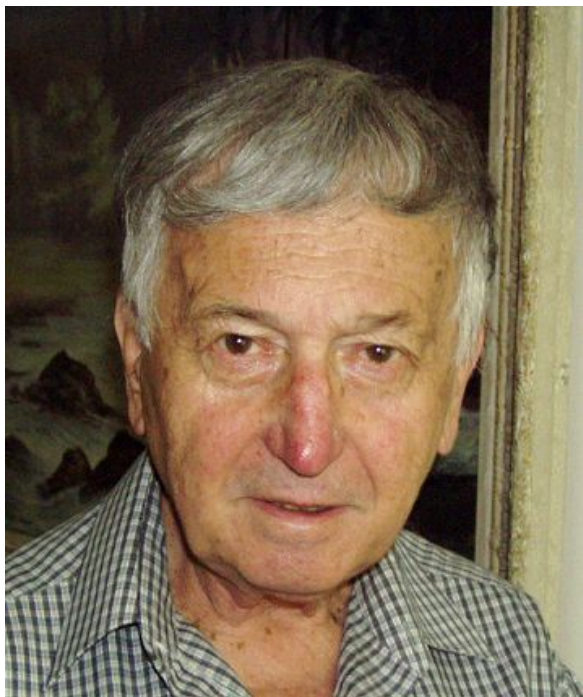


Testimony of an IT guy



My name is **Milan Krejčířík**.

I am the son of the last brewery manager
in Moravské Budějovice

(the brewery was closed after nationalisation in 1945),
a graduate of the realgymnasium, and a civil engineer.

I have the academic title CSc

in the scientific field of computer applications,

and my world has revolved around computers since 1960.

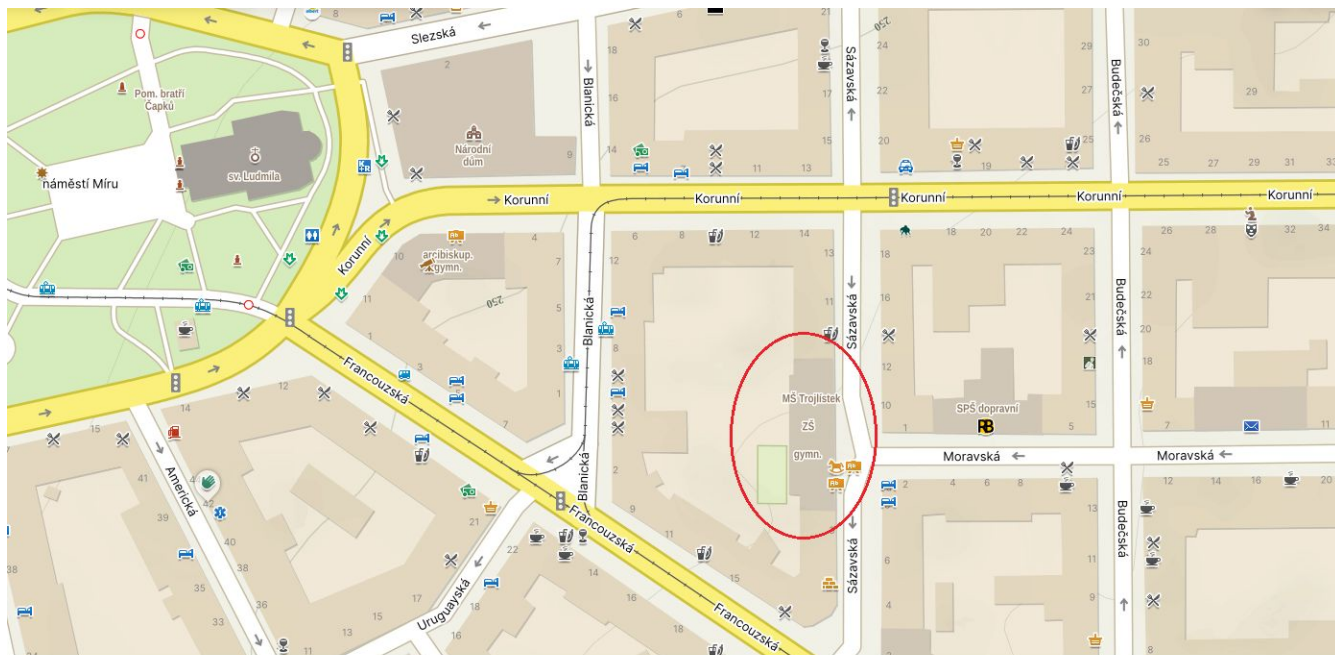
So I'm more of an IT guy.

PŘÍPAD MODRÝ

The Case of Modrý



On Tuesday, 3 October 2023,
Czech Television
broadcast a documentary
Called The Case of Modrý.
With excitement I followed
the narration of lady Blanka,
Bohumil Modrý's daughter.



Budova školy v Sázavské ulici na mapě hl. m. Prahy

I first encountered the engineer Modrý sometime during 1960. As an employee of the former Prague Design Institute, I had participated in drawing up the design of the school building on Sázavská Street, and in the course of its implementation I visited the site to sort out various minor problems.



Budova školy v Sázavské ulici na pražských Vinohradech, kterou postavil jako stavbyvedoucí Ing. Bohuslav Modrý.
Jako specialista tehdejšího Pražského projektového ústavu jsem se podílel na projektu budovy a po několika měsících na stavbu docházel.

When I entered the site office for the first time I was welcomed by the site manager, Ing. Bohumil Modrý. Bohumil Modrý was a likeable guy, very polite, and wore a perfect suit. We quickly became friends.

Once he told me about the work in the labour camp, where prisoners worked in a radioactive environment completely without protective equipment. He did not hide his indignation that the communists were deliberately sending their political opponents to death, adding: *“I was lucky, I was young. And thanks to sport I was also physically and mentally capable.”*



Místo, kde jsem se naposled setkal s Ing. Bohumilem Modrým. Šel jsem po nábreží Edvarda Beneše. U Čechova mostu jsem odbočil na most. V té chvíli jsem ho spatřil. Šel proti mně. Když mě také uviděl, začal se usmívat...

The last time I met engineer Modrý was in 1963. I was walking along the Edvard Beneš Embankment and turned onto Čech Bridge. At that moment I caught sight of him. He was walking towards me, and when he saw me, he smiled.

I extended my right arm to shake hands, but he mirrored the gesture with his left.

“What on Earth happened? An injury?”

“My arm somehow went floppy. I probably caught something in the labour camp. The doctors don’t know what to do.”

He rolled up his sleeve a little. His right arm had shrunk down to the bone. It reminded me of the arm of a concentration camp inmate. I was truly shocked by what I saw. He spotted my reaction and tried to reassure me:

“It’s just an arm, otherwise I’m OK. Hopefully they’ll be able to fix it.”

A few months passed and I came across a tiny two-line message on the back page of the newspaper:

On 21.7.1963 passed away Ing. B. Modrý,
former ice hockey player.

02



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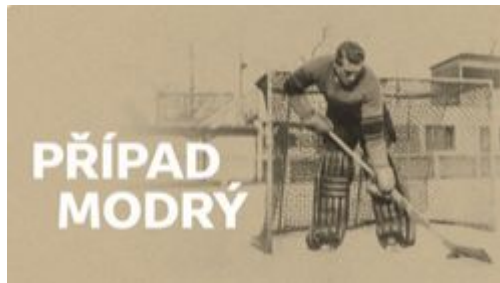




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<https://www.ceskatelevize.cz/porady/13730758532-pripad-modry/>



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