factory, and later he worked with a group of itinerant slaughterers and butchers who traveled through their neighborhood. Han ran the store until 1917, when poor health forced him to close. Without schooling he taught himself to read and write and figure his accounts pertaining to the store. For a hobby he liked to write patriotic verse about Polish history. He hated Bismarck (contemporary German Dictator and oppressor of the weakened Polish country. He was a trustee of the St. Casimir's Church in Warren. When Reverend Peter Switala came to Warren in 1908 to organize the new church he boarded with my mother, She had 4 children, but was able to take care of his lodging.

My mother had a niece “Bronia” in Quidnick who had a boy friend in New Bedford, Mass. He courted her many weekends. When would leave New Bedford after work on Saturdays, he'd ride his high wheel bike 43 miles (one way) to Quidnick, and return to New Bedford on Sunday afternoon over rough unpaved roads. He was a powerful giant of a man and very handsome.

For a time the Sydlowski family lived in Warren at 48 Baker Street. William Sydlowski was born in Warren.

My mother was the oldest of 5 daughters and married Joseph Stachowiak in 1895. She was married by a Polish Priest in Quidnick (Rev. Chmielinski, of Webster, Mass.). The wedding party walked from the Olszewski house to St. John's French Church, ¾ mile, and my mother's wedding dress was a pale green ribbed silk material of which I have a small swatch.

Our mother Katherine never went to school except for one day. She could read and write Polish and her reading English was very limited. During WWII, General Embargo was often being spoken on radio broadcasts of news and she was curious to know who was this Italian named General Lombardo! She learned to speak English well enough to be able to interpret for Polish men and women in doctor's visits and in court. When in court a sexual episode was being tried, her English vocabulary was limited, so she translated the Polish equivalent into English and it came out “do a damage to her.” Attachment became “toochman” which was very amusing to the court. Here oldest daughter, Pelagia, born 1899, was unable to understand or speak English when she entered the 1st grade because she had only spoken Polish to her parents. She soon learned to participate

From Uncle Bennie
Historically, I made a discovery. At home we had pictures of the Janczak family in Poland. We had not heard from them for many years. I wrote a letter to the Janczak Family in Kruszwica, address unknown. I was much surprised to receive a reply, much more than I expected. A letter was written to me from
Donsualda Janczakowa
UL. Swierczewskiego 38/3
88-150 Kruszwica, Poland
He was approximately 58 years old (born 1943) when I received his letter in 2001.

Donsualdo's grandmother was Antosia Janczakowa. She was the youngest sister of Joseph Olszewski. She married Antoni Janczak, a baker, who had his shop in Kruszwica. She had 14 children, 12 boys and two girls. Those of her sons perished in WWII. During WWII the Nazis confiscated all the equipment in the bake shop and the business never revived. Donsualda has inherited all the historical records of the family. She worked in a sugar factory (sugar beets) and recently completed a correspondence course in organic chemistry. I corresponded with her and made plans to visit her. She offered to come to Warsaw airport to meet us. Unfortunately, marital law came into the picture in Poland and we decided not to take a chance in Poland. When I notified Donsualda (apparently a sensitive person) she was greatly upset and our correspondence has ceased.)

in her studies without “English as a second language” instruction. Soon she received all “A”s in her English classes. She could play the piano just by listening to the tune, no musical sheets. Her father never went to school but was able to do his figuring at his store, while employing three assistants. He was a versatile mechanic, butcher, sewing, made shoes and leather boots, masonry, carpentering, sausage maker (sour kraut and dill pickles) farmer; we had a piano at home, collector at church, and church trustee, also a horseman.

My mother was very proud in 1912. She had borne 8 children, 5 survived, 3 died in infancy due to lack of proper refrigeration for milk. She had a new house built with 10 rooms for herself, 5 more rooms to let, and was only 33 years old and she had finished raising her family. Today the schedule is very different.

Stachowiak on index cards in Library of Congress, Washington, DC

Antone, 1911 German Book, Poznan, 1950
Franz, 1979, German Book, Munich
Hans, Mathematics
Herbert, 7 volumes, mathematics, Vienna
Jerzy, Elections, 1964
Lech, Fibre Study
Stanislaw, Law
Wtadystan, Man, origins

His sister, Maryanna Rybarczyk, moved to Warren, R.I.. She was an expert seamstress and she sewed children’s clothing that her daughter Pelagia sold in her dry goods store. This project grew until Pelagia built a large brick building uptown in Warren. The store sold yard goods and ladies wear and was very prosperous. Pelagia employed three clerks to handle the volume of business.

We would go to visit from Warren by trolley car which would make us car sick. It went by Field’s Point, switched overhead lines in Auburn (Cranston), traveled through Oak Lawn and on through Antic, Riverpoint, Clyde, Artic (Jerico) and finally Quidnick.

I remember grandpa had lots of bushes, raspberry, gooseberry, current, and fruit trees, plum, cherry. There was a wood shed with pigeons in the loft, a hen coop, out house, (a two holer with one smaller one for children) and a little step. There was another large shed with a range to boil some food for pigs and heat water - large copper bottom kettle to do laundry, washing machine was there and all food for stock. There was also a duck pond, lots of Herb’s and flowers for the church altar which my 2 aunts decorated every Saturday.

There were hens for eating and eggs, ducks for eating and feathers for pillows, and 2 pigs, one of which would be slaughtered for eating at Christmas and later made into sausages, ham, bacon and kielbasa. Oh, yes, good old kielbasa! Vegetables were stored in the dark dirt cellar for the winter.

In 1906 I remember the ladies wore floor length shirts and on the bottom was a folded piece of plush sewed to a tape and sewed to the bottom of the skirt to keep it from wearing out. It was black or navy - I don’t know about other colors. Skirts were fitted and flared at the knees.

Pa had a grocery store at 143 Water Street and made a comfortable living at it (It would have been 2 buildings down from the house my grandson, Bobby, bought and restored the Nathaniel Porter Inn. The little store was torn down in the fifties to make room for an entranceway and parking area for the American Tourister Luggage Company.

Momma was a court interpreter and well thought of in the community. She was a beautiful woman and had 8 children, 5 of whom lived.

They were:

- Pelagia, born in 1899 She lived in Warren, and only spoke Polish when she started school at the age of six. By the time she graduated from high school she was at the top of her class in English.
- Felix born in 1901 lived in Warren all his life.
- Genevieve (Genowefa) 1905
- Eddie 1907
- Bennie (Bernard), 1911 lived in Warren all his life.

I remember our house on Water Street. Across the hall lived Miss Quirk. She was a school teacher and had the posture of a queen. She played the piano and I would just walk in and listen to her play “Sousa’s March” and “Glow-worm”

I remember, when I was 3 years old, waking up one night and going downstairs in my nightshirt dragging a broom and walking under the saloon cafe doors, walked up the street, crossed the road. The owner was a cousin of my mother’s so he knew me and brought me home.

I loved going to school. Since no English was spoken at home and I didn’t go outside the fenced in yard, I had to learn quickly and I liked to learn. My marks were always the highest in the class and I even had higher marks than John Hutchins Cady who eventually became a great historian. I was also awarded, first a button, and then a certificate for my Palmer Penmanship, first in Warren, fifth grade - also a diploma.

(At the age of ninety my mother’s [Pelagia] handwriting is still beautiful and she keeps her mind active and sharp by playing Scrabble every day and also making a list of figures to add up. I have often given her my checkbook to balance.)

Easter Dinner

The dinner was the following: ham, kielbasa and boiled eggs on a platter, roast veal, loaf of bread, butter, horseradish. The priest would come and bless the dinner on Saturday but we couldn’t eat anything till Sunday noon. Nothing could be thrown in the garbage; it had to be burned, food also, babka and raised doughnuts.

Respect

Regarding respect to my family, I always will remember that we kissed my grandparent’s hand.

When we said to my mother, “Will you tie my hair ribbon?” my father would say in Polish, “What kind of “you” is your mother?” in Polish. We would say “Will mama tie my hair ribbon?” - never “you”.

After attending mass on Sunday, when we entered the house, we would say, “Niech bednue pochwalony Jesus Chrystus” I guess it meant “this house is blessed by Jesus.”

We would never say “no” to our parents. We never threw tantrums.

I would go on my bicycle to a Barrington greenhouse and get white carnations for the table and a small spring of smilax - a pretty greenery, was placed here and there on the table.

Sunday breakfast, my father would cut an egg in seven pieces and each one would have a piece, plus breakfast.

My parents were very generous and caring people. During the Depression Dad had families in Warren, Vermont (now a big ski area) send down there cut Christmas trees and he would sell them to all the neighbors and sent all the money back to them.

Stanley Bak

Stanley also owned several lots near our home (at 5 Legion Way in Cranston). He offered the land to anyone who was out of work during the Depression and WWII so that they could “farm” it and retain all the fruits and vegetables for themselves. Stanley had a full-time job working as a technician at AT&T during this period, so he kept his family fed during the hard times.

At Thanksgiving time they would fill several baskets with food and necessities and bring them to the needy. For many years after people would stop me on the street to inquire about my folks and comment on their thoughtfulness and generosity.

We never had a great deal but we always shared whatever we had.

When you were naughty you’d get a piece of coal in your stocking but I never saw the boys get coal.

Funny story - “My sister Gene signed up for dancing lessons, ordered ballet slippers from the Outlet Store in Providence, COD. My father was home and wanted to see what cost \$2.95. He saw the slippers and said, “Nobody dead here.”

The day after Easter the custom of dyngus was played to the hilt for the fun of the boys and detested by the girls. The boys would take a quart measure of water, wet the girl’s ankles. The next day the women would sprinkle water from a glass at the men.

Rum Running & Bootlegging in Warren

Years later my grandson, Bobby, was told that poppa made gin during Prohibition and we have been trying to track this down. Joe Ginalski said as a boy he took a Coke from the soda rack and poppa hit him. His mother said he should know better - that Coke was not white. (All I can remember is that I was in charge of the tube to fill bottles in the back room and it was beer - not gin. I was about 7 or 8 years old at the time. Grandpa had a back room in the store and it had a sofa, soft chairs and a pickle barrel and after 9 o’clock the policemen would come in and have their beer and pickles and something to eat.)

Gene said on weekends the men would come by train from Fall River to Warren. They would carry suitcases under their arms. The French people would visit Asselin Picard’s and go back with the suitcases full of liquor (April 1920) Gene said there was Prohibition in Fall River but none in R.I.

(Where did the Polish people go?) They'd go to the saloon next door to my father's grocery store. My aunt Sadie's husband was bartender.

Stanley Bak

Of my father's (Stanley Bak) family background I know very little. He lived in Woonsocket with his grandmother, Ann Weron, his mother Nellie, his brothers Anthony and Peter and a sister, Sophie. Stanley's father left home or disappeared when he was 10 years old. He must have been a very good-looking man because his children were good looking while the mother was not.

Stanley left school in the fifth grade to support his entire family. He shined shoes and sold newspapers at the Warren Depot Railroad Station. Mr. Stevens, who worked at the Railroad Station, met him and took him under his wing. He taught him about electricity and the Morse Code.

When WWI broke out in April 1917, Stanley joined the Army as a telegrapher. He went to the front as a Morse Code Operator. This is probably when he began losing his hearing because of the massive artillery barrages we excruciatingly deafening. Stanley never mentioned his war experience to his grandchildren.

This code and technical experience enabled him to get a job at AT&T after the war as a technician. When radios were introduced in the 1920's, he quickly absorbed the technology, and became proficient at electronics. This ensured he would be able to keep his job at AT&T when the Depression hit hard in the next decade. His principal job was with American Tel. & Tel where he normally worked the night shift repairing lines and equipment, including long distance electronic transmitters.

After World War I Stanley was a ticket salesman at the Warren Depot and still wearing his army uniform. I worked in Bristol and took the train each day. His landlady brought him home to meet my grandmother and she liked him a lot. I met him on Friday March 13. Sunday he called to ask me to a Whist Party. I didn't play whist so I invited him over and that's how it started, on the 17th. I went to a St. Patrick's Minstrel with him right after that.

When he married my mother he went to Wisconsin and then Chicago and worked at the Stock Exchange using the Morse Code. This proved to be extremely helpful to him in later life in understanding the Stock Market which became his hobby.

Stanley and I were out Christmas shopping and when we returned there was a poker wire strung up to hang stockings on. Bennie and Eddie got under the cot we were sitting on and it was so low, I don't know how they got under there. Stanley and I went into the kitchen and sat on the cot. Benny was screeching and we were getting ready to put their gifts in the stockings on the poker wire and they started giggling. They weren't allowed to stay up and finally went to bed. My father cat-napped in the kitchen and he could have sat down and hurt them.

During the Depression he held 3 jobs and helped many other families. He'd repair anything, radios, washing machines, furniture, you name it. Since he worked the



Peggy & Stanley at Gene Bak Longo's wedding c 1950

night shift, during the day he'd also go to the dump to find broken things he could find to repair and either give away or resell at a very modest price.

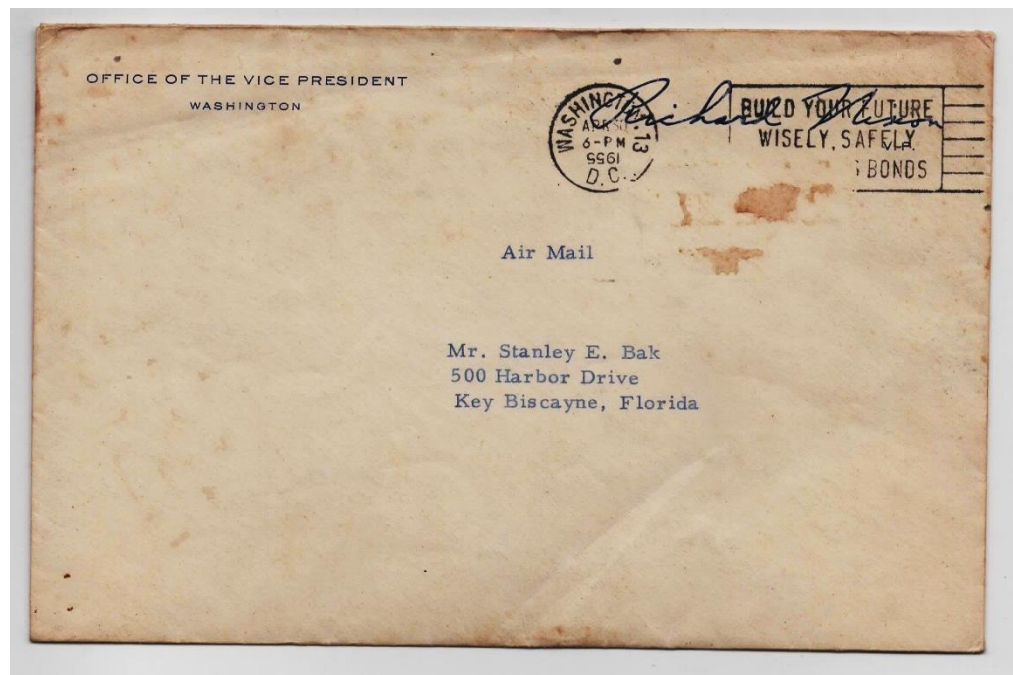
Another job he had was attending the football games at Moses Brown Prep School and I would go with him as he telegraphed the plays of the game to the Providence Journal.

During the depression, we let people grow crops on our spare land, so they would have enough to eat.

Stanley built a small cabin on Johnson's Pond in Coventry and we would spend our summers there with the children and Stanley would fish during his time off. He loved fishing and had a small row boat with a tiny Johnson motor.

We built a house on Scituate Avenue in Cranston after the second world war, and sold it later to move to Florida. Stanley's favorite cars were always Pontiacs. These were never pretentious cars, but showed he was just a little more successful than those who bought a Chevrolet.

He retired at the age of 55 and moved to Key Biscayne Florida. Health was a big reason – he suffered from asthma. Stanley repaired televisions and rented T-Vs to people staying on the island, including Vice President Nixon. His house at 500 Harbor Drive was just in front of President Nixon's. He sold his house to friends, May and Kirke Roberts, and moved to Ft. Lauderdale in a lovely house with a screened swimming pool. His house at Key Biscayne became the house of one of the security men attending President Nixon.





OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

April 29, 1955

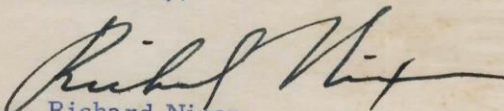
Dear Mr. Bak:

This is just a note to tell you how very much I appreciated your generosity in letting us have the use of your 8 mm projector while we were in Florida earlier this month.

Mrs. Nixon and the girls and I certainly enjoyed having an opportunity to see movies which had been taken of our trip to Central America, as well as a previous trip to Florida, and they join me in sending our thanks and best wishes to you.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,


Richard Nixon

Mr. Stanley E. Bak
500 Harbor Drive
Key Biscayne, Florida

Pictures of the Olszewski and Stachowiak Families



Olszewski Family

Photo 1907 or 1908

- Seated: 1. Jozef Olszewski (1850-1925)
 2. Salameja Olszewska Ginalska (1886-1954)
 3. Stanisława Olszewska Wojéik (1892-1971)
 4. Jozef Milla (1875?-1930?)
 5. Agnieszka Lewandowska Olszewska (1852-1909)
- Standing: 6. Katarzyna Olszewska Stachowiak (1879-1945)
 7. Michał Milla (1872-1908)
 8. Maryanna Olszewska Zaporowicz (1890-)
 9. Pelagia Olszewska Szydłowska (1881-1943)

Nos. 1-4-5-6-7-9 were born in Poland and emigrated to Quidnick (West Warwick) R.I. in 1888 from Sławsk (also called Słosk) located on the Warta River, 6 miles WSW of Konin which is 58 miles ESE of Poznan. Immigration was via steamship from Hamburg to New York.

Nos. 4 and 7 were sons of Agnieszka by her first marriage.

- No. 1 lived in Sławsk, Quidnick and Sayre, Penna.
 2 lived in Sławsk, Quidnick, Providence, and Sayre, Penna.
 3 lived in Quidnick and Pawtucket, R. I.
 4 lived in Sławsk, Quidnick, and Chicago. He was a baker.
 5 lived in Sławsk and Quidnick.
 6 lived in Sławsk, Quidnick, and Warren, R.I.
 8 lived in Quidnick, Providence, Boston, and Braintree, Mass.
 7 lived in Sławsk, Quidnick, and Boston. He was a tailor.
 9 lived in Sławsk, Quidnick, and Providence.

1-2-3-5-7- -9 are buried in the Olszewski family lot located in the cemetery on Gough Ave. in West Warwick, R.I. Lot is located approx. 100 ft. from street frontage. Prepared by Bernard Stack 9-1-78.

Stachowiak Family

Photo 1920?

1. Jozef Antoni Stachowiak (1867-1936) was born in Mikołajewo, a rural area, 4 mi. NW of Kleczew which is 12 miles NW of Konin, which is 58 miles ESE of Poznan. He immigrated alone to Fall River, Mass. in 1893(?) where he lived for two years. He was married in 1895 and moved to Warren and lived on Kelly St., Davis St., 59 (now 143) Water St., and 69 Union St. He conducted a grocery and butcher shop at 59 Water St.
2. Bernard Anthony Stachowiak (Stack) (1911-) Married to Meta Atkinson. Children Bernard Jr. 1942 and Valerie 1944.
3. Katarzyna Agnieszka Olszewska Stachowiak (1879-1945). Born at Sławsk (also called Słosk) located on Warta River, 6 miles WSW of Konin, which is 58 miles ESE of Poznan. Emigrated to U.S. in 1888 with parents, two sisters, and two half brothers via steamship from Hamburg to New York and settled in Quidnick, R.I. (West Warwick) Married in 1895 and settled in Warren, R.I. 1 and 3 are buried in Stachowiak family lot in St. Jean de Baptiste Cemetery on Greenlawn Ave., Warren. Lot is located at middle of west boundary.
4. Edmund (Edward) Michael Bernard Stachowiak (Stack) (1907-) moved to Detroit in 1926 where he worked as a cable splicer. Lived in Dearborn and at Cass Lake in West Bloomfield Mich. Son Edward Jr. 1930. Married Loretta Nakielska.
5. Genevieve Stachowiak Barone (1905-) married to Philip Barone and lived in Providence, Rumford, and Warwick R.I. Children Adrienne (1934-1978) and John (1943-1946)
6. Felix William Stachowiak (Stack) (1902-) lived in Warren and worked for the railroad as freight traffic agent. Daughter Natalie 1929. Married Priscilla Lyman.
7. Pelagia Stachowiak (1899-) Married to Stanley Bak, lived in Cranston, R.I., Key Biscayne, Fla, Ft. Lauderdale and Miami Shores. Children Viola 1922 and Genevieve 1924.

Photo 1920(?)
 STACHOWIAK FAMILY
 Prepared by Bernard Stack, 9-1-78

PRUSSIA

The Prussian state was created out of the Province of E. Prussia, which, prior to the conquest of the Christian Teutonic Knights in the 13th century, had been dominated by the Borussi or Preussen.

In 1618 Prussia came under the jurisdiction of the Electors of Brandenburg, a Hohenzollern dynasty. The Hohenzollerns continued to add to their territories and came to have the most powerful army in Europe.

The more notable Hohenzollern rulers were Frederick William (1640-1688), Frederick II (1740-1786) who raised Prussia to the status of a leading European power; Frederick William II (1786-1797) won for his kingdom the 2nd and 3rd partitions of Poland.

The great modern period of Prussian development came under the rule of William II (1861-1888) and Chancellor Bismarck, when Schleswig-Holstein was annexed from Denmark, Austria was defeated, and, as a result of the Franco-Prussian War (1870-71) Prussia formed the German Empire.

After the World War Prussia became a free state of the German Reich and remained so until the National Socialists came into power (Jan. 30, 1933) and consolidated Prussia into the Third Reich.