

Richard And Julie Fischer



This is the wedding picture of my parents, Richard Fischer and Julie Fischer (nee Lederer). It was taken in Prague some time before World War I, I suppose in 1910 or 1911. My dad was born in 1885 in Prague. His mother tongue was German. He was a level-headed, cheerful person who liked to appear dignified and to put on airs. His hobby, which he had avidly pursued since childhood, was

photography. My mom was born in Prague in 1884. She was from the poorest of families. She was an illegitimate child. I think her parents weren't married. Her mom, who I didn't know, died young. She fell in love with a dashing young fellow from Serbia, a journeyman goldsmith by trade, who turned on the charm, had two children with her, and after some time just took off and abandoned her! He was a goy, an Aryan. A real bastard, alcoholic and so on. He used to get drunk and beat his wife and children and he left them in complete poverty. All her life my mom had scars on her back from the beltings he gave her. They lived somewhere in the Old Town of Prague, where they shared a single room that was divided in the middle by a chalk line; two families lived there. When her mom died, my mom was sent away to be brought up by an aunt, but it was no bed of roses there. My mom was adopted by this aunt whose name was Lederer. My mother was a non-practicing Jew. Marrying a boy from a good family, my dad, released her from her misery and loneliness. I always knew that my dad married her as a poor orphan. My mom was melancholic and withdrawn by nature. I don't know if she was like that when my father married her, but that's how I knew her. Although she only had a basic education, she was an avid reader, with an interest in quality literature, even books on philosophy. I cannot say what she got out of the books, but although she was no intellectual, she was always very moderate and thoughtful in her views.