

Jindrich Fantl With His Family At The Cottage



I think that my grandparents had a comfortable life. It wasn't anything showy, but the store made them a living and they even had a cottage in Mokropsy, in Nasshunden as Grandpa used to say, which is a little ways outside of Prague, before the war it was a prominent vacation home location. They used to take the train there from Smichov, but when? Certainly not for the entire weekend, because on Saturday Grandpa had to be at the synagogue, so perhaps they left for there on Saturday evening and stayed until Sunday, or maybe they were there only on Sunday. I actually

don't even know if you could sleep over there, it was this garden cottage. It was surrounded by a garden, but who took care of it, that I also don't know. Whether they had a gardener? They were already older, so who knows how they would have handled the work themselves. We would sometimes go to visit them there. This photo is one of the ones that were taken during our visits in the 1930s. On it are Grandpa, Grandma, then from the left Ruben, Mother, me, my cousin Edita, her mother, Aunt Ida, and the figure that you can only see a part of, is probably Aunt Mirjam . My grandparents foolishly lost the cottage. Grandpa hadn't told Grandma anything about it, but he had acted as a guarantor for his brother, who then I don't know why didn't pay, and so the bank came to Grandpa to collect on the debt. So he had to sell the cottage. You can imagine the fuss Grandma must have kicked up. But what wouldn't Grandpa have done for his brother? It happened in about 1937 or 38, I didn't even know that they had lost it in this fashion. A person doesn't ask about anything, he takes everything as a matter of course. At least I took it that way.