

## Ida Justitzova



This is a picture of my mother, Ida Justitzova, nee Glauber, taken in Prague in the 1930s.

If I could exaggerate slightly in describing my mother, I'd say that she had a bit of an aristocratic manner about her. She was always a lady. It of course had nothing to do with aristocracy. But she was always dressed in an exemplary fashion - she paid attention to that. I'd say that she was also quite educated for her time. She had state exams in English, which was quite unusual back then.

At home we spoke Czech and German. I think that my mother had more German schooling, but I can't say for sure, I don't know. My father had Czech schools, even though he also spoke German excellently. My father had been wounded in World War I, I think in 1933 they had to take one of his

kidneys, and my mother then took exemplary care of him. Really with immense care and love. She was a housewife, because back then it was very rare for a woman to go to work. Those were really only those very poor families, where it was for financial reasons. Definitely not like today, when someone pursues a career. So our mother was at home and took care of us girls.

I did rhythmic gymnastics, today you'd probably call it gymnastics; I used to go where today Palac Metro is on Narodni Avenue, and my mother would accompany me. My sister didn't attend rhythmic, she played the piano. So basically our mother made sure that we had these various activities, so we had what was "in" or done in a decent family. She of course also made sure that the family held together. Like almost everywhere else, siblings argued. But our mother took it very hard when someone used a word like "cow" or something like that. No cuss words, that simply didn't exist, that wasn't allowed. Only when she was out of earshot. Our father was more tolerant in this, but not our mother, there was no way.