

Viktor Munk And Helena Kovanicova With The Fischls



This picture was taken in Spindleruv Mlyn in the 1930s. Standing on the left is my brother Viktor Munk, then in profile my sister Helena Kovanicova, nee Munkova, and beside them on the right, the Fischl children from Rokycany, who I unfortunately don't remember any more.

Before the war I was still small, so I didn't think about whether people looked at us, Jews, in some different fashion, worse. Neither did I feel that we somehow differed from the others, I was only aware that we were richer. In my class at school there were completely poor, often barefoot children, whom I occasionally gave my lunch. I didn't feel any signs of anti-Semitism from children, that actually didn't begin until later, when the Germans arrived. My father had a very good reputation in Brandys, because as a lawyer he helped the poor. Old-timers remember him to this day.

My brother was a much bigger rascal than I was. I also think that he was more lively, while I wasn't very active. He did badly in school, I guess it wasn't enough fun for him. Maybe that's also why our father designated me to one day take over his law practice. I wouldn't say that my brother and I had a similar physique, he was 5 cm taller and skinnier than me. But apparently we looked alike, because later people used to get us mixed up. We didn't play together very much, there was, after all, an age difference between us. It wasn't until during the war that we played together more, when we were shut up in the house and weren't allowed out.

My sister was very pretty. She was said to be one of the prettiest girls in Brandys. She turned a lot of boys' heads. I remember that back then before the war, young people used to go on dates to Stara Boleslav, where there was a confectionery named U Horacku. Once, I don't know on what occasion, I saw my sister there with some boy, and he bought me some ice cream so that I wouldn't tell when I got home. I think that my sister didn't take advantage of her assets. Our mother probably gave her a bit of a complex, because she used to say to her, 'Don't think that

you're going to be some sort of beauty.' And she, despite being pretty, was all miserable because she had freckles.