

Niech bedzie pochwalony Jezus Chrystus.

Friends of Poland. On to-day's program I would like to tell you something about Krakow, Poland's 5th largest city. Of course I will describe this historic city as it looked to me in 1933 when I had the good fortune to spend several days there. But first let's have a Polka which we dedicate to Charles J. Cole on his birthday.

"Bombadier" - Polka.

Krakow, here beats the heart of Poland, true and most beloved in culture and tradition, with a history that is notable as it is old. What Krakow possesses in art, culture, science and residents, gives a true picture of the Polish race and its glorious past. If Warsaw, the present - day capital was the city of which the Poles were most proud, Krakow the ancient seat of government, is the town they love best. For Krakow is the cradle of the Polish nation, it is the seat of Polish liberties. Krakow is the most Polish city of Poland, it is the spiritual heart of Poland. Krakow, aristocratic by tradition, distinguished for its ancient culture and its brilliant intellectualism, is as old as mankind itself. A Polish capital for centuries, a commercial city long before Cortez conquered Mexico, Krakow is a treasure house to delight the eye of

the tourist. It is half the size of Washington, D.C. It was founded, according to a myth, by a certain brave hero, Krakus, who killed a fearful dragon, and upon the spot where the monster breathed his last, near a huge cave on the left bank of the Wisla, he built a fort and named it after himself.

And now before we continue we'll have another Polka. Dzis Sw. Bernarda - a zatem naczesc wszystkich Bernardow gramy Polke:

"Czarny Las" - Dark Woods;;; Polka

The heart of the city of Krakow is the Rynek or Market Place, one of the most spacious squares in Europe. In the Rynek Kosciuszko in 1794 swore his allegiance to Poland as he set out to fight the Russians. In the center of this immense plaza stands in isolated majesty the Ancient Cloth Hall - in Polish Sukiennice. Part of the National Museum was established in the Cloth Hall and its collections are the richest in Poland.

But in this square, more convincing than the Cloth Hall in age and purity of design stands the famous Gothic Church of Our Lady. The Poles call it Panna Marja or Kosciol Marjacki. Tradition and legend cluster around this ancient house of worship. Constructed of brick this church dates back 500 years. Matejko frescoes and the most beautiful altar in Poland, work of the great Wit Stwosz, adorn the interior of the Church. Its towers, although they rise side by side, are dissimilar in design

and unequal in height. However their fame reaches beyond the frontiers. I will tell you about <sup>after</sup> ~~after~~ the next number played for Mrs. Stanislaus Janeczek for her coming birthday:

"Poznajcie Naszych Muzykantow"  
 "Know Our Musicians"

The fame of St. Mary's Tower results from the perpetuation of a traditional custom that is unique in the world. Every hour of the day and night the sweet notes of a bugle call, known as the hey-nal, ripple from the highest story and ~~#####~~ always end on a broken note. According to legend this ceremony began in the 13th century with the Mongolian invasion. It was a custom of the time for a traditional air to be played hourly in honor of the Blessed Mother, the trumpeters taking an oath, as they continue to do, that they would faithfully perform this task, even at the cost of their lives. In 1241 the Mongolians invaded the city. The trumpeter of the day, faithful to his trust, remained to do honor to St. Mary. As he on the hour, sounded the hymn of praise, an enemy arrow found its mark in the middle of a note, the trumpeter fell. In commemoration of his heroism the bugler's call to-day, as through the centuries, always ends on this same broken note. This hymn of the horn has a haunting melody... clear, sweet, rippling through the upper

air, swelling out in gentle crescendo and then sinking to an almost imperceptible whisper, the chords floating gently over the city always to end at the broken note. Whether in the clatter of the midday hour or in the midnight silence of the sleeping city, the trumpeters of Krakow bring a benediction to the listener.

And now in honor of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Lukaszewski who celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary to-day a Polka;

"Czemus bym za zycia"

If the Market Place is the heart of Krakow, certainly Wawel Hill is its soul and indeed the soul of Poland. On this historical eminence overlooking the Wisła, stand the ancient Palace of the Kings, the seat of the government and the Cathedral - a pantheon of the illustrious sons of Poland. In this sacred mountain are enshrined a 1000 years of Polish hopes, ambitions, achievements and memories. The Palace now maintained as a museum of royalty contains more than one hundred rooms.

The Gothic Cathedral, which in 1320 rose alongside the royal castle, was ordained to be Poland's holy of holies. This historic structure which has survived fire and pestilence, foreign invasions and civil wars, holds all that Poland loves and reveres. <sup>Here</sup> ~~Here~~ lies buried St. Stanislaus, Bishop of Krakow, the patron saint of the Poles and King Wladyslaw Jagillo. Below in the crypt, the tombs of the great continue.

Casimir the Great, the "Founder of Cities"; King John Sobieski the conqueror of the Turks before Vienna, Tadeusz Kosciuszko, hero of the American Revolution, Adam Mickiewicz Poland's greatest poet. The last to join these solemn ranks was Josep Pilsudski. / And now a Polka for Miss Mary Melnik who celebrated her birthday to-day:

"Nowo Modna" - Polka  
 "A Modern" - Polka

Krakow, predominant in ecclesiastical affairs has also been an educational center. The academy of sciences founded by Casimir the great was developed into a university in 1389 by Jadwiga and Jagiello and has been ~~####~~ known since as Jagiellon University. It is the second oldest university in central Europe. It was for centuries and is to-day the intellectual center of Poland. Many an eminent Pole studied there. Nicholaus Kopernik the great Polish astronomer is the University's most illustrious son. Oh Yes we could keep on describing Krakow but time does not allow it. Suffice to say Krakow is like a great national museum and no other Polish City excels her age - old historic collections.

And now we'll play something different. Hope you enjoy it.

"Wesoly Piotr" - Intermezzo  
 "Jolly Peter" - Intermezzo

Raymond Szymanski, an American soldier of Polish extraction died a hero's death in India after a gallant struggle with the Japanese. While he lay dying his captain asked him if he had any last request to make. "Have someone kiss my mother from me", Szymanski replied. The captain forwarded the dying soldier's request to the authorities, who in turn notified the President. Lately, the President invited Pauline Szymanski the mother of the dead soldier to the White House and in the presence of 56 other gold star mothers who also lost their sons, kissed Mrs. Szymanski on the cheek. All the other mothers witnessed this touching scene with tears in their eyes. "I do not remember what the President said, Mrs. Szymanski later remarked. But I do remember what he did. It was as if my own son had kissed me."

For our last number to-day

"Kares" - Polka

And so DO WIDZENIA until next Sunday at 5. God bless you and yours and BOG ZAPLAC for listening.