

## Hana Glasova And Martin Glas



This is a picture of my wife and me, it was taken in Prague in the 1950s. My wife didn't have anything to do with Jews, except for marrying one. And also that she had a Jewish girlfriend during childhood. When they wanted to go for a walk together, that friend of hers would lend her a star, she had two of them, and off they'd go. After the war, her friend didn't return. Our wedding, which was at the Old Town Hall, was quite a big embarrassment, because the ensemble arranged a little surprise for us, and plenty of them participated. After the usual ceremony at the town hall, they strung up a clothesline, hung various things on it, and I had to take them down. All the while, I was sticking the clothespins in my pocket, like I'd been used to doing when I used to gather the laundry for my mother, and everyone laughed at that. There were foreigners standing around and filming everything, and one foreigner called out to me, for me to kiss the bride, which I didn't want to do, but in the end did it. We delayed the other weddings by perhaps as much as half an hour.

Normally, however, I wasn't used to making fun of serious things. I can't stand practical jokes and black humor. After the wedding, my wife and I went on vacation. We were pulling along a wagon with our suitcases, and I heard some locals saying: "What's this? Are they brother and sister? Or father and daughter?" It didn't at all occur to them that we might be husband and wife. And when we were in Rujan, my wife and son and I went to borrow a beach basket. At that time I was 44, my wife was 45, and our son 12, but the old sea dog that lent us the basket thought that they were my children. Once, when my wife was taking the streetcar home late at night, the conductor apparently asked her whether she wouldn't catch hell for coming home so late. Or when I was doing military training, and she was with her parents in a restaurant for lunch, the waiter asked her parents whether they didn't want a children's portion for her? at that time she was 30. Which is why my wife has always gotten along very well with children, for them she was actually their peer.