

Anna Krauskopfova With Her Granddaughter Ruth Goetzova



This is a picture of my grandmother, holding me. The picture was taken in the middle of the 1920s because I am a small child here. We are standing in our garden in Prague and behind us is my grandfather's factory. My grandmother on my mother's side was named Anna, née Glucksmannova. I think that she was born sometime in the 1870s, in Horni Litvinov. I don't know anything about her family or possible siblings. I don't think that she had any sort of higher education. She was a Czech

Jew; at home they made a point of speaking Czech. Grandma ran the household. Although she used to go shopping at the market, she had a driver in livery for it. I don't know what sort of family she came from, but she was probably used to that. Once a week one of the seamstresses from the factory would come over and organize her wardrobe, do the laundry, ironing and sewing. Everyone in the factory liked my grandmother, as the kindly boss's wife. On her name day, St. Anna, the workers had a day off, a band was hired and there was a dance in the factory courtyard. My grandmother met with her friends, who were all of Jewish origin, in a coffee-house, which I recollect with horror, as my nanny used to take me there sometimes, and I then had to curtsy to each of the ladies and kiss their hand. Then I got something sweet and the nanny took me home again. My grandmother was unfortunately ill; she had problems with her thyroid gland, which I've inherited from her. She died in Prague in 1932, when I was a little girl. She's buried in the Jewish cemetery.