

Kaya Mirecka Ploss from 2

popular radio program in Lwów, Wesola Lwowska Fala (Entertaining Radio from Lwów) to join the program. There Alfred Schutz became the official composer for that radio program.

The Music Man

In 1937, Alfred Schutz moved to Warsaw where he became the music director of the Bufali Theater and the conductor of the Operetta House. With the outbreak of war, he and many other artists relocated to Lwów, soon to be occupied by Soviet forces. Schulz was in the Soviet Union when he heard about the Polish Army being formed there by General W³adys³aw Anders, There, in 1941 Schutz joined the Polish Army in the city of Buzuluk. He was assigned to the Propaganda Department of the Army. Together with the Polish Army he was evacuated to Iran. In Tehran the first Polish Soldiers Theater was established with singers and actors of the pre-war Polish Theater. Among them were Renata Bogdańska (who later became General Anders' wife) the famous singer Zofia Terne and the beloved comedian Ludwik Lawiński. Both worked in the Cabaret Qui Pro Quo in Warsaw. The man who organized the Theater was Feliks Konarski aka REF-REN That group was joined by Alfred Schutz, who became the music director.

The Soldier's Composer

The Polish Soldiers Theater was traveling with the fighting soldiers throughout the campaign across Palestine, Egypt and Italy. Besides working in the Soldiers Theater, Schulz composed songs and ran a soldier's radio station in Bagdad, Jerusalem, Cairo and Rome. Among others, he composed the songs *Bajka o Żołnierzu i Sercu, Maryś, Warszawo* and *Idź Żołnierze (Here Come the Soldiers)*. The Soldiers Theater was stationed near Monte Cassino in Campobasso. The American and the British soldiers had tried for a few days to conquer the Monte Cassino Hill on which the Famous Monastery was located. Each unit failed. The turn had come for the Polish soldiers to try and conquer the Monte Cassino Hill. The night before that historic battle, around midnight a very excited Feliks Konarski (REFREN) walked into Schutz's room. He threw at Schutz hand written pages starting with the words *Czy Widzisz Te Gruży Na Szczycie (Do You See ...)* demanding that Schutz compose the tune to the words. Deeply moved by the words, Alfred Schutz read them over and over. When he put down the pages the melody was already composed in his head. He sat at the piano; next to him sat Mr. Konarski. Neither one got up until the whole melody was on paper. Alfred Schutz was the first who sang the whole song to Mr. Konarski.

The Polish Flag on the Hill

The next day, May 19, will forever be important in Poland's history. Polish soldiers stormed Monte Cassino and after a bloody battle where many lives were lost, they put a Polish flag on top of Monte Cassino. That same day, the song written by Konarski and Schulz was performed at the Polish Soldiers Theater. There wasn't a dry eye in the audience. Those weary soldiers who fought so hard and who lost so many comrades cried like children. From then on, the song became like a hymn to the soldiers and a symbol of their battles in all their fights on the way to a *free Poland - as they believed*.

The Forgotten Man

After the war, Alfred Schulz emigrated to Brazil. There he worked in Brazilian Theaters as an accompanist. He also composed a couple of well-known Sambas, but he longed for Europe. In 1961, he returned to the continent and settled in Munich, Germany. Occasionally, though sporadically, he worked for Radio Free Europe which had its headquarters in Munich. He often complained to people that he felt abandoned and forgotten.

Alfred Schulz died in Munich in 1999 at the age of 89. He died without a big funeral. No one was carrying flowers to his resting place or carrying on a cushion the many medals that were bestowed upon him. No one mentioned the famous *Czerwone Maki na Monte Cassino* song that he composed. Only a last minute intervention by someone who knew him prevented him from being buried in a mass grave for paupers in Munich.

Some of Us Remember

He was always a very modest person but he deserves to be remembered. I hope that when you hear that song again, that you will remember the man who composed it and died completely forgotten.

There was a great need in me to write about Alfred Schulz. I met him as a young girl and looked up to him with admiration. He, Ludwik Lawiński and Konrad Tom were especially kind to me when they met me immediately after the war. It was thanks to them that I joined the Polish Soldiers Theater first in Italy and later relocated with to the Theater in England. I was 16 at that time and had quite a lovely voice.

I can truly imagine Alfred Schutz sitting somewhere in Heaven surrounded by Polish soldiers who died in the battle of Monte Cassino. Maybe he is composing a new song or maybe he sings together with the soldiers another song of his, *Idź Żołnierze*. But most of all, I would want him to know that some of us remember him not only because of that famous Monte Cassino song but because he was a kind human being.

May He Rest in Peace!**Czerwone Maki na Monte Cassino**

Czy widzisz te gruzy na szczycie?
Tam wróg twój się kryje jak szczur
Musicie, musicie, musicie,
Za kark wzięć i strącić go z chmur.
I poszli szaleni zażarci
I poszli jak zawsze uparci,
Jak zawsze za wolność się bić.
Czerwone maki na Monte Cassino
Zarniast rosę piły polską krew.
I poszli zabijać i mścić.
A po tych makach szedł żołnierz i ginął
Boć od śmierci silniejszy był gniew.
Przejdą lata i wieki przemina,
Pozostaną ślady dawnych dni.
I wszystkie maki na Monte Cassino,
Czerwone będą bo z polskiej wzrosły krwi.
Runęli do boju szaleńcy.
Niejeden z nich dostał i padł.
Jak ci z Samosierry straceńcy,
Jak ci spod Raclawic, sprzed lat.
Runęli impetem szalonym.
I doszli. I udał się szturm.
I sztandar swój biało-czerwony
Zatknęli na gruzach wśród chmur.
Czerwone maki na Monte Cassino...

Do you see the ruins on the mountain top?
There your enemy is hiding like a rat!
You must! You must! You must!
Take them by the neck, and hurl them from clouds
And they went in rage fiercely,
And they went obstinately to kill in vengeance,
As always for they fought for their honor.
Red poppies on Monte Cassino
Instead of dew they drank the blood of fallen Poles,
They went to kill and maim.
The soldiers who marched over the poppies and died.
Their anger was stronger than the threat of death!
Years and centuries shall pass by,
But the traces of the past days shall remain,
Only the poppies of Mone Cassino
Shall grow and be red because of spilled Polish blood
They charged through fire in desperation!
Some received the deadly bullet and fell
Just like those furious fighters in Samosierra,
Like those who fought in Rokitny years ago
They impetuously tumbled in the mud
And they succeeded, the assault was a success.
And they placed their white and red flag
On the ruins in the clouds.
Red poppies on Monte Cassino

Monte Cassino from 4

losses sustained, but the veteran German First parachute division, the same which had captured Crete in 1941, was not to be taken by surprise. The Allied artillery barrage which opened the assault had little effect on the enemy. Despite the exemplary courage of the troops, the assault by the Second Corps was halted.

This is what Michal Drzewica who fought at Monte Cassino had to say about that stage of the battle: "The question flashed into my mind, tired and exhausted by the heat of battle, which had long lost the habit of thought: how is it there are only twenty of us left when a whole company went in? ...The scorching wind brought the sickly-sweet stench of hundreds of rotting bodies.. Jeeps loaded with wounded, were negotiating their way cautiously down the slopes... Way down below the dusty white of a crossroads stood out sharply against the brilliant red of poppy fields, concealing with their rich color even the lush green of the meadows." The supreme sacrifice of Polish blood added to the intense redness of the poppies.

The Poles led the way

The attack was halted, but in that first stage of the battle, the Second Corps had engaged the bulk of the enemy forces. Simultaneously, the Polish action enabled the French to make spectacular advances in the mountains. The net result was that the whole enemy position was threatened because of the relentless action of the Polish Second Corps and the allied advance from the rear.

On May 17, the Polish Second Corps resumed the assault and this time with complete success. Before noon on May 18, patrols of the Podolian Lancers cleared the last of the enemy on Monastery Hill. As the ruins of the Monastery were being captured, a bugler played the Hejnal.

General Alexander, Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces in Italy, said after the battle: "If I had the choice of troops I wanted under my command, my choice would fall on you Polish troops."

Allied losses in the months of fighting for Monte Cassino exceeded a hundred and twenty thousand men. Losses sustained by the Polish Second Corps in a few days of fighting amounted to approximately four thousand killed and wounded. On top of Monte Casino is a cemetery, which is home to more than 1,100 Brave Sons of Poland. The cemetery's entrance is flanked by two majestic Polish Eagles carved in stone, who are watching over the soldiers sleeping there. An inscription reads: "We Polish soldiers, for our freedom and yours have given our souls to God, our bodies to the soil of Italy, and our hearts to Poland."

Even more than its military importance, the moral significance of the momentous role played by the Polish Corps in the victorious battle of Monte Cassino, assured it a place of honor in the history of the struggle for national liberation.

(Editor's note: This article which appeared in the News of Polonia's May 2004 issue was created by Ed Wilczyński, columnist of the Post Eagle in New Jersey. Important input from Richard Wideryński (Long Beach) was added. Rich's dad fought at Monte Cassino.) □

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Los Angeles**Constitution Day from 4**

Revolutionary Etude. A few most famous snippets of Mussorgsky's *Night on the Bald Mountain* served as bridge material between the two variations on Chopin's standards, conveying a degree of impish amusement for the pianist in blending various styles and composers into his own inventive vision. Two additional encores - this time original compositions by Tomaszewski - added a degree of intimacy and mystery with their delicate textures and sweetly romantic melodic material, and provided an agreeable conclusion to the festive evening. □

Janek's Corner from 4

no identity of their grandfathers and little do they know about reality. Instead, they easily fall into the category of drug-addicts or sniffers who only try to floss themselves amongst their friends. Flossing is all they want and all they have ever known.

They get involved in a number of activities they have never dreamed of. They are adults – they know what is best. They are let free for four months. They love it. Before that, though, they have to choose their future life. They need to decide on what to do with their lives. Their choice is usually directed by others – friends, family, and current trends. They take up random subjects at the university, only because they feel this is what they want. They, instead, choose to live the life of others, who have accompanied them for a bunch of years now – to remain friends, to save bonds of childhood, to feel safe at the beginning of a new chapter of their life. They make rash decisions which result in a decrease in the confidence level. They become outpatients, who need the help of their families. Parents rescue them and make great efforts to put them back on track. How noble of them! Ancient Romans would not love that – a person in need who was left behind -- such a concept of survival.

Then, there are other exams, these of those who are already adults – university students. They dwell on their course work with great passion and show even greater appreciation towards their lecturers. Lack of confidence is not a part of their lives. They strive against their tempers and loads of work they have been given. They never fall apart, because if they did, they would be gone immediately. They cannot rely on their parents. They have already gone into the world that is risky and cruel to them – no way out, no help inside. They are on their own, but that's exactly what they chose to be and how they like it. No wonder it's the time everybody remembers so long.

They even drink wine and beer when they feel a need for it. The art of tasting wine is not a novelty to them. They enjoy it to the fullest with their friends – new friends they have made at the university. Old friends are left behind with slight thought of reminiscence of the past. Old friends are still alive in their mind, but new ones seem so interesting and entertaining that they prefer their company. As far as their companionship is concerned, it is simply cemented through the wine-tasting.

It's the art of wine-tasting that lets people bond. □

Beginning Polish Language Study Group

Meet at Hastings Library
3325 E. Orange Grove Blvd.
Pasadena, CA, 91107
Beginning Saturday September 20th
from 1.00 PM to 4.30PM.
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