

Alice Klimova



This is me at about the age of 9, standing in front of our house in Prague. The photo was taken in 1937.

I remember our home in Vinohrady as being a very pleasant, sunny place. Winters have been erased from my memory. The pleasant things always remain in your memory. We lived in this neighborhood of villas that was near Flora and we used to go on foot as far as to Wenceslaus Square. These days few people walk in Prague - back then that was nothing unusual for us.

We lived in a rental villa on Na Zajezdu Street. Its owner was the nephew of Skoda from Pilsen, and had received it as a wedding present. The owners lived on the first floor, we on the ground floor, and on the second floor there was this two-room bachelor apartment, where Uncle Bedrich's family lived for a few months when they returned from Dresden. The house had a garden, and because the owners would leave during May for their cottage somewhere, my sister and I, the only children there, were allowed to pick the fruit.