

Jan Glas



This is my brother Honza, or also Hanusz, Jan. The photo was taken in Prague in the 1920s. In their family they called him "Budi". I was actually the one that gave him that name, when to a question from our friends "Und was macht der Bruder?" ["And what does your brother do?"] I answered "Budi ule det" my brother goes to school. As a small child Honza was apparently physically very weak, but had the potential to develop intellectually, he remembered a lot of things, was curious. The doctor was supposed to have told my mother that my brother was weak because everything went towards his intelligence, and nothing towards his physical growth. That he'd learn everything

quickly, but at the expense of being small and weak. Which is why he forbade her to read, sing, tell or show him anything. It's said that Honza never put up with anything. When someone did something to him, he would apparently beat him severely. He may have been small and weak, but was very agile. The entire family had great hopes for him, everyone was looking forward to what he would grow up to be. Alas, the war arrived, and so much for dreams. Honza returned from it heavily scarred, not only psychically, but also physically. Even though before the war no one would have doubted about his studying, now the conditions weren't there for it, he had to start working and take care of the family. I was never jealous of my brother, and there was perhaps only one reason why Honza could have been jealous of me. I was the first Glas in a long time to graduate from university, his dream that never came true.