

Pavel Fried With His Sister Erika Felixova And Mother Marta Friedova



This is a family photograph, in the middle of which is my mother Marta Friedova, nee Waldstein, on her right is my sister Erika Felixova, nee Friedova, and on the left that's me. The picture was taken by Trebic photographer Bahner around the year 1936. In fact my mother came from Western Bohemia, which is as Czech as you can get. My mother didn't go out and socialize very much. She mainly stayed at home, where she used to meet with other Jewish women from Trebic. They would sit around and gossip, knit and trade recipes. In later years, when there was a strong Zionist movement in town, they collected money for Keren Kayemet Leisrael. She and her friends used to go out into Jewish social circles and collect money using blue and white cash-boxes. Ladies of her generation devoted themselves to the aforementioned activities, but of course taking care of the family and the household and bringing up children had top priority. My sister was born on 8th January 1923. Erika and I don't have a lot of common experiences. We didn't play together, mainly because of the large age difference of seven years; when I was seven, my sister was already a young lady of 14. She was friends mainly with Jewish girls. This was due to the ethics of the time. Girls in those days had to socialize differently, because they were interested in finding a Jewish boy. I was born in Trebic on 13th June 1930. I don't remember much of my preschool times, except that we would always go to Grandpa's in Prestice. I never went to nursery school. Besides having maids, my mother also hired a nanny who took care of us. She was a girl from a Christian family, and later she married a Jew. Her husband died during World War II. As I grew up, I also had more friends. They were mainly Jewish boys, because they lived in the immediate vicinity, which means the neighbour across the street and to the left of us. We walked to and from school together, and also got up to mischief together. Nearby was the Jihlava River by which we used to go play. Whenever the ice froze we would go and test the thickness of it. A little ways away was a generating station, from which warm water flowed into the river, so the ice was thin. Occasionally we fell into the freezing water. Our parents were afraid for us and used to go see whether we were

playing by the river. We, however, knew all the surrounding houses and yards, so when they would come from one direction we would escape in another. When they returned home we would already be there waiting for them. They would always praise us and say how glad they were that we were at home while all the other scoundrels were running about on the river.