

Ilona Seifert's Maternal Grandfather Samu Wollner's Bakery Shop



The bakery shop of my maternal grandparents, the Wollners. Like my paternal grandparents, the Riemers, my maternal grandparents, the Wollners, also owned a bakery and bakery shop, but unlike the Riemers' large enterprise, the Wollners' was smaller - they only employed eight to ten workers, and the communal lunch was never introduced, so everyone ate separately. The Wollner sons were taught the bakery trade, but I don't think the two daughters had to work. Grandmother tended the shop alone, and when business was brisk, she had an assistant. The Wollners' apartment was next to the shop -- you can see two of its windows on the right. The apartment had four rooms plus a hall, which I can still remember. Their home was nicely furnished, but they didn't have as large a collection of porcelain as my Riemer grandparents, I guess because the Wollners didn't go to Carlsbad for vacations. In the apartment were some very nice pieces of carved furniture, a standing clock - which was fashionable then - and a lot of silverware. I remember that the display case was always full of silver trays and tableware. The Wollners had only one coach, and a coachman. They did not have financial problems either, though they were not as rich as my paternal grandparents. I spent much more time with my maternal grandparents, the Wollners, as they lived much closer to us than my Riemer grandparents, and grandmother Wollner allowed us to do a lot more. For example, if somebody bought a kilo of bread, I was allowed to handle the money. Or, on the weekends, when the cholent (a traditional Sabbath stew of meat, beans and vegetables) was brought to the bakery in dishes, and a number had to be labelled onto each pot, and the number also given to the pot's owner, I was allowed to cut the number off the block, stick it onto the pot and place it in its owner's hands. Grandmother Wollner was much more 'grandmotherly' than grandmother Riemer, who was rather distant and more spoiled - we had to formally kiss her hands when greeting her. I visited the Riemers about once a month with Daddy.