

## Harry Fink Relaxing In A Garden



In this picture you can see me in some garden, but I don't know where. The picture was taken in the 1930s. My parents were on the stricter side when it came to me, there was no shortage of the occasional slap here and there. Mainly from my father, my mother too, but then it really had to be for good reason. She went at it cleverly, she'd complain about me to my father, and my father would take care of me tout suite. I think that my father was the stricter one. He was terribly touchy regarding school. I remember when I was small, and at school we had religion class [Judaism], and once the class was cancelled and I came home an hour early. And my father didn't want to believe me, so he ran over to my school and went to ask whether I wasn't making it up. Well, I really wasn't making it up. But that wasn't of any use to me, because that day I had done something, I don't even know what any more, and I got a good hiding. We used to go a little ways outside of Prague to Radejovice. We had a place rented there, and my father would come in the evening, because it was a suburb of Prague and today it's part of the city. Back then it was still a village in the forest. So we used to go on vacations like this as well. We also drove around the region surrounding Prague, to Karlstein, to St. John's Currents to swim. While we still could, before they took our car [because of the Anti-Jewish laws in the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia] we went on trips and then, when we couldn't have the car any more, we stopped.